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# CITY

JOURNAL

## Rebuilding New York
Steven Malanga
Brian C. Anderson
Franck Lohsen McCrery
Alexander Stoddart

## Islam
Daniel Pipes
Farrukh Dhondy

## Security
Heather Mac Donald

## Immigration
Mark Krikorian

## The Ideas War
Theodore Dalrymple
Victor Davis Hanson
Kay S. Hymowitz
& Harry Stein

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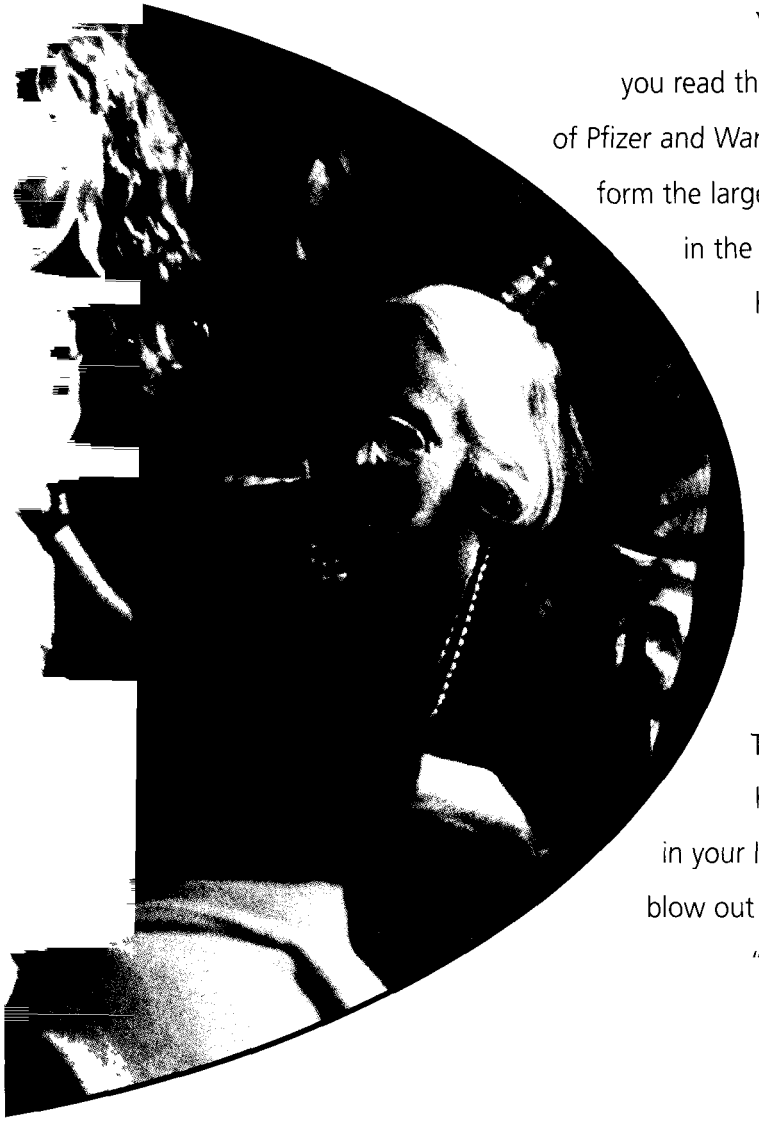

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# In Prospect

When the Twin Towers fell, *City Journal* shelved almost all the stories that were to go into our Autumn issue and started over—so please forgive our two-week delay in getting this copy to you. In what follows, we have tried to present as comprehensive as possible a look at the key issues surrounding the great tragedy that has befallen our city.

As you'd expect, our lead story, "How to Rebuild New York," presents *City Journal*'s plan for restoring both Gotham's economic and its physical fabric. Contributing editor Steven Malanga urges that the city at once rezone the Far West Side near the Javits Center to permit big office and apartment towers, so that building can start there while we wait for the cleanup at Ground Zero. The benchmark for speed ought to be the Empire State Building, which rose in 13 months in 1930, with the Depression under way: steelworkers riveted into place girders still warm from the Bethlehem mill. The World Trade Center site itself, we recommend, should be rejoined to the city grid, and ten or so 60- to 75-story skyscrapers should rise there, centered on a memorial plaza. Redevelopment should be principally a project of the market, not the government. At the same time, given the damage that the attack has done to the local economy, we urge the new mayor to rein in spending and cut taxes, making the city as business-friendly as possible at a time when businesses are thinking of leaving town for good.

A panel of distinguished citizens, we think, should solicit plans from private developers for the WTC site and expeditiously choose the best one. For panel membership, we volunteer any of the trustees of the Manhattan Institute, *City Journal*'s publisher, starting with former Citicorp CEO Walter Wriston, who played so key a role in bailing out the city from its mid-seventies' brush with bankruptcy. Other businessmen-members might include broker and philanthropist Richard Gilder or ex-Pfizer CEO William Steere or architecture expert Richard Jenrette, a founder of a major investment bank and ex-CEO of a major insurance company. The panel should have an architect like Yale architecture school dean Robert A. M. Stern, author of the standard architectural history of New York, and a museum head, like New York historian Kenneth Jackson or Philippe de Montebello. It needs a real estate developer like Francis Greenburger, perhaps an author and great amateur urbanist like Tom Wolfe, and a foundation executive like James Piereson. And it should be small enough to be effective, no more than 20.

What happens when a task like this is left to a government authority Brian C. Anderson's story about the building of the World Trade Center (page 22) lays out in monitory detail, making painfully clear that this would not be the intelligent course to take for rebuilding downtown.

Though the market should make the ultimate decision about what buildings actually rise, we've asked our friends at the architectural firm of Franck Lohsen McCrery to imagine what a new WTC neighborhood might look like, and their splendid plans and designs begin on page 30. Celebrated sculptor Alexander Stoddart, whose newest work has just been unveiled at Princeton University and who is currently working on projects at Buckingham Palace and Oxford University, has provided us with a profoundly moving design for a memorial to the victims of the attack, seen on the cover and on page 39. We urge its adoption.

There follow two absorbing and troubling stories about Islam and Muslims in the West by Daniel Pipes and Farrukh Dhondy, which provide deep insight into the nature of the challenge we face. Heather Mac Donald's thoughtful, information-packed story on how New York can protect itself from terrorism (page 58) and Mark Krikorian's article on the immigration reforms necessary to keep terrorists out of the country (page 69) spell out the security measures we need to take to meet that challenge.

Finally, because our greatest vulnerability in the war on terrorism is our resolve to fight it to the finish, a trio of superb stories deals with the civilization we are fighting to preserve. Theodore Dalrymple's "What We Have to Lose" (page 74) is must reading, Victor Davis Hanson's story about New York's heroic cops and firemen on page 84 is moving and heartening, and "Earth to Ivory Tower: Get Real!" by Kay S. Hymowitz and Harry Stein (page 90) warns that the America-bashers and make-love-not-war crowd on campus and in the media and Hollywood are still grinding out their dispiriting messages that fortunately most Americans are too realistic to believe.



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# oundings

## Taxpayers, Wake Up and Vote!

Our exclusive exit poll of the Democratic primary confutes the conventional wisdom about why Gotham's voters vote as they do.

For years, New York's pundits have missed something crucial for understanding the city's electoral politics. For them, race is the key fact in all New York elections—so that, seen through this lens, Fernando Ferrer's strong showing in this year's New York City Democratic primaries represented a tectonic shift in the city's politics: the emergence of a new black and Hispanic voting block that constituted half the electorate.

But race isn't what drives New York's politics—economic self-interest is—and many of those who participated in the Democratic primaries did so not out of ethnic pride but because they were there to elect their next boss. Exit polling commissioned by *City Journal* found that 41 percent of voters in the October 11 Democratic runoff worked directly for government or the heavily government-subsidized nonprofit sector. In the end—counting spouses of those who work for government, or retirees with pensions from public-sector jobs—it's possible that a majority of all those voting on October 11 in some significant way depend on public spending for their livelihood.

By contrast, just 38 percent of those who voted worked in the private sector. These numbers are nothing short of astounding, since three-quarters of all jobs in the city are in for-profit firms. Nationally, only about 15 percent of the workforce is employed by government, and perhaps another 4 percent in nonprofit social services.

The poll further suggests that the surge in minority turnout this year resulted primarily from those with government or government-related jobs, belying the notion that ethnic pride was at the heart of the increased turnout. For instance, 36 percent of black primary voters worked directly for the government, while only about 11 percent of voting-age blacks in the U.S. population are employed by government. Among Hispanics the gap was even greater: one-third of primary voters were government employees, compared with just 6 percent of voting-age Hispanics in the U.S. who work in the public sector.

These numbers should not be that surprising to anyone who has watched the growing influence of municipal and social services unions in Democratic primaries, and the way candidates must pander to them for support. The powerful hospital-workers union, which represents 210,000 employees at New York's voluntary hospitals (which derive more than half their revenues from public sources), boasted that it would use its computerized database that tracks union membership and the race of registered voters to urge as many as 250,000 voters to get to the polls and support Ferrer. His strong showing suggests that Local 1199 may have come close to achieving that ambitious turnout—and that 1199 understands what drives voter choice.

The story these numbers tell has profound significance for the city's future. Voters who work for the public sector and for organizations heavily indebted to public funding are naturally more inclined to back candidates who support big government and greater public spending. Such candidates, after all, will be the most likely to deliver the plum pay raises, to swell the public workforce, and to ignore calls to improve the productivity of government workers. These government-dependent voters won't warm to candidates whose message is smaller government, fiscal austerity, and heightened productivity.

With the primary vote so skewed to government and nonprofit workers, the two most liberal, big-government candidates among the original Democratic mayor field—Ferrer and Green—finished in a near tie in the initial primary on September 25. During the campaign, each proposed a vast new government program—Ferrer's costing $2 billion and Green's $1.2 billion, according to an analysis by the Manhattan Institute's E. J. McMahon. After the bombing, Green appointed an economic advisory panel filled with left-wing policy makers from the tax-and-spend Dinkins and Cuomo years, including one of the authors of a 1993 report on the city's budget crisis that Rudy Giuliani, upon taking office, dumped in the garbage because it recommended tax increases on page 1.

In the runoff, Ferrer pulled in 56 percent of the votes of government workers, nearly giving him the win. His refusal to back off his big-government agenda—including the possibility of higher taxes—after September 11 undoubtedly helped him with these voters. But it probably scared off private-sector



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# Soundings

employee voters: 60 percent of them went for Green. That vote, combined with some continued support among government and nonprofit workers, was enough to give him victory.

The data suggest that the true alignment in city politics may be not white vs. minority, or Democrats against the Republicans they outnumber five to one, but government worker vs. those who toil in the private sector and generate the taxes that support public spending. And this reality points to an opportunity, now that New York's economy faces a crisis in the wake of the September 11 bombing, for Republican nominee Michael Bloomberg to forge a coalition of private-sector voters with a platform based on smaller government, less taxes, more efficient services, and a business-friendly city hall. None of the candidates in the Democratic primary attempted to woo moderate Democrats with this kind of a message, so many probably just sat out the primary. It's Bloomberg's challenge to get those private-sector citizens—Democrat and Republican alike—into the voting booth in the general election.

—*Steven Malanga*

## Who's to Blame?

Some foolishness is not personal but political.

At a dinner in Ireland recently, I sat opposite an airline pilot, and our conversation turned to the destruction of the World Trade Center. I asked whether he favored armed guards on all passenger flights, and he said he did not, on the grounds that it would only provoke terrorists to even greater violence. I gasped at his reasoning, if that is the right word for it. By comparison, Neville Chamberlain was a warmonger.

He thought that we would never overcome terrorism until we first eliminated its "root causes." When a man talks of root causes, he invariably ascribes the blame to himself, or to someone much like himself. In doing so, he proves not only his own importance in the scheme of things but his great broad-mindedness. At least *he* has not fallen into the vulgar, mean-spirited way of thinking that someone very different from himself—what literary theorists persist in calling "the Other"—might actually be worse than he himself is. This is a thought too horrible for liberals to contemplate.

In the destruction of the World Trade Center, the pilot claimed, the root cause was Israel and the American support for the Zionist state. If only Israel had obeyed all of the United Nations' resolutions, the Twin Towers would still stand. But alas, the wrongs Israel perpetrated in the recent past literally drove the terrorists to hijack the aircraft and crash them into the buildings.

I pointed out that there were a few links missing in his causal chain. Even if every evil act attributed to Israel were unequivocally evil, the sum of harm Israel perpetrated would still be small by comparison with that committed against their own populations by Arab leaders such as Iraq's Saddam Hussein or the late Hafiz Assad of Syria, whose destruction of the town of Hama (possibly using cyanide to kill the inhabitants of apartment buildings) was only one of his many crimes. Yet the terrorists who destroyed the World Trade Center appeared completely unmoved by such monstrous conduct. Clearly, something other than mere love of justice in the abstract motivated them.

To be fair, the pilot saw my point. But since it was axiomatic to him that America and Western civilization must somehow be to blame for the catastrophic events, he brought up the Bush administration's failure to ratify the Kyoto Protocol. This refusal he exhibited as a specimen of American wrongdoing and as a typical example of the West's selfishness—for which, apparently, the murder of 6,000 was (just) retribution.

It sometimes seems as if a liberal is a person for whom fair-mindedness and self-hatred are synonymous: a person whose masochism is not personal but political.

—*Theodore Dalrymple*

## Charity for Whom?

New York's social services industry pigs out on charity meant for the families of September 11 victims.

If you were one of the thousands of grieving Americans who donated to the September 11 Fund or to the celebrity-packed "Tribute to Heroes" telethon thinking your generosity would benefit the families of the victims of the World Trade Center attacks, prepare for more grief. It looks like lots of the money—the charities have raised more than $300 million—isn't going to



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# Soundings

the families at all—unlike the fund started by Mayor Rudy Giuliani, the hero of the rescue and recovery effort—but instead will feed the maw of New York City's bloated social services sector.

Take the Legal Aid Society. It received $171,000 "to provide emergency civil legal assistance to low-income attack victims." Mental-health organizations really hit the jackpot: $100,000 to Interfaith Neighbors, $75,000 to Disaster Psychiatry, and $15,000 to Healing Works to provide counseling to victims and—get this—"the social service providers working with them." Most galling is the nearly $1 million the Mental Health Association of New York will get "to augment a citywide crisis database including certified clinicians and increase the capacity of its mental health hotline." There's not even the pretense of aiding the WTC families.

It's bad enough that the board of the fund, under the leadership of former Ford Foundation president Franklin Thomas, has peremptorily decided that it should not let families themselves determine whether to spend the money on counseling, legal advice, or, say, a mortgage payment. In the recent tradition of major charities, it has also inflated the concept of victim to include any minority group ready to yell "intolerance." The fund will dish out $60,000 to the Outreach Arab-American Family Support Center; $50,000 to the Immigration Coalition "to document and inform authorities of bias incidents against members of immigrant groups"; and $30,000 to the Asian-American Legal Defense Fund for the same kind of thing. In the most astounding example of all, the fund is bestowing $10,000 on the Liberty Center for "Guyanese immigrants in the Richmond Hill area of Queens to deal with fear, bias incidents, and concerns of the undocumented." How helping out undocumented Guyanese aliens is supposed to help the families of September 11 victims is anybody's guess.

Everything changed after September 11—except for the way New York City does business.

—*Kay S. Hymowitz*

## Roger Starr

1918–2001

Roger Starr, *City Journal*'s editor from 1992 to 1993 and a contributor to the magazine since its birth 12 years ago, died in September at the age of 83. An urbane and genial native New Yorker, Yale-educated and one of the founding generation of neo-conservatism, Starr had run his father's barge company, served as the city's Housing Commissioner, and been a member of the *New York Times*'s editorial board in a long and varied career. The insights of his 1985 book, *The Rise and Fall of New York City*—that the expense of the vast municipal welfare state and the social pathology it encouraged threatened to kill Gotham—greatly influenced the worldview of *City Journal* at its founding. Ours is one of the many institutions on which he left an indelible stamp.

—*Myron Magnet*

## Adios, San Fernando Valley

The drive to break up Los Angeles into smaller cities is gaining ground.

The odds now appear better than even that the San Fernando Valley, home to 1.3 million of Los Angeles's 3.9 million people, will vote to secede from the city in a referendum next November. L.A. mayor James Hahn has even begun to negotiate with secession advocates the financial terms of the divorce as they'll appear on the referendum ballot.

Foes describe the secession drive as the greedy revolt of wealthy whites against the minority poor. Nonsense: the new valley city would be 48 percent Hispanic and more than 50 percent minority. What the drive really is about is greater local control and better core city services (see "Let's Break Up the Big Cities," Winter 1998).

Valley residents grasp that smaller is both more efficient and more democratic. As part of L.A., with just one city council member per 230,000 residents, valley voters have little say over the policies that affect neighborhood life—everything from sidewalk sweeping to police pay to what services to pay for in the first place. In large municipalities, well-funded public labor unions or other lobbying groups, big enough to throw their weight around in elections and get politicians' attention, dominate the system, resulting in costly and inefficient public services. The new valley city would have one council member for just 80,000 residents, meaning greater potential for citizen and taxpayer oversight and so a better chance at improved services.



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# Soundings

For San Fernando Valley to pull off secession, however, a majority of voters in its neighborhoods must agree, plus a majority of *all* L.A. voters. If the valley does leave, expect echoes throughout the country. —*Howard Husock*

## Free Speech for Me but Not for Thee

Provocative conservative ad campaigns enlighten benighted campuses.

Back in the 1960s, then-famous Marxist philosopher and guru of radical students Herbert Marcuse advocated the Orwellian principle of "liberating tolerance"—"intolerance against movements from the Right, and toleration of movements from the Left," as he defined it. Marcuse is hardly a household name today, but the spirit of liberating tolerance lives on at college campuses, as has recently been brilliantly dramatized—for the edification of students and others on campus—by journalist and former radical David Horowitz and by the Independent Women's Forum, a think tank for women uncowed by feminist orthodoxy.

Last spring, Horowitz had the irreverent idea of placing a striking advertisement in student newspapers denouncing the idea—orthodox on campus despite its lunacy—that the U.S. should provide "reparations" for black Americans. Entitled "10 Reasons Why Reparations for Blacks Are a Bad Idea for Blacks and Racist, Too," the ad was carefully reasoned and deliberately provocative. One of the most controversial reasons—number 8—reads in part: "What about the 'reparations' to blacks that have already been paid? Since the passage of the Civil Rights Acts and the advent of the Great Society in 1965, trillions of dollars in transfer payments have been made to African-Americans, in the form of welfare benefits and racial preferences (in contracts, job placements and educational admissions)—all under the rationale of redressing historical racial grievances." Commonsensical, but politically incorrect even to consider.

Some of the college newspapers refused to print Horowitz's ad. Those that did faced angry protests and confiscations of the offending issues. The brouhaha made national headlines.

Now Horowitz has struck again. In the wake of September 11, many on campus have mobilized to blame America and call for "Peace Not Revenge," in the legend of one button. In his new ad, Horowitz pleads with students to "think again" and "not to join an 'antiwar' effort against America's coming battle with international terrorism." Freedom of speech and the right to dissent are precious ornaments of American democracy, Horowitz notes, but he stresses that "there is a difference between honest dissent and malevolent hate, between criticism of national policy and sabotage of the nation's defenses." "Along with thousands of other New Leftists," says Horowitz of the anti-Americanism of the 1960s, "I was one who crossed the line between dissent and actual treason." He concludes by recognizing how much damage the New Left did.

Some college papers agreed to run the ad; others put the text on their opinion pages. But once again, a chorus of outrage has erupted, especially among liberal professors, who apparently don't want their students exposed to such dangerously unorthodox ideas. After reading the ad in the *Brown Daily Herald*, English prof William Keach fired off an angry response: "Will you print any piece of far-right, warmongering, racist poison as long as it's paid for?" So much for the liberal ideal of reasoned debate.

It was the same story with "the 10 most common feminist myths," the ad that the Independent Women's Forum took out to tweak the noses of the college Sisterhood. "Are you tired of male-bashing and victimology?" the ad asked. "Have you had your fill of feminist 'Ms./Information'? Have you been misled by factually challenged professors?"

The ad debunked with special authority such dogmas as the epidemic of "date rape" (wildly exaggerated), the inequity in pay between men and women (ditto), and the prevalence of domestic violence perpetrated by males (ditto).

Many college papers refused outright to run it. The Columbia *Daily Spectator*, to take one prominent example, nixed it on the grounds that the paper doesn't accept political ads—though it published one for the Ralph Nader campaign last fall.

These saucy campaigns artfully flush into the open the intolerance behind the "progressive" pieties that suffocate debate on campuses. Some dismiss the ads as "pranks." In fact, they're more like the old Voice of America broadcasts spreading truth behind the Iron Curtain. No wonder they make the academic cadres so mad. —*Roger Kimball*



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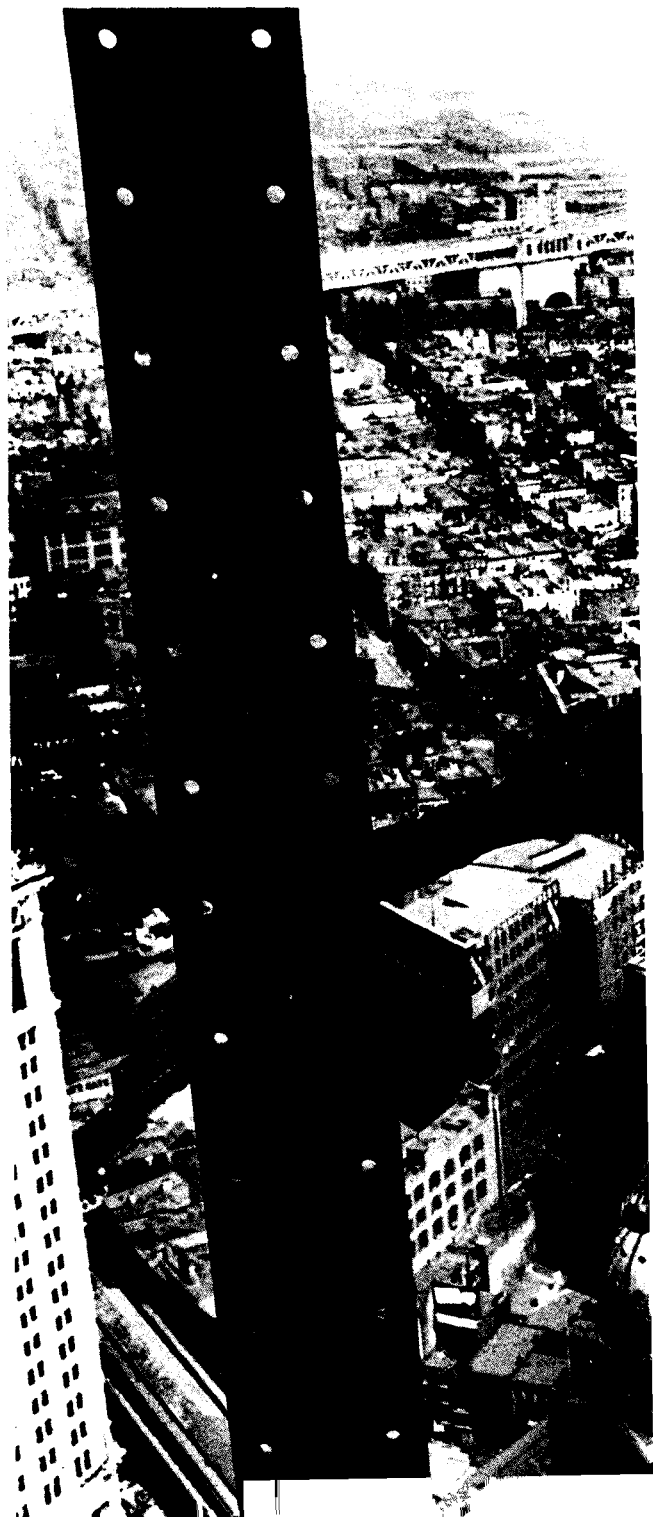
# How to Rebuild New York

Here is *City Journal*'s plan for repairing the economic and physical fabric of the city.



BROWN BROTHERS

**Steven Malanga**

It is impossible to overstate the danger facing New York right now. The city confronts obvious problems that the September 11 attack precipitated: a devastated downtown, thousands of businesses struggling and some leaving, a steep drop-off in visitors and consumer spending, and a national recession, to the especial detriment of the financial industry that is the city's top economic dynamo.

But in addition to these woes, the big government, high-tax solutions that lie at the heart of the city and state's traditional political culture are sure to compound the problem. These are the measures that produced economic catastrophe in the early 1990s, when the Cuomo and Dinkins administrations heaped higher public spending and tax increases onto a local economy buffeted by the Gulf War and a national economic slowdown, turning a mild downturn into a three-year recession that drained the city not only of jobs but of much of its fighting spirit.

To stave off disaster—to prevent jobs and residents from fleeing the city, crippling the local economy for years to come—political leaders at the state and local levels need to consider carefully their solutions before they push New York off the precipice again. Here's what they need to do to rebuild the city—not just downtown but the whole economy—quickly and intelligently, and here are the reasons to think such a plan will work.

Let's make *City Journal*'s assumptions clear right at the start. The terrorists hit a city that was at the



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top of its form. Its economy had been on a supercharged seven-year run that was only just beginning to cool along with the weakening national economy. The expansion, which produced 430,000 new jobs, transformed New York. Wall Street firms re-committed to the city as the world's financial capital—expanding by 55,000 positions in the 1990s—and significant new players crowded in, including technology entrepreneurs who came here with daring ideas and the capital to pursue them. Well-chronicled declines in crime sparked a tourism boom, prompting restaurants and hotels to hire more workers than ever. Safer streets also ignited business activity in neighborhoods throughout the outer boroughs that hadn't seen significant local development in decades. The number of residents with jobs was at an all-time high—and the city was poised for new rounds of growth when the national economy rebounded.

All that the city needed to take it to a higher level of employment than ever in its history were the new offices and apartments to house the new New Yorkers who seemed certain to keep crowding into the world's opportunity city. Without the buildings, renewed expansion would fizzle when it drove rents on available space so high that the city would become truly uneconomical for new businesses and entrepreneurs to consider.

As we think about how to proceed, we have to look beyond our current anxiety and apprehension and approach the rebuilding with the optimistic confidence that the fundamentals are in place for the opportunity city to recover and rebound. We have no reason to think that New York will not remain the capital of the twenty-first century, as it was of the twentieth. Nothing we decide to do must impede that recovery, fueled as it must be by the energy of free-market entrepreneurs. We must do nothing out of fear that our city is crippled or mortally wounded, needing some kind of government-funded life support. Such defeatism would be an admission that the terrorists won a victory. They did not.

To clear the way for the city's natural energies to reassert themselves, the first, most urgent task is to replace the 18 million square feet of modern office space lost in the attack, so that companies wanting to be in New York have somewhere to go. Building the necessary space doesn't mean providing more lavish subsidies to developers; it means clearing away the choking jungle of impediments to private builders that New York has allowed to grow up over decades. It means, above all, getting government out of the way. This task was a priority before the attack; the current crisis needs to focus policymakers' attention and political will on what has now become a matter of the utmost urgency.

The office space we need right now can't rise on the World Trade Center site: clearing away the rubble and rebuilding the infrastructure there will probably take a year, and no construction can begin until that's done. To produce the space we'll need soon, when the national and local economies begin to recover, we must at once accelerate the big projects throughout the city that are ready to start construction but are awaiting city approvals for the 7.5 million square feet of commercial space they will build.

The dozen or so such projects—such as the mixed-use development that a group led by the Fisher Brothers plans for the huge site of a former Con Ed plant on the East River near the U.N.—would normally face two to four years of waiting and millions of dollars in costs to go through the city's planning and land-use process, to obtain permission to build the modern, economically viable structures that Gotham's rigid, antiquated zoning code discourages on many likely sites. In this process, once the city's Planning Commission gives its go-ahead after months of waiting and study, myriad local groups get to put in their two cents: the local community board alone gets two months to review the project, for instance; the borough president gets another month. If either disapproves, the whole project gets thrown into the city council for more consideration and a vote. When developers modify plans to meet community objection—that a project is too big, say, or isn't what the neighborhood needs—the whole land-use review process goes back to Square One. [See "Why Gotham's Developers Don't Develop," Autumn 2000.]

It is a process that seems designed expressly to prevent rather than to facilitate development—and it needs radical reform. The city must sharply curtail the period that any government body can take to review a project and mandate that the entire process



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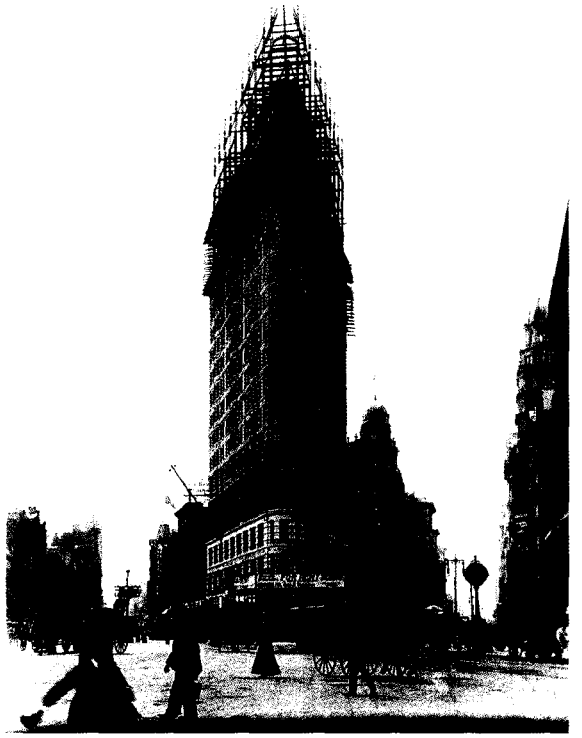
must last no longer than one year—at most—from start to finish.

Even more important, the city must immediately rezone its large tracts of developable land, such as Manhattan's Far West Side, where only small buildings are now allowed, or the Brooklyn and Queens waterfronts, which are limited to manufacturing uses, so that developers can build office and apartment towers there "as-of-right," without the need to have every individual building go through the labyrinthine approval process. Even before the tragedy at the World Trade Center, momentum was growing to rezone the area west of Ninth Avenue, from 28th Street to 42nd Street, to permit the building of giant office towers. Today, this area—one of the few sections of Manhattan largely untouched by the nineties boom—resembles the district around the World Trade Center before the towers were built in the 1960s: a mishmash of small businesses like auto-repair shops, along with swathes of government-owned land. The city estimates that the Far West Side could become a third great Manhattan business district, with more than 30 million square feet of new, modern office space. If it were rezoned, builders and their lenders would be free to figure out when the market was right to build, and what the market wants.



THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Beyond zoning intelligently, the proper role for government is to build the infrastructure that allows private-sector development to take place. On the Far West Side, government should extend the Number 7 subway line down Eighth Avenue to 34th Street and then west to Ninth or Tenth Avenue, and it should extend the Long Island Railroad there, too, beyond its current terminus at Penn Station. Many of the necessary tracks and tunnels for this project already exist. This estimated $2 billion infrastructure investment would generate a tremendous increase in business activity (and tax revenues), and it would be a signal of confidence in the city's continued economic growth. As a precisely targeted part of its reconstruction aid package to New York, sure to promote recovery, Washington should—in exchange for the city's rezoning the Far West Side—earmark federal mass-transportation money for this infrastructure project. Meanwhile, to facilitate development of the area right now, the city should accompany its rezoning with greatly increased bus service to the area.

What, then, about Ground Zero, the World Trade Center site? Already, federal, state, and city officials are wheeling and dealing to figure out who will manage the process of replacing these towers. The federal government will, and should, demand some say in the rebuilding because of the vast sums it is providing for cleanup. The state already has in place the much needed tax incentives that will make building and luring tenants easier, and it has the power of eminent domain that could be necessary to sort out the complex ownership issues on the site. The city has its own tax incentives in place, and it has the planning and zoning powers necessary to make the changes downtown that might be necessary for redevelopment.



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A few clear principles need to emerge from all this political maneuvering. Above all, despite the endless talk right now about setting up a special government authority or commission to conceive and carry out the rebuilding, no government agency or authority, new or existing, should under any circumstances be put in charge of planning or executing the project. That way lies disaster. The result will be political infighting and paralysis. If something finally does get built, it will rise years too late, at much too high a cost, and will probably bear no relation to what the market needs.

BROWN BROTHERS

A scary, monitory example of what results when such authorities run a major building project is Queens West, a joint effort of the Port Authority, New York State, and New York City—precisely the likely members of the government authority that the political class envisions as the rebuilder of the WTC site. Conceived in 1983 as a massive redevelopment project to energize the Queens waterfront, Queens West has succeeded in *18 years* in constructing *one* building—an apartment tower—on a 74-acre tract suitable for 15 apartment and four office towers.

Meanwhile, across the Hudson on the Jersey City waterfront, one builder, Samuel LeFrak, has managed in less time to construct nine apartment towers with 3,800 units, six office buildings for 14,000 workers, a hotel, a shopping mall, a marina, a heliport, a ferry slip, and a health club—a whole town, in short, called Newport City. By contrast with the "political gridlock" that has paralyzed development in New York, according to LeFrak, business-friendly New Jersey officials spent several years negotiating the details and approvals for the project with him but then left him free to construct buildings in rapid succession on the massive site as the market improved and demand increased. Several similar developments are the reason that firms displaced from downtown on September 11 fled to New Jersey: the available modern space was *there*, not in New York. And 15 million additional square feet of space are slated to rise there soon, too.

The original World Trade Center was the quintessential New York–style centrally planned government-authority project—ill-suited for the marketplace and unsuccessful for years despite its heavy state subsidies [see following article, page 22]. The Port Authority intended it to turn the district into a hub of international trade and thereby re-energize the region's struggling ports. But the towers never fulfilled that mission, and the millions of extra square feet they added to the market actually depressed downtown's commercial real estate for years. As late as 1995, the towers were 16 percent vacant. But when the city's economy took off in the mid-1990s, prime office space became scarce, and the Twin Towers finally emerged as key components of downtown's revival, providing 44 percent of all the modern office space available in lower Manhattan.

Governor Pataki, therefore, who controls half the Port Authority's board and appoints its executive director, will need to use his leverage to get the Port Authority out of the rebuilding of the WTC site. The Port Authority should never have gotten into the real-estate business in the first place, and its role as a bi-state agency makes it an inappropriate player in



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New York–based projects, especially now that the agency will have its plate full ensuring security at the area's airports, bridges, and tunnels.

The governor also will need to limit the role of the state's Empire State Development Corporation, the successor to the Urban Development Corporation, notorious for mismanaging everything from the Times Square renewal project to the construction of the Javits Center, a case study in cronyism, price fixing, Mafia involvement, delays, and cost overruns in the hundreds of millions of dollars. Soon after the bombing, state economic development czar Charles Gargano tactlessly rushed to claim primary authority for the state in the redevelopment effort, while various other officials have squabbled, in a way that is disturbingly reminiscent of former battles, over the makeup of a proposed city-state authority designated to rebuild the area.

**"Federal aid should come with maximum strings attached, to force New York to make long-needed reforms."**

With the whole world watching, New York and the nation dare not let the rebuilding of downtown turn into a debacle like the original construction of the Twin Towers and other big development projects that the state and city have mismanaged. New York does not need or want a government-planned, government-financed, and government-controlled rebuilding effort. Here is what government should do—and *all* that government should do.

First, the federal government should provide the capital to clean up the site and ready it for rebuilding, just as it would with any disaster-relief effort. Washington should provide the funds to rebuild the surrounding infrastructure, too, including the demolished subway tunnels and stations and the PATH station serving commuters from New Jersey. The feds would also do the WTC area an incalculable favor by providing mass-transit financing, if available, to extend MetroNorth train service from Grand Central to downtown, which currently has no direct commuter rail lines.

Federal aid should come with the maximum number of strings attached, as a way of forcing New York to make long-needed, and long-resisted, reforms in its How-Not-to-Do-It approach to redevelopment. Washington should appoint a federal rebuilding czar with the ability to sweep away impediments to reconstruction and resolve disputes that lead to gridlock. It should also set and enforce strict deadlines on spending the money it sends to New York, especially for infrastructure projects, so that the rebuilding does not get entangled in the kinds of local squabbles and indecision that have plagued big projects like the Columbus Circle redevelopment. To ensure that the rebuilding process is not corrupt, the feds should charge the General Accounting Office with auditing what happens to federal aid dollars, and it should also direct the U.S. Attorney's Office for the Southern District of Manhattan to monitor the rebuilding closely, to minimize the mob influence so pervasive in the New York construction industry.

It will fall to city and state agencies—the Metropolitan Transportation Authority and its subsidiaries, above all—actually to carry out the infrastructure rebuilding projects, and these will be massive undertakings. City and state officials, along with New York's congressional delegation, will have their hands full with making the case in Washington for generous help in rebuilding the infrastructure. But beyond that, city and state officials' main task ought to be preparing the way for private developers to build whatever the market wants at the site as expeditiously as possible. The 1995 downtown revitalization plan's generous tax breaks for redevelopment are still in place; the city and state probably need to offer few, if any, further sweeteners.

The ownership issues at the site are presently murky, and here the governor, armed with the state's power of eminent domain, will have the ultimate authority to clarify matters. Once he has



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eased the Port Authority, the owner of the land, out of the picture, he needs to make sure, possibly by using his powers of condemnation, that Larry Silverstein, who recently purchased a 99-year lease on the Twin Towers (but did not own them or the land beneath them), does not automatically become the site's developer. Insurance will cover Silverstein's losses and allow him to pay the remainder of the $3.2 billion he owes to the Port Authority. The billions of dollars that government will spend to clean up the site—far beyond what Silverstein himself could pay—makes it imperative that the redevelopment process gets opened up to other major developers to propose the best market-driven alternatives.

To allow whatever rises on the WTC site to be more in line with what downtown has become over the last decade—a 24-hour community, where offices sit side by side with residences, as in urbanist Jane Jacobs's vision—the new mayor and city council should reconstitute the street grid, providing thoroughfares through the neighborhood. The shops and restaurants encased in the plaza under the old design can emerge at street level, providing a continuous line of stores, eateries, and other amenities throughout much of the area, drawing people into the district, reviving its street life, and providing Jane Jacobs's "eyes on the street," day and night. The city can also connect this new district to Battery Park City by rebuilding West Street, the quasi-highway that cut off Battery Park City from its neighbors, into a classic, pedestrian-friendly city boulevard, like Park Avenue. An urbanistic monstrosity, the inhumanly vast, featureless Twin Towers, on their windswept raised plaza—often empty (especially on weekends and evenings)—had been a 12-block-square barrier to foot traffic, a forbidding island of central planners' relentlessly aggressive gigantism and sterility right in the middle of a resurgent, human-scale, vibrant downtown.

As to what exactly should go on those new streets, the city and state should appoint a small group of mostly private-sector leaders—real-estate executives, New York City CEOs, civic panjandrums, architects, and urbanists—to a special task force to solicit ideas on redevelopment and then select a developer or team of developers to carry

BROWN BROTHERS



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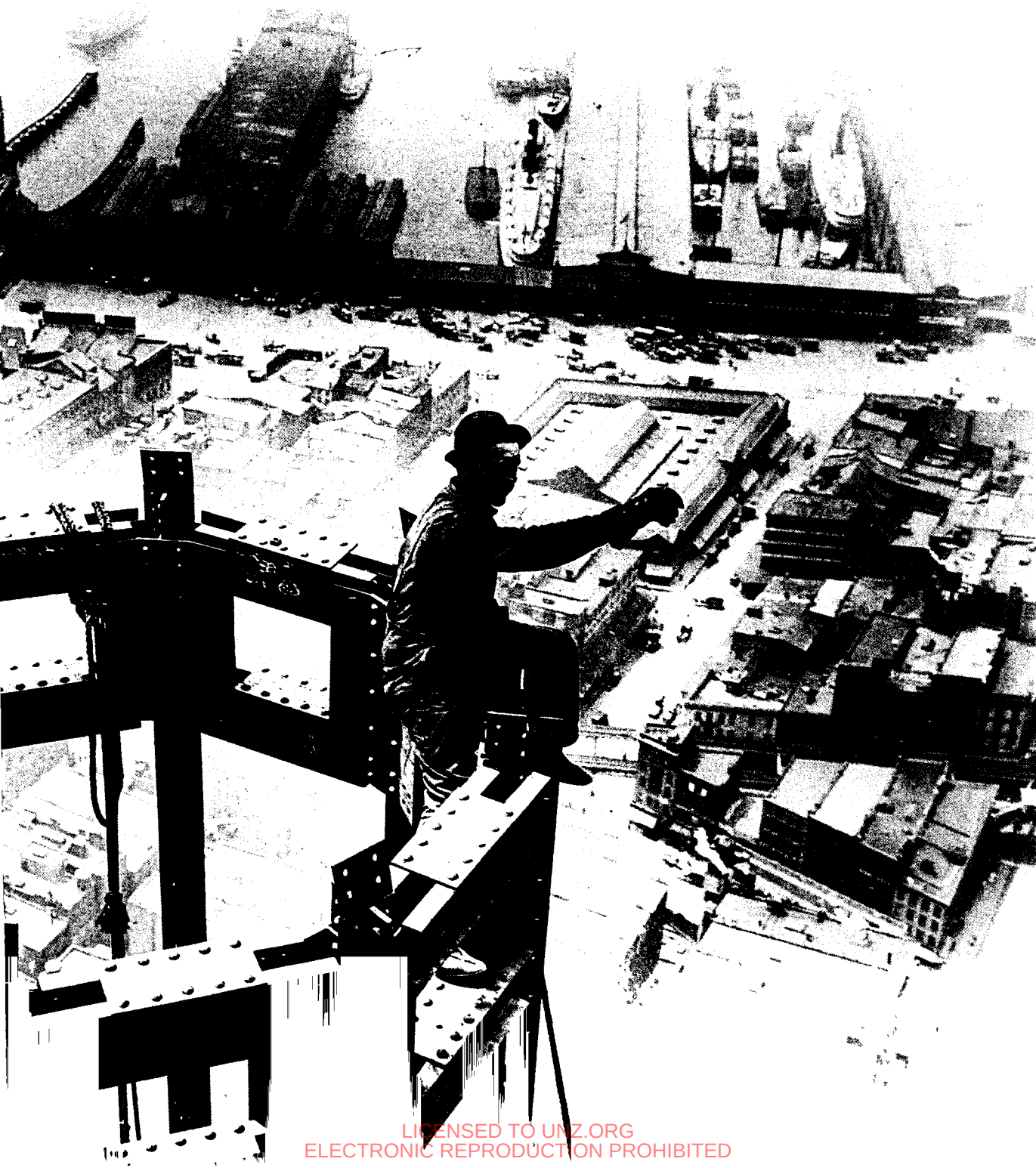

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out the entire process, without needing a constant stream of approvals from government for each stage in the rebuilding. (Doubtless the federal government, the Port Authority, and Silverstein's insurer will contest who should get the money that the winning developer pays for the site.)

The site, once rejoined to the city grid, can easily accommodate ten or more 60- to 75-story towers that could provide half again as much square footage as the 12 million square feet lost in the World Trade Center buildings alone. It can house a hotel and apartment towers, cultural and entertainment components, perhaps a museum, a theater, or a movie complex, if the market demands them. The designated developer will get to determine all that. But *City Journal* believes that the new development should center on a memorial to the thousands who died in the attack, a two-block park or mall, with monuments linked architecturally to the surrounding buildings. [See "What Should Rise from the Ashes?" page 30.] Not only will it commemorate the dead, but it will be an amenity on the order of Bryant Park or Rockefeller Center's Channel Gardens, improving the quality of life of those who work and live there and boosting real-estate values. As it is a monument to those killed in war, the feds should contribute to its cost, and it should rise as soon as the site is cleared, a symbol of our intention to rebuild.

Done correctly, the redevelopment can give the city a huge boost. "People worry about downtown dying because of what happened to the trade center, but I think the potential is for a better downtown, with newer, more attractive, technologically sophisticated buildings," says Marc Goloven, a regional economist for J. P. Morgan Chase. "This could become the premier destination in New York."

All these issues are contentious enough, but the second great challenge facing the city is even more contentious—and more immediate: how do we craft a fiscal policy that will keep companies and jobs from fleeing New York, deepening and protracting the recession that has already begun? How to do that is not rocket science, and business-friendly cities across the land will readily give you the recipe. The real difficulty in New York is convincing the political class, including the likely next mayor, of the crucial importance of that task. Let's start with the recipe, then turn to the argument.

Prior to September 11, the city's economy was slowing but still outperforming the nation's. Now, however, virtually every major industry in New York is slumping, and the local economy needs tax cuts to give it a jolt. Reducing real-estate taxes is imperative—especially the commercial rent tax, which exists nowhere else in America and adds to the cost of companies doing business in Manhattan at a time when the city faces a corporate exodus. This tax—which inflates the cost of renting space in midtown and downtown by 3.5 percent, or several million dollars a year for big corporations—needs to be abolished forthwith.

Tourism, a major local industry hit hard by the slump in travelers, needs the next mayor to cut taxes on visitors. Mayor Giuliani demonstrated to great effect the benefit of cutting hotel taxes: in 1992, the city collected just $110 million from its hotel tax; last year, with Giuliani's lower rates helping to attract more out-of-town visitors, the hotel tax collected $235 million. New York's politicos have trouble understanding the underlying logic of such tax cutting: "People come to New York because they want to, not because of the cost," asserts Democratic Assemblyman Herman "Denny" Farrell, chairman of the Assembly's ways and means committee, making an error typical of the local political culture. The next mayor should hack away at the city's hotel tax. If he can't persuade the State Assembly to go along with such cuts, he should use much of the hotel tax revenues to bolster tourism by heavily promoting the Big Apple around the world, something other cities do far better than New York. "Discretionary visits to New York make up 40 percent of tourism here," says Tim Zagat, chairman of the city's visitors and convention bureau, "and that's what's most vulnerable right now; so anything the city can do to mobilize so that it holds on to these visitors is important."

The sales tax on clothing should drop into the ragbag of history, a move that Mayor Giuliani proposed and Albany rejected. Twenty months ago, after Giuliani lobbied long and hard, the state eliminated that tax on purchases of up to $110. In the year following the cut, the city's sales tax revenues

*Research for this article was supported by the Brunie Fund for New York Journalism.*



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jumped by $52 million, or nearly 4 percent, as New Yorkers stayed in town to shop—for taxable as well as untaxed items—instead of shopping in New Jersey. As a result, employment at stores that sell apparel in New York City has increased by about 7,000 jobs, or 12 percent, a far bigger gain than during any comparable period.

Tax cuts, Mayor Giuliani said after the bombing, would help restore confidence in the city: "When businesses think about whether they should stay here, or come here, we want them to know that we have a government that understands how a city economy works, rather than a government that's going to oppress its economy."

Although New York is likely to receive substantial federal help in paying for the lower Manhattan cleanup, the city's budget will still feel a deep impact from reduced tax collections resulting from business interruptions caused by September 11, even without the tax cuts suggested above. That will leave the next mayor facing a real budget gap of up to $2 billion, although estimates double that



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amount are being made by those seeking higher taxes and more federal aid. Doubtless city hall will ask Washington to replace lost tax revenues, but the feds should adamantly refuse. Just as New York has a dysfunctional real-estate development system and a corrupt construction industry, which Washington should not nurture and perpetuate, so too the federal government should not conspire in maintaining Gotham's overmanned and legendarily inefficient government.

Ideally, the next mayor would use the present crisis to press for money-saving reforms that the city should have undertaken long ago. New York needs to drive down its labor costs by shrinking its bloated municipal workforce and winning the kinds of productivity gains that transformed private industry decades ago. Mayor Giuliani won hundreds of millions of dollars in labor concessions during the first year of his tenure, when he inherited a $2.3 billion budget gap, and the Citizens Budget Commission—a fiscal watchdog group—has identified more than $1 billion in future potential savings from productivity gains, changes in worker benefits, and other contract changes. The city's agreement with its



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biggest union, DC 37, representing 125,000 workers, expires on June 30, providing the next mayor with the chance to win productivity improvements, including pay increases based on merit rather than seniority. The teachers in the city's astonishingly dysfunctional and low-productivity system are working without a contract, and any pact with them needs to include major productivity improvements that offset the cost of raises to the budget. The next mayor will also have to break the cycle known as "pattern bargaining," in which all city workers are given the same contract, instead of the city's heroic police and firefighters getting more than its clerks, sanitation workers, and so on.

If the next mayor fails to display fiscal prudence and drives the budget into deficit, Governor Pataki should not hesitate to put the Financial Control Board, a legacy of the 1970s fiscal crisis that has oversight of the city's budget, in charge of the city's finances.

**"The philosophy of government in New York was that the private sector was there to fund the public sector."**

Trouble is, New York doesn't think this way. Given the city's political culture, the next mayor will find it difficult to cut the city's workforce and spending as quickly as is necessary to help the economy revive.

In fact, that's exactly what happened the last time Gotham faced a similar crisis—and catastrophe ensued. If the next administration fails to administer this tough medicine, it risks a repeat of the early 1990s, when the Dinkins administration, fresh from signing a rich new teachers' contract, enacted $833 million in new taxes, and Albany heaped on $1.4 billion more in a massive budget bill dubbed "The Big Ugly." No set of tax increases could have been more ill-timed. Just weeks after most of the levies went into effect, Saddam Hussein's troops stormed into Kuwait. As the world went to war, and the New York economy plunged into a deep recession from the accompanying business slowdown, the talk at Gracie Mansion and in Albany was of how to raise even more revenues through still higher taxes. Mayor Dinkins even proposed hundreds of millions of dollars in higher property taxes while Operation Desert Storm was in full swing—and when he enacted them, Gotham lost 283,000 jobs in 1991 and 1992, unprecedented for an American city.

Even faced with such utter devastation, New York's prevailing political culture refused to acknowledge that tax policies mattered. After a decline of 3 million visitors to the city in 1991, for example, hotel owners and labor leaders in the tourism industry pleaded in vain for a cut in the hotel tax, which had been raised to the highest in the world before the Gulf War broke out. "In the early 1990s," says Marc Goloven, the J. P. Morgan Chase regional economist, "the overarching philosophy of government in New York was that the private sector was there to fund the public sector at all costs—even if the cost was horrendous in terms of job losses."

Rudy Giuliani administered a far different tonic when he took office in 1994, and his tax cuts generated a boom in employment—including some 80,000 to 100,000 jobs attributable to state and city tax cuts, according to a Manhattan Institute study by E. J. McMahon. But the city's political establishment just doesn't get it. In the wake of the WTC attack, Democratic mayoral candidate Fernando Ferrer repeatedly suggested reinstating the tax on commuters—even as companies were already considering pulling those jobs out of the city, anyway—while the nominee, Mark Green, postponed but did not relinquish his $1.2 billion wish list of government spending.

The Democratic candidates' aggressive policy of taxing and spending would have spelled trouble for the city's economy before the Twin Towers fell. But now, it promises a replay of the disastrous early 1990s, wiping out all the hard-won gains of the last eight years. Let's hope the new mayor can learn from history instead of condemning New York to repeat it.

BROWN BROTHERS



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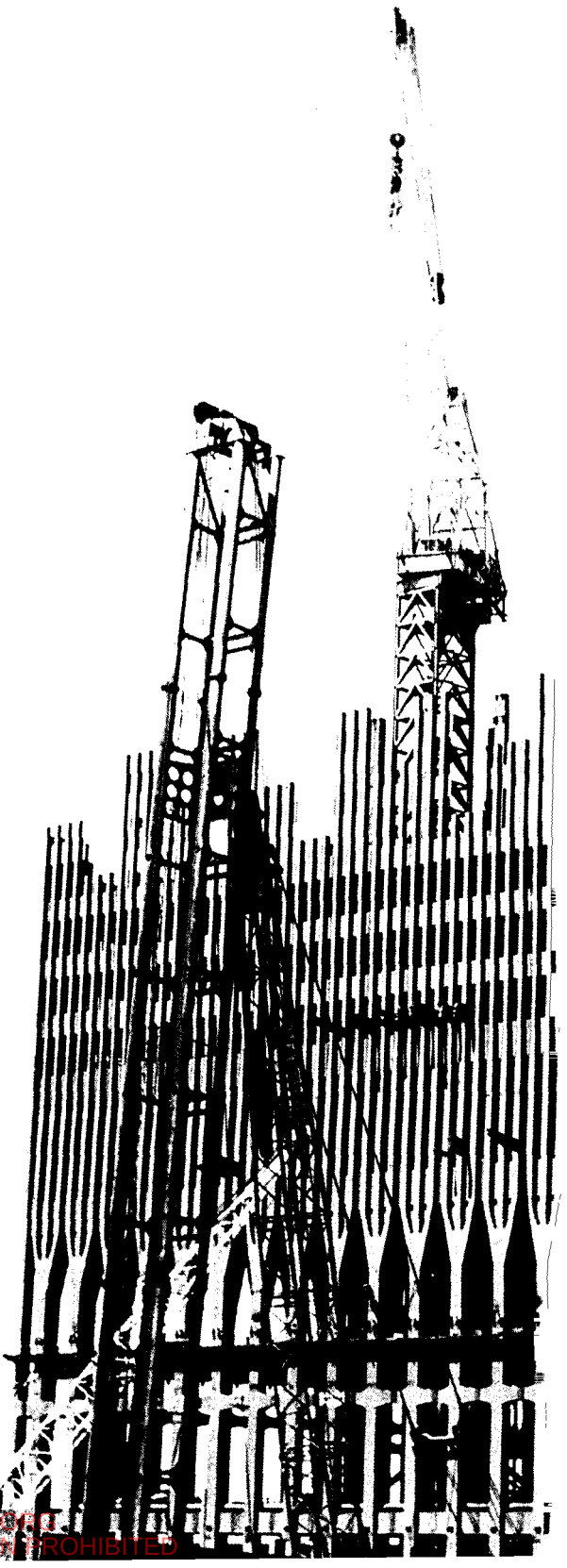
**Brian C. Anderson**

It's cruelly ironic that the terrorists who attacked New York on September 11 targeted the World Trade Center as a symbol of American capitalism. For, from the moment it opened its doors in the early 1970s, the center, owned and operated by the publicly funded Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, was really a grandiose monument to the ills of *state* capitalism, where government substitutes its bureaucratic and politically motivated thinking for the wisdom of the free market's invisible hand. Indeed, the WTC offers a case study in why government should not be in the business of developing and managing commercial property. As New York state and city officials move toward setting up a new public entity to oversee the rebuilding of lower Manhattan, the center's history provides a cautionary tale for everyone involved—starting with Governor George Pataki.

Pataki will be the key player in the reconstruction effort. The governor controls or has a big influence over all the public authorities that own the buildings and facilities that the terrorist attack destroyed. And with Mayor Rudy Giuliani term-limited out of office, Pataki will soon be the only major Republican officeholder left in New York politics, making him the point man for contact with the Bush administration—and Albany will likely be the main conduit for federal aid to the city. Pataki will thus bear a heavy responsibility for whatever rises from the ashes at Ground Zero, just as his predecessor Nelson A. Rockefeller was most responsible for the World Trade Center in the first place.

The idea for the World Trade Center first took form in the late 1950s, as a group of well-connected businessmen—led by Governor Rockefeller's brother David, CEO of Chase Manhattan Bank—sought



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**The World Trade Center under construction**

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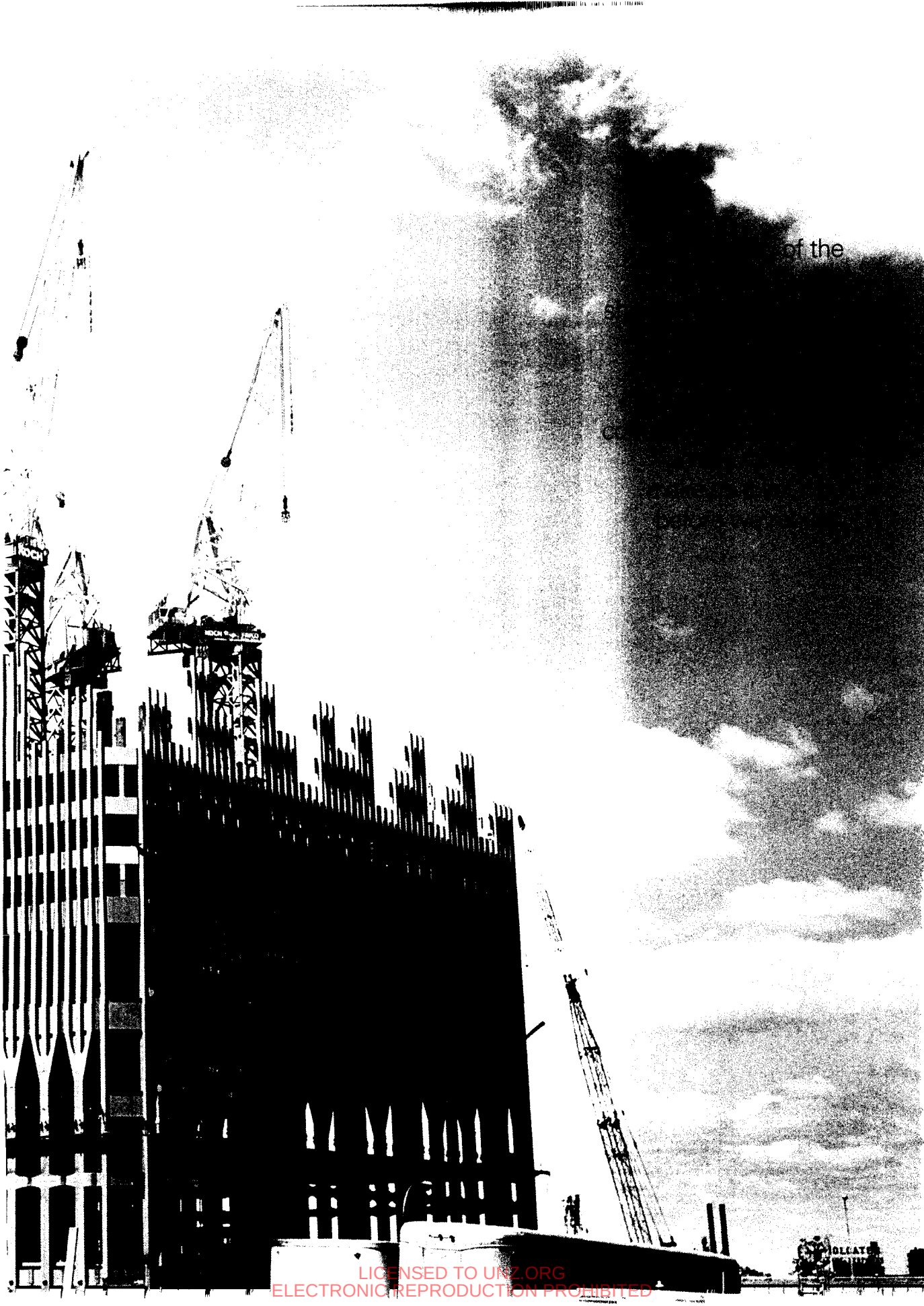

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**The Twin Towers replaced "Radio Row" on Cortlandt Street.**

some governmental means of pumping economic life into a lower Manhattan that had been in steady decline since the Depression. A government-created and government-run state-of-the-art office complex, they felt, would attract tenants from the world of international trade to replace the financial firms that had left lower Manhattan, and thus it would spur additional economic development throughout the neighborhood and give a boost to the area's struggling ports. The complex would also boost downtown development at a time when the Rockefeller family was making a big financial bet on the area with the construction of Chase Plaza.

Enlisting Governor Rockefeller's help, the group turned to the Port Authority to own, develop, and manage the property. Three reasons made the bi-state agency attractive: it was bursting with money and had the ability to float bonds; it already owned some of the land in the neighborhood; and the governor controlled half of its board. The authority



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BROWN BROTHERS

GETTY IMAGES

**The center's groundbreaking was in 1966, its ribbon cutting in 1973.**

was enthusiastic from the outset. Its powerful director, Austin Tobin, wanted to expand the agency's reach beyond its traditional, profitable bailiwick of managing the area's ports, airports, bridges, and tunnels. Here was the perfect opportunity: the Port Authority could now get into the real-estate business.

Virtually every important consideration in developing the World Trade Center had nothing to do with business and everything to do with politics. Costs, which the public would ultimately have to pay, mounted rapidly. To get New Jersey's backing for the project, for example, the Port Authority agreed to take over the financially strapped Hudson tubes that brought many New Jersey rail commuters into Manhattan (today, it's called the Port Authority Trans-Hudson, or PATH, train). The World Trade Center development thus extended the agency's state-capitalist reach beyond real estate



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into mass transit. The final cost of the twin towers, as usually happens with publicly financed projects, swelled far beyond initial estimates. Supporters of the development had low-balled those estimates to win public support.

Since the World Trade Center originated as government's idea of what lower Manhattan needed, rather than as what the market really called for, it's no surprise that it misfired commercially. Tobin yearned to build the world's tallest building, whether the market needed two 110-story behemoths or not, and his twin towers proved a perfect embodiment of the rationalist bureaucratic mind in their icy, featureless, and symmetrical inhumanity that, like Governor Rockefeller's Albany Mall, seemed designed to make the individual seem a powerless nonentity, the state an omnipotent colossus. When finished, the towers seemed to drain more life out of downtown than they added. When the trade center's initial 10 million square feet of office space first hit the market in the early 1970s, the result was such a glut of office space that lower Manhattan real-estate values sank at a time when the city was economically struggling and could least afford it.

Rather than attracting new firms to New York, as its planners thought it would, it drew tenants from other lower Manhattan offices, driving up vacancy rates throughout the area. With the towers still unfilled, New York State moved nearly all its Gotham offices into them, becoming the center's biggest tenant. Similarly, the Port Authority moved many of its own offices there.

Despite this dramatic commercial failure, Port Authority bureaucrats still saw the complex as the crown jewel of its growing collection of "economic development" projects on both sides of the Hudson. Building it, as is true with all state-capitalist projects, was a patronage bonanza: all those payments to investment banks for underwriting the bonds, to contractors, to architects and engineers, to consultants of every stripe—a politician's dream! Thereafter, reviewing the thousands of contracts, work orders, and leases that the buildings issued every year required an army of authority accountants, engineers, and lawyers, the hiring of whom was another rich vein of patronage. What bureaucrat in his right mind would want to give all that up, along with the power of being the commander of such an army? And who would want to relinquish the patronage power of awarding the ongoing maintenance contracts to wash the windows and sweep the floors, or the concessions contracts, for the fancy restaurant on top right down to the coffee shops and newsstands in the concourse?

Such deal-making, with the public footing the bill, guarantees inefficiency, since there's no free market in place that—by rewarding good work and disciplining bad—would pressure administrators to hire the right people for the right jobs and make sure they worked hard. Corruption in state-capitalist projects is usually endemic, to a greater or lesser degree—and it runs both ways. It's not only that contracts go to the politically connected, or that the price bid, by common understanding, is always much lower than the price paid. In addition, suppose a bureaucrat was incorruptible and wanted to do his job with total commitment to efficiency, demanding, say, that contractors reduce swollen overtime costs. Soon, he'll get a call from a powerful figure in the state legislature or the governor's office—a political ally of the contractor—telling him to ease off, and if he wants to keep his job, he will. The whole enterprise becomes a pit of cronyism, a tacit conspiracy against the public.

Governor Hugh L. Carey discovered just how much the Port Authority liked its jewel when he made a serious push to sell it in 1980. Though he had the support of then-New York City mayor Ed Koch, who wanted the trade center placed on the tax rolls—from which it was exempt by virtue of its government ownership—the authority nixed the idea, and it faded away.

Rather than trying to sell the World Trade Center, Governor Carey's less fiscally responsible successor, Mario Cuomo, decided to use it as a cash machine. In the 1990s, he got the Port Authority, using its own budget (which is separate from the state budget and includes, of course, New Jersey funds), to pay New York State a premium for having moved its offices out of the twin towers, and then he utilized the money—about $200 million—to plug gaping holes in the state's operating budget. The onetime boost in revenues was typical of the chicanery Cuomo employed during the early 1990s to balance the state budget temporarily rather than to slash state spending in tandem with declining revenues.



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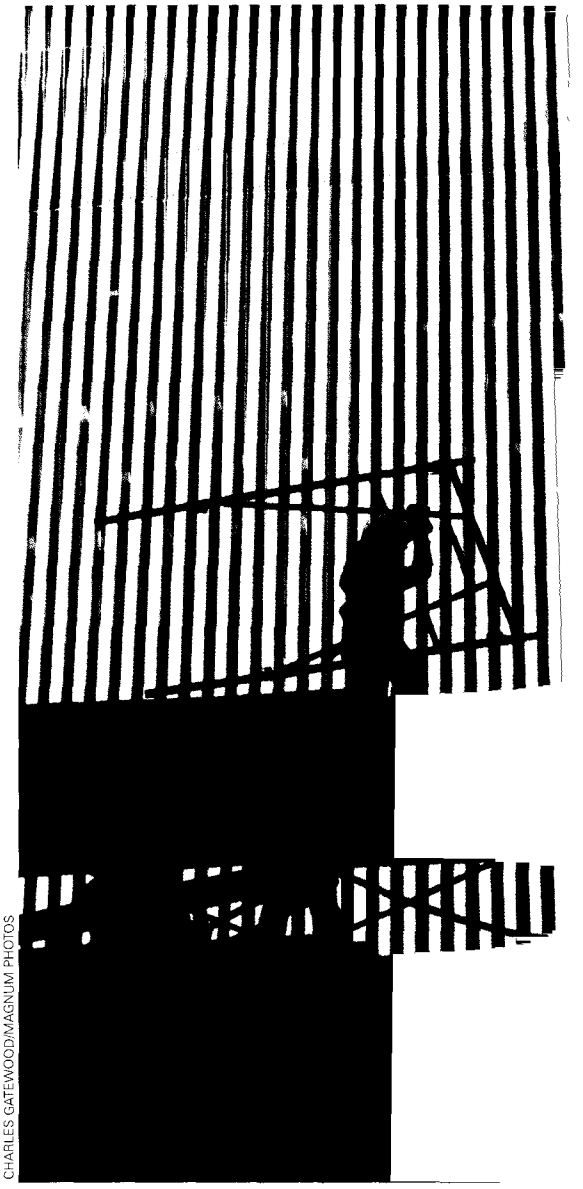
Pataki took office in 1995 committed to privatizing the World Trade Center and returning the Port Authority to its core mission of managing bi-state transportation—a mission it has been carrying out disastrously, largely because it has expended so much of its institutional energy pursuing its real-estate schemes. As a result, the scandalous state of New York's airports has been a real drag on the city's economy, since travelers avoid them if they can. Pataki's privatization efforts went nowhere at first, because of ongoing feuds with New Jersey over various projects. In 2000, Pataki at last settled the feuds and got the approval to proceed with privatization.

Yet, even though New York's 1990s economic boom had by then nearly filled the twin towers with tenants, making it the best time imaginable to sell the complex, the Port Authority bureaucracy still wouldn't give up the goose that laid the golden eggs and get out of the state-capitalist business for good. Instead of selling the trade center outright, the authority reasoned that it could make more money by leasing the center, since under continued Port Authority ownership, its exemption from property taxes and other government perks would still be attached, making it more valuable. Just seven weeks before the terrorist attacks, the authority reached a deal with Silverstein Properties and Westfield America, which agreed to lease the towers and other authority-owned facilities in the area for $3.2 billion (over 99 years), with $616 million paid up front.

Larry Silverstein would only have to pay the city $25 million yearly in an in-lieu-of-taxes agreement, about $75 million less than what the property taxes would actually be. In addition, the towers could continue to tap low-cost taxpayer-subsidized electricity from the New York Power Authority, saving Silverstein millions a year over what he would pay if he had to buy electricity from Con Ed at market rates. The Port Authority also agreed to use public funds to pay any property taxes in excess of $25 million that Silverstein might incur in the future if New York City ever succeeded in putting the trade center on the property-tax rolls.

However good the deal might have been for the Port Authority and for Silverstein, it was a rotten one for New York taxpayers and for New York City itself. Ultimately, taxpayers pay a bigger portion of the city's total tax burden than they would have



CHARLES GATEWOOD/MAGNUM PHOTOS

**"The World Trade Center is a living symbol to man's dedication to world peace," said the project's architect Minoru Yamasaki.**

to pay if the WTC paid its fair share And in sense they are paying a perpetual tax to the P Authority, in that Silverstein's willingness to p more to lease the building than anyone would p to buy it rests on the tax and electricity breaks t come along with the lease.

Governor Pataki should meditate upon the l sons of this history. Government agencies, ev those purportedly dedicated to making money, inherently inefficient and self-perpetuating Und ciplined by the market, they make unwise inve ments, while competing unfairly with the priv sector. We must weigh any "profits" that they see ingly generate against the massive subsidies, b hidden and overt, that government pours into th



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AP WIDE WORLD PHOTOS/ABC VIA APTN

NYC OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT/GETTY IMAGES

**The second plane hits the center on September 11 (above). The crater on September 22 (right)**

to make them economically viable. Advocates of state-capitalist projects claim they have economy-boosting "multiplier effects," but they also have a *de*multiplier effect that is rarely mentioned. If all the money lavished on the project stayed in taxpayers' hands, they would invest it in innumerable, unanticipated, creative ways. History shows that the money that individuals and businesses invest and spend, if left alone to do so, generates far more wealth and new jobs than any government-directed spending. The most successful cities and states dedicate their resources to creating the kind of conditions that attract private investment, rather than pouring public money into centrally planned visions of economic development.

The governor should do everything possible to clear the way for the creation of new commercial and retail space at the World Trade Center site without the continuing involvement of the Port Authority or other government agencies. It is past time to get the Port Authority out of the Manhattan real-estate business. Pataki needs to be the anti-Rockefeller—a leader with enough confidence in capitalism to allow market forces to shape the future of lower Manhattan.



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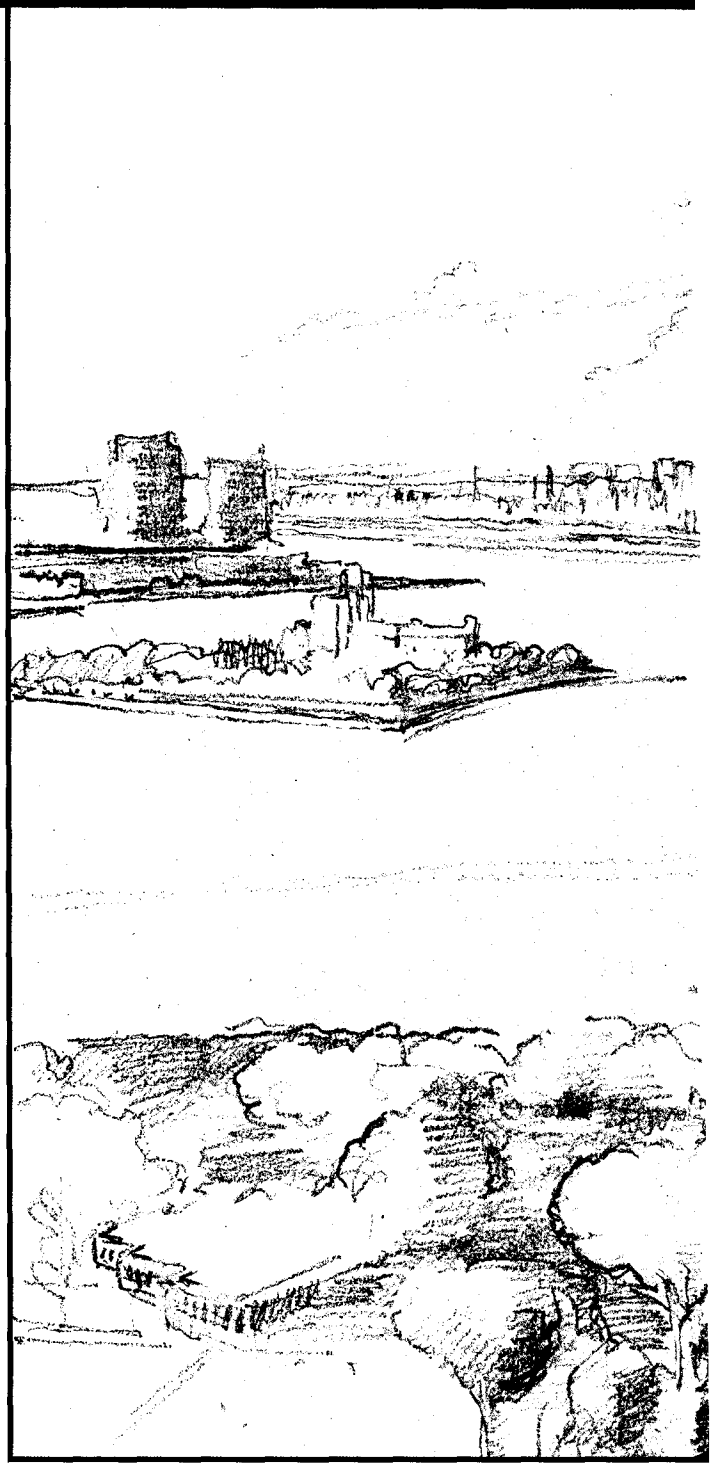
# What Should Rise from the Ashes?

*City Journal*'s plans for a rebuilt—and more vibrant—downtown

Part of the U.S. triumph over its attackers should be the swift rebuilding of the site where the massacre occurred, constructing something even prouder and more splendid than the vanished Twin Towers. *City Journal* has asked the architectural firm of Franck Lohsen McCrery of Washington and New York, in collaboration with the Scottish monumental sculptor Alexander Stoddart, to imagine what the rebuilt site could look like.

The plan, which tries to correct the errors of the original World Trade Center project, has three key elements. First, it rejoins the site to the city's street grid, inviting pedestrians into the area and making possible a vibrant urban street life. Second, instead of two oppressively bulky towers, the plan allows for ten or a dozen smaller skyscrapers, adding up to significantly more space than the World Trade Center, perhaps 50 percent more. The new tall buildings are composed to become the culmination of, rather than the exception to, the downtown skyline. The old WTC made the island look smaller: these massed skyscrapers will make it look bigger and complement the magnificent downtown buildings around them. These towers can house offices and apartments, as market demand dictates, and they can have shops and restaurants—even theaters and museums—at street level, enlivening the 24-hour public life of the neighborhood. Third, a dignified and urbane memorial square, with monuments of the highest quality, anchors the area.



**The massed pinnacles of the new skyline, seen here from New Jersey, augment the glamour of skyscraper Manhattan.**



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**Drawings by Franck Lohsen McCrery, pages 32–37**
**Alexander Stoddart, pages 30–31, 38–39**



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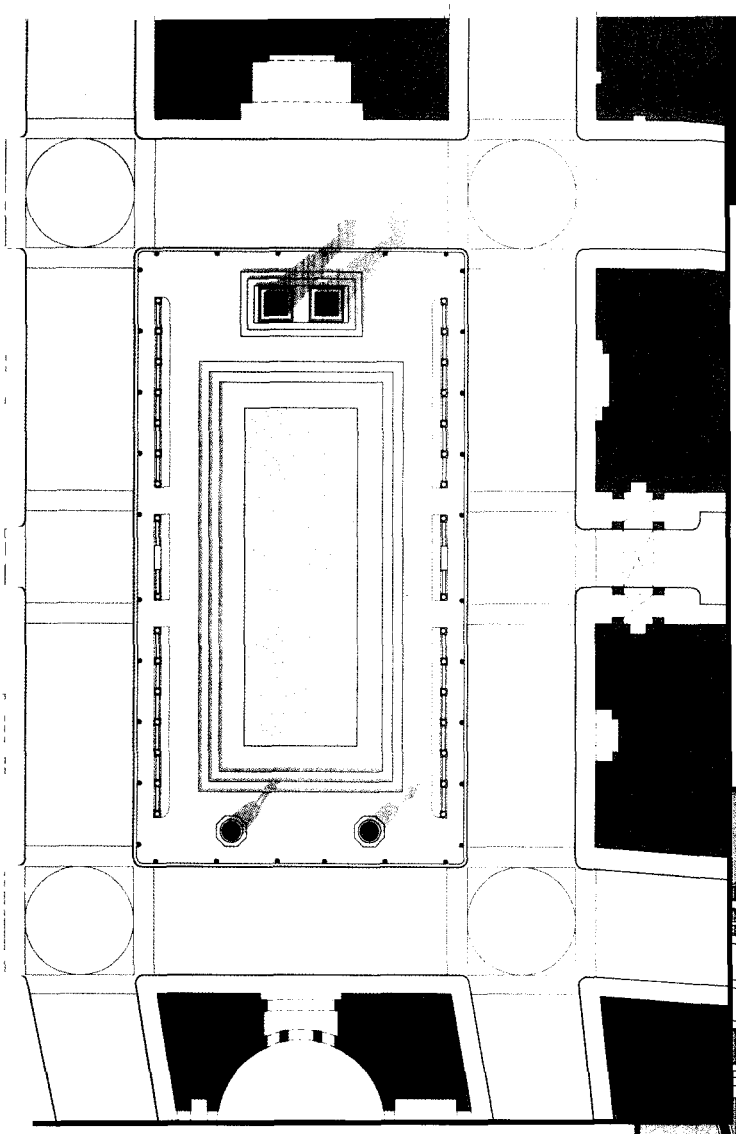

The heart of the new development is a two-block square, above, with a memorial to the victims of the September 11 attack to the north and statues commemorating the policemen, firefighters, and emergency workers who died trying to rescue them to the south. Fulton Street and Cortlandt Street bound the square to the north and south; West Broadway, extended from the north, and Washington Street, extended from the south, form the eastern and western boundaries.

The original World Trade Center, on its raised, 20-acre plaza, as seen below, formed an inhospitable barrier downtown. The new plan, at right, aims to bind Battery Park City (west of the WTC site) to the financial district by extending Cortlandt, Dey, and Fulton Streets right up to it, by extending Little West Street northward directly in front of it, and by turning West Street from a highway into a pedestrian-friendly boulevard, with the West Side Highway recessed below. New buildings line the west edge of West Street; a new public square on West Street marks the gateway to the financial district.

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**By contrast with the Twin Towers, withdrawn from the street on their bleak plaza, above, the new plan, right, offers a lively urban mix of streets and squares, with 12 new city blocks filling the site of the World Trade Center, centered on a two-block memorial square, perhaps named Liberty Square. At its southern edge sits the new Liberty Station, from which one disembarks from the MetroNorth train and emerges into the heart of the financial district. The station's modest height admits generous amounts of sunlight to the square. At the head of the square, behind the great memorial monument, rises One Liberty Square, the tallest of the planned buildings.**



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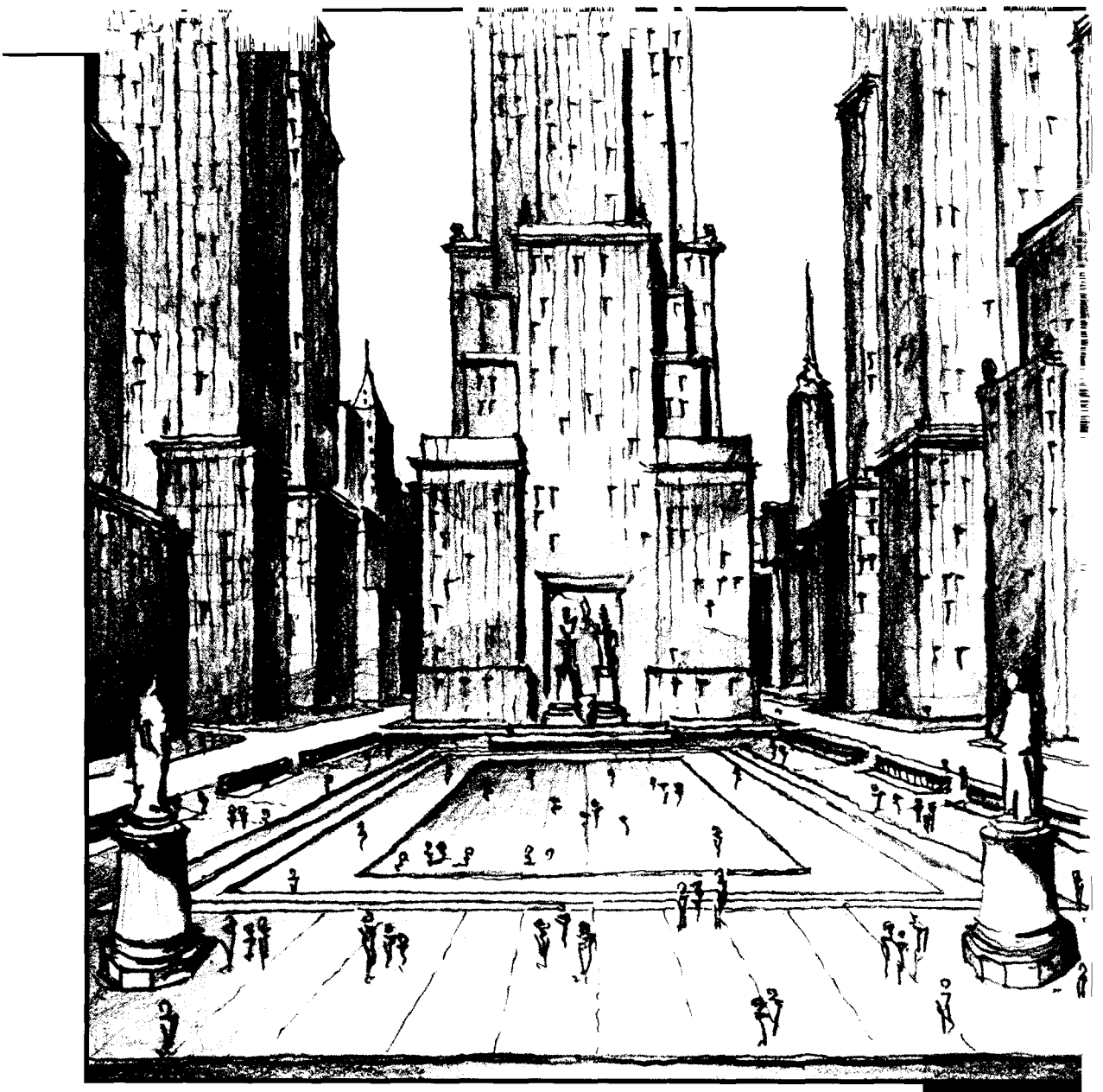

**The new square occupies the heart of the former WTC plaza. It interrupts Dey Street in order to encompass two city blocks, and two great arches span Dey Street to mark the ceremonial entrance to the square on either side. Recessed three broad steps below street level is a grass lawn—which perhaps, on the model of Bryant Park, might attract crowds bringing their lunches from takeout shops on the perimeter. At the square's southern edge are placed heroic statuary monuments to New York's heroes: firefighters and policemen; to the north is the pairing of Memory and History, thrice life-size, illuminating and recording the dead.**

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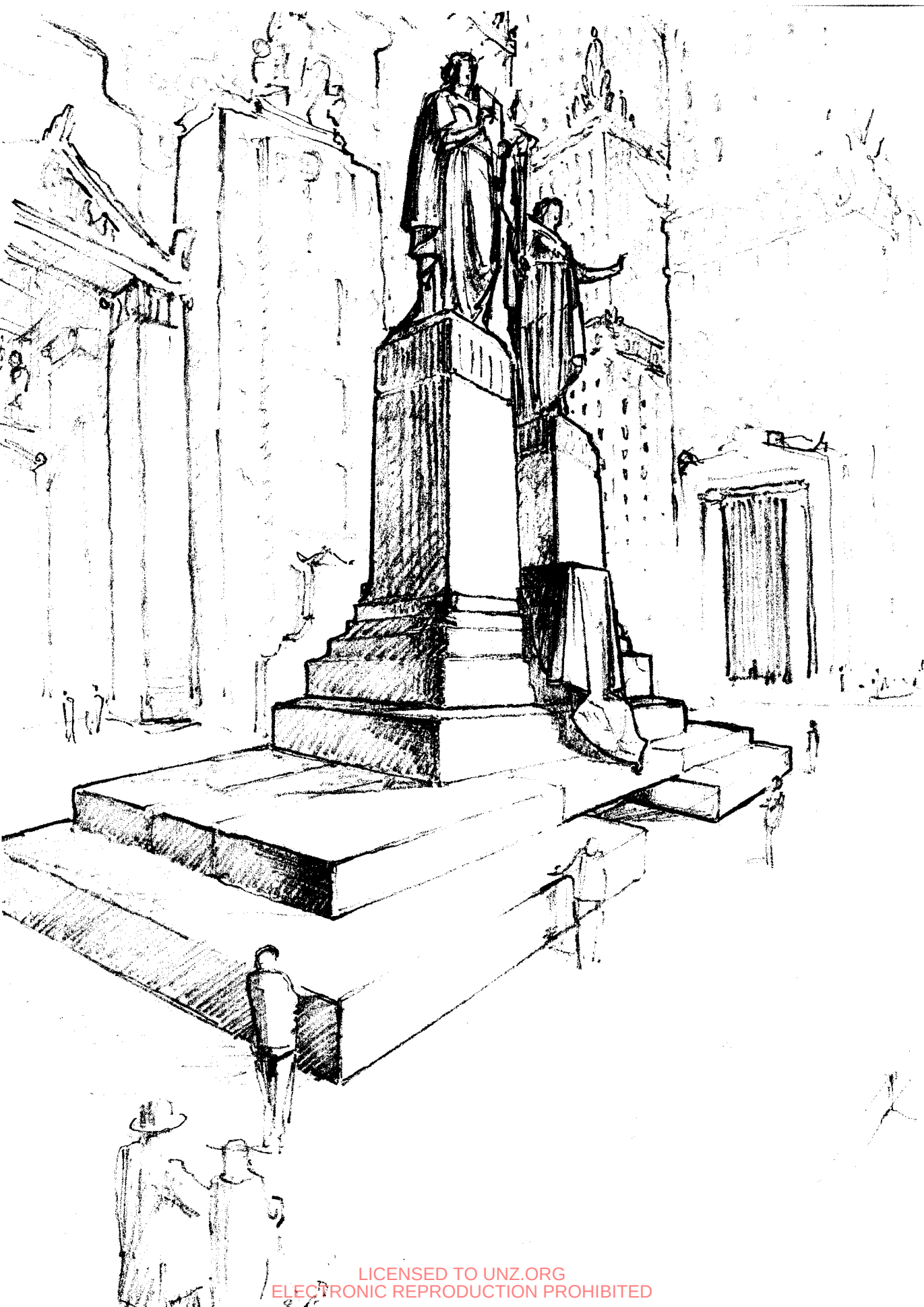

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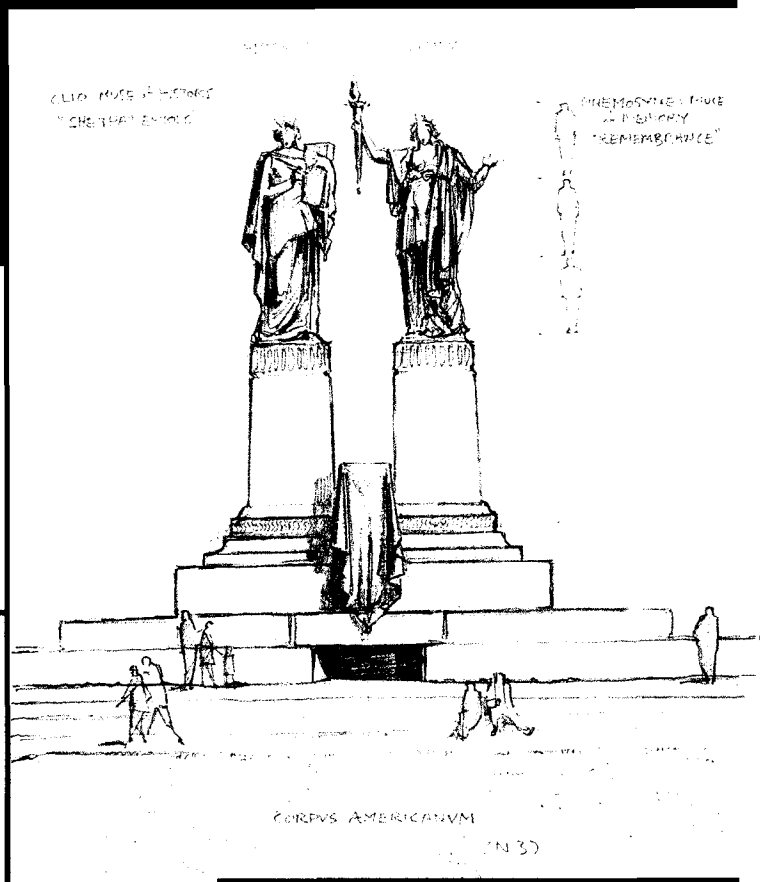


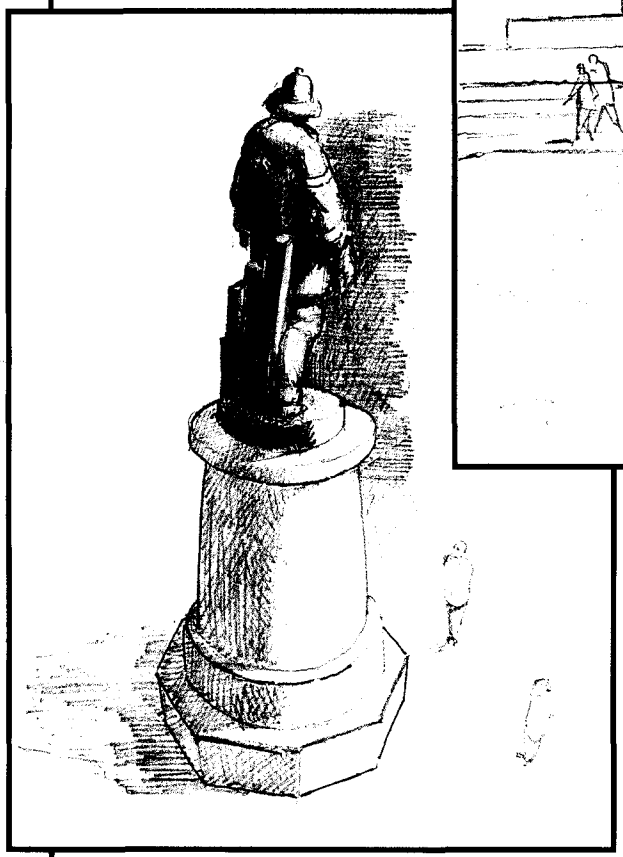

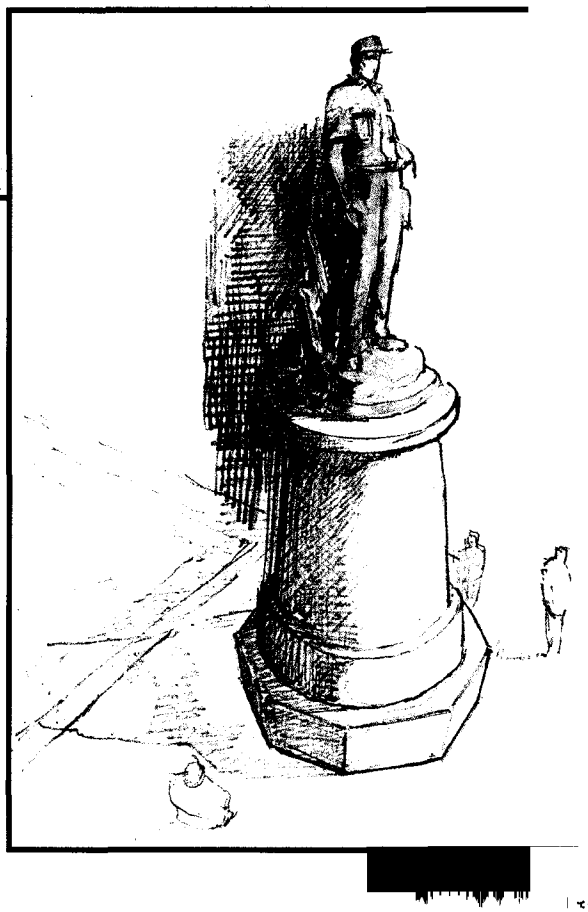

**The monuments: Two great pylons are surmounted by History, who directs one's gaze to her tablet, and Memory, who bears her always-illuminating torch aloft, directly above the draped catafalque—the resting place for the deceased, many of whom have no other grave but this. Opposite that memorial (left, top, and front cover) are monuments to the firefighters (above) and policemen (right) who lost their lives.**

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# Fighting Militant Islam, Without Bias

**Daniel Pipes**

The whole country, and New York especially, has to face an urgent question in the wake of the September 11 attacks, organized by a militant Islamic network and carried out by Arabic-speaking Muslims resident in North America: how should Americans now view and treat the Muslim populations living in their midst?

Initial reactions have differed widely. Elite opinion, as voiced by President Bush, rushed to deny any connection between the acts of war and the resident Muslim population. "Islam is peace," Bush assured Americans, adding, "we should not hold one who is a Muslim responsible for an act of terror." Attorney General Ashcroft, Governor Pataki, and Mayor Giuliani closely echoed these comments. Secretary of State Powell went further still, declaring that the attacks "should not be seen as something done by Arabs or Islamics; it is something that was done by terrorists"—as though Arabs and Muslims by definition can't be terrorists.

This approach may have made sense as a way to calm the public and prevent attacks against Muslims, but it clearly failed to convince everyone. Rep. John Cooksey (R-La.) told a radio interviewer that anyone wearing "a diaper on his head and a fan belt wrapped around the diaper" should be "pulled over" for extra questioning at airports. And survey research shows that Americans overwhelmingly tie Islam and Muslims to the horrifying events of September. One poll found that 68 percent of respondents approved of "randomly stopping people who may fit the profile of suspected terrorists." Another found that 83 percent of Americans favor stricter controls on Muslim entry into the country and 58 percent want tighter controls on Muslims traveling on planes or trains. Remarkably, 35 percent of New Yorkers favor establishing internment camps for "individuals who authorities identify as being sympathetic to terrorist causes." Nationally, 31 percent of Americans favor detention camps for Arab-Americans, "as a way to prevent terrorist attacks in the United States."

What in fact are the connections between the atrocities and the Muslim minority resident in the United States and Canada? And what policies can protect the country from attack while protecting the civil rights of Muslims?

From 10 to 15 percent of the millions of Muslims in America are Islamist radicals. What protective steps must the nation take?

The problem at hand is not the religion of Islam but the totalitarian ideology of Islamism. As a faith, Islam has meant very different things over 14 centuries and several continents. What we can call "traditional Islam," forged in the medieval period, has inspired Muslims to be bellicose and quiescent, noble and not: one can't generalize over such a large canvas. But one can note two common points: Islam is, more than any other major religion, deeply political,

**Some members of Brooklyn's vast Muslim community pray at Coney Island.**



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in the sense that it pushes its adherents to hold power; and once Muslims do gain power, they feel a strong impetus to apply the laws of Islam, the shari`a. So Islam does, in fact, contain elements that can justify conquest, theocracy, and intolerance.

In the course of the twentieth century, a new form of Islam arose, one that now has great appeal and power. Militant Islam (or Islamism—same thing) goes back to Egypt in the 1920s, when an organization called the Muslim Brethren first emerged, though there are other strains as well, including an Iranian one, largely formulated by Ayatollah Khomeini, and a Saudi one, to which the ruling Taliban in Afghanistan and Usama bin Ladin both belong. Islamism differs in many ways from traditional Islam. It is faith turned into ideology, and radical ideology at that. When asked, "Do you consider yourself a revolutionary?" Sudanese Islamist politician Hasan al-Turabi replied, "Completely." Whereas traditional Islam places the responsibility on each believer to live according to God's will, Islamism makes this duty something for which the state is responsible. Islam is a personal belief system that focuses on the individual; Islamism is a state ideology that looks to the society. Islamists constitute a small but significant minority of Muslims in the U.S. and worldwide, perhaps 10 to 15 percent.

Apologists would tell us that Islamism is a distortion of Islam, or even that it has nothing to do with Islam, but that is not true; it emerges out of the religion, while taking features of it to a conclusion so extreme, so radical, and so megalomaniacal as to constitute something new. It adapts an age-old faith to the political requirements of our day, sharing some key premises of the earlier totalitarianisms, fascism and Marxism-Leninism. It is an Islamic-flavored version of radical utopianism. Individual Islamists may appear law-abiding and reasonable, but they are part of a totalitarian movement, and as such, all must be considered potential killers.

Traditional Muslims, generally the first victims of Islamism, understand this ideology for what it is and respond with fear and loathing, as some examples from northern Africa suggest. Naguib Mahfouz, Egypt's Nobel Prize–winning novelist, said to his country's prime minister and interior minister as they were suppressing Islamism: "You are fighting a battle for the sake of Islam." Other traditional Egyptian Muslims concur with Mahfouz, with one condemning Islamism as "the barbaric hand of terrorism" and another calling for all extremists to be "hanged in public squares." In Tunisia, Minister of Religion Ali Chebbi says that Islamists belong in the "garbage can." Algeria's interior minister, Abderrahmane Meziane-Cherif, likewise concludes: "You cannot talk to people who adopt violence as their credo; people who slit women's throats, rape them, and mutilate their breasts; people who kill innocent foreign guests." If Muslims feel this way, non-Muslims may join them without embarrassment: being against Islamism in no way implies being against Islam.

Islamists of all stripes have a virulent attitude toward non-Muslims and have a decades-long history of fighting with British and French colonial rulers, as well as with such non-Muslim governments as those of India, Israel, and the Philippines. They also have had long and bloody battles against Muslim governments that reject the Islamist program: in Egypt, Pakistan, Syria, Tunisia, and Turkey, for instance—and, most spectacularly, in Algeria, where 100,000 persons so far are estimated to have lost their lives in a decade of fighting.

Islamist violence is a global phenomenon. During the first week of April, for example, I counted up the following incidents, relying only on news agency stories, which are hardly exhaustive: deaths due to violent Islamist action occurred in Algeria (42 victims), Kashmir (17), the southern Philippines (3), Bangladesh (2), and the West Bank (1); assorted violence broke out in many other countries, including Afghanistan, Indonesia, Nigeria, and Sudan; courts handed down judgments against radical Muslims in France, Germany, Italy, Jordan, Turkey, the United States, and Yemen. Islamists are well organized: fully 11 of the 29 groups that the State Department calls "foreign terrorist organizations" are Islamist, as are 14 out of 21 groups outlawed by Britain's Home Office.

Starting in 1979, Islamists have felt confident enough to extend their fight against the West. The new militant Islamic government of Iran assaulted the U.S. embassy in Tehran at the end of that year and held nearly 60 Americans captive for 444 days. Eight American soldiers (the first casualties in this war) died in the failed U.S. rescue attempt in 1980.



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Violence against Americans began in earnest in 1983 with an attack on the U.S. embassy in Lebanon, killing 63. Then followed a long sequence of assaults on Americans in embassies, ships, planes, barracks, schools, and elsewhere.

Islamists have also committed at least eight lethal attacks on the soil of the United States prior to September 11, 2001: the July 1980 murder of an Iranian dissident in the Washington area; the January 1990 murder of an Egyptian Islamic freethinker in Tucson; the November 1990 assassination of Rabbi Meir Kahane in New York; the January 1993 assault on CIA personnel, killing two, outside the agency's Langley, Virginia, headquarters; the February 1993 World Trade Center bombing, killing six; the March 1994 shooting attack on a van full of Orthodox Jewish boys driving over the Brooklyn Bridge, killing one; the February 1997 murder of a Danish tourist at the top of the Empire State Building; and the deliberate October 1999 crash of an EgyptAir flight by the Egyptian pilot into the Atlantic near New York City, killing 217. All but one of these murders took place near or in New York City or Washington, D.C. This partial list doesn't include a number of fearsome near misses, including the "day of terror" planned for June 1993 that would have culminated with the simultaneous bombing of the United Nations and the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels, and a thwarted plot to disrupt Seattle's millennial celebrations.

In short, the massacre of upward of 6,000 Americans in September 2001 was not the start of something new but the intensification of an Islamist campaign of violence against the U.S. that has been raging for more than two decades.

No one knows exactly how many Muslims live in the United States—the estimates, prone to exaggeration, range widely—but their numbers clearly range in the several millions. The faithful divide into two main groups, immigrants and converts, with immigrants two to three times more numerous than converts. The immigrants come from all over the world, but especially from South Asia, Iran, and the Arabic-speaking countries; converts tend overwhelmingly to be African-American.

This community now faces a profound choice: either it can integrate within the United States or it can be Islamist and remain apart. It's a choice with major implications for both the U.S. and the Muslim world.

**"Islamists want to transform the United States into a Muslim country run along strict Islamist lines."**

Integrationist Muslims—some pious, others not—can live simultaneously as patriotic Americans and as committed Muslims. Such Muslims have no problem giving their allegiance to a non-Muslim government. Integrationists believe that what American culture calls for—hard work, honesty, tolerance—is compatible with Islamic beliefs, and they even see Islam as reaffirming such classic American values. They accept that the United States is not a Muslim country, and they seek ways to live successfully within its Constitutional framework. Symbolic of this positive outlook, the Islamic Supreme Council of America proudly displays an American flag on its Internet home page.

American Muslims who go the Islamist route, however, reject American civilization, based as it is on a mix of Christian and Enlightenment values that they find anathema. Islamists believe that their ways are superior to America's, and they want to impose these on the entire country. In the short term, they promote Islam as the solution to the nation's social and moral ills. Over time, however, and much more radically, they want to transform the United States into a Muslim country run along strict Islamist lines. Giving expression to this radical view, Zaid Shakir, a former Muslim chaplain at Yale University, argues that Muslims cannot accept the legitimacy of the existing American order, since it "is against the orders and ordainments of Allah." "[T]he orientation of the Quran," he adds, "pushes us in the exact opposite direction." However outlandish a political goal this might seem, it is widely



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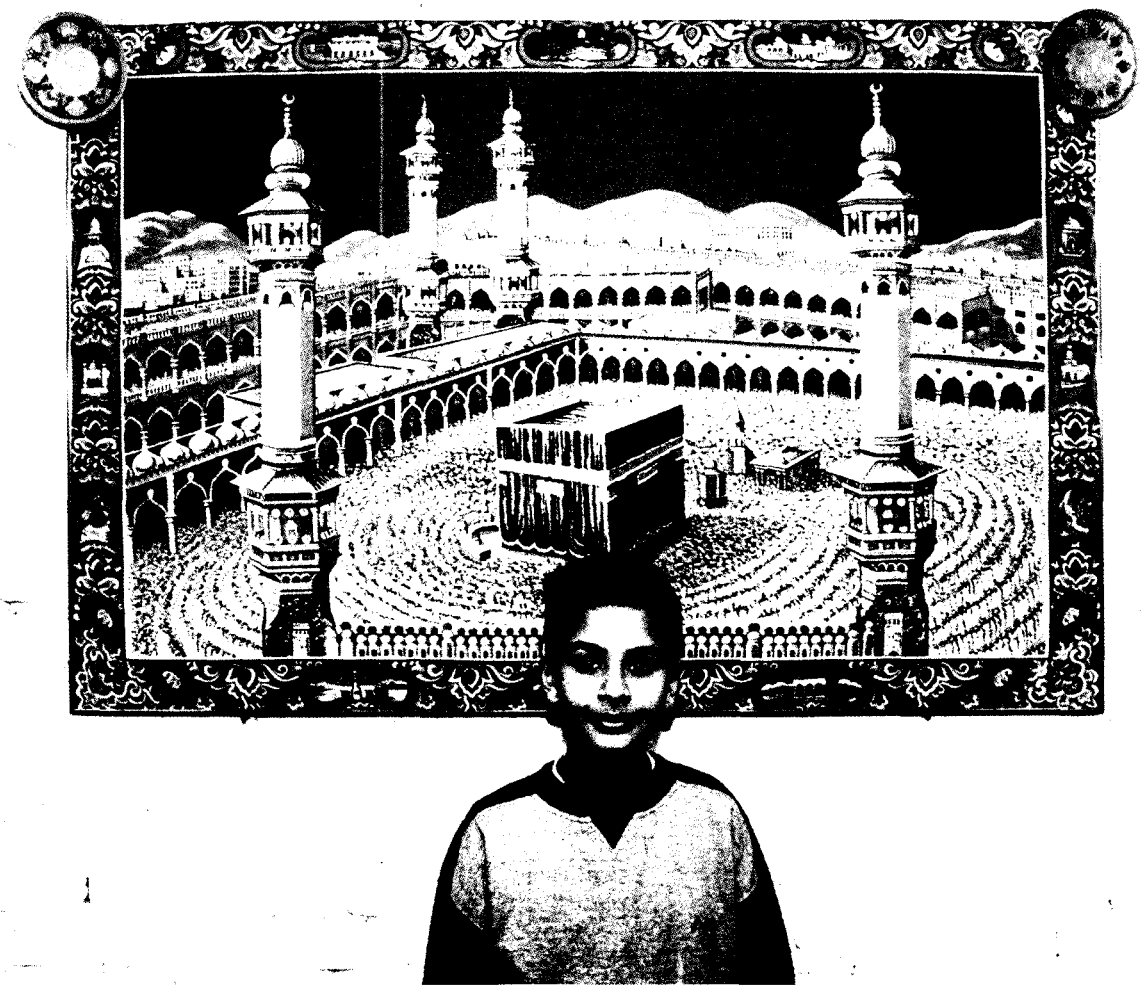

**Radical Islamists control most U.S. Muslim institutions, like this mosque in Brooklyn.**

discussed in Islamist circles, and the events of September 11 should make clear just how seriously U.S. authorities must take this ambition.

The great debate among Islamists is, in fact, not over the desirability or plausibility of transforming the U.S. into a Muslim nation but whether to work toward this goal in a legal but slow way, through conversion, or by taking a riskier but swifter illegal path that would require violence. Shamim A. Siddiqi, a Pakistani immigrant, expects that vast numbers of Americans will peacefully convert to Islam in what he calls a "Rush-to-Islam." Omar Abdel Rahman, the blind sheikh behind the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, wants Muslims to "conquer the land of the infidels." These two approaches can and do overlap, with some pinstripe-suited lobbyists in Washington doing things that help terrorists, such as closing down the practice of profiling Middle Eastern–looking airline passengers.

Integrationists tend to be thankful to live in the United States, with its rule of law, democracy, and personal freedoms. Islamists despise these achievements and long to bring the ways of Iran or Afghanistan to America. Integrationists seek to create an American Islam and can take part in American life. Islamists, who want an Islamic America, cannot.

The good news is that integrationists far outnumber Islamists. The bad news—and this poses a real and still largely unacknowledged problem for the United States—is that Islamists are much more active in Muslim affairs than integrationists and control nearly all of the nation's Muslim institutions: mosques, schools, community centers, publications, websites, and national organizations. It is the Islamists who receive invitations to the White House and the State Department. It was primarily Islamists with whom President Bush, in gestures intended to reassure American Muslims, met with twice after September 11.

What must Americans do to protect themselves from Islamists while safeguarding the civil rights of law-abiding Muslims? The first and most straightforward thing is not to allow any more Islamists into the country. Each Islamist who enters the Unit-



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ed States, whether as a visitor or an immigrant, is one more enemy on the home front. Officials need to scrutinize the speech, associations, and activities of potential visitors or immigrants for any signs of Islamist allegiances and keep out anyone they suspect of such ties. Some civil libertarian purists will howl, as they once did over similar legislation designed to keep out Marxist-Leninists. But this is simply a matter of national self-protection.

Laws already on the books allow for such a policy, though excercising them these days is extremely difficult, requiring the direct involvement of the secretary of state (see "It's Time to Plug Our Leaky Borders" page 69). Though written decades before Islamism appeared on the U.S. scene, for example, the 1952 McCarren-Walter Act permits the exclusion of anyone seeking to overthrow the U.S. government. Other regulations would keep out people suspected of terrorism or of committing other acts with "potentially serious adverse foreign policy consequences." U.S. officials need greater leeway to enforce these laws.

**"The first and most straightforward thing is not to allow any more Islamists into the country."**

Keeping Islamists out of the country is an obvious first step, but it will be equally important to watch closely Islamists already living here as citizens or residents. Unfortunately, this means all Muslims must face heightened scrutiny. For the inescapable and painful fact is that, while anyone might become a fascist or communist, only Muslims find Islamism tempting. And if it is true that most Muslims aren't Islamists, it is no less true that all Islamists are Muslims. Muslims can expect that police searching for suspects after any new terrorist attack will not spend much time checking out churches, synagogues, or Hindu temples but will concentrate on mosques. Guards at government buildings will more likely question pedestrians who appear Middle Eastern or wear headscarves.

Because such measures have an admittedly prejudicial quality, authorities in the past have shown great reluctance to take them, an attitude Islamists and their apologists have reinforced, seeking to stifle any attempt to single out Muslims for scrutiny. When Muslims have committed crimes, officials have even bent over backward to disassociate their motives from militant Islam. For example, the Lebanese cabdriver who fired at a van full of Orthodox Jewish boys on the Brooklyn Bridge in 1994, leaving one child dead, had a well-documented fury at Israel and Jews—but the FBI ascribed his motive to "road rage." Only after a persistent campaign by the murdered boy's mother did the FBI finally classify the attack as "the crimes of a terrorist," almost seven years after the killing. Reluctance to come to terms with militant Islam might have been understandable before September 11—but no longer.

Heightened scrutiny of Muslims has become *de rigueur* at the nation's airports and must remain so. Airline security personnel used to look hard at Arabs and Muslims, but that was before the relevant lobbies raised so much fuss about "airline profiling" as a form of discrimination that the airlines effectively abandoned the practice. The absence of such a commonsense policy meant that 19 Muslim Arab hijackers could board four separate flights on September 11 with ease.

Greater scrutiny of Muslims also means watching out for Islamist "sleepers"—individuals who go quietly about their business until, one day, they receive the call from their controllers and spring into action as part of a terrorist operation. The four teams of September 11 hijackers show how deep deception can go. As one investigator, noting the length of time the 19 terrorists spent in the United States, explained, "These weren't people coming over the border just to attack quickly. . . . They cultivated friends, and blended into American society to further their ability to strike." Stopping sleepers before they are activated and strike will require greater vigilance at the nation's borders, good intelligence, and citizen watchfulness.

Resident Muslim aliens who reveal themselves to be Islamist should be immediately expelled from



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the country before they have a chance to act. Citizen Islamists will have to be watched very closely and without cease.

Even as the nation monitors the Muslim world within its borders more closely for signs of Islamism, it must continue, of course, to protect the civil rights of law-abiding American Muslims. Political leaders should regularly and publicly distinguish between Islam, the religion of Muslims, and Islamism, the totalitarian ideology. In addition, they should do everything in their power to make sure that individual Muslims, mosques, and other legal institutions continue to enjoy the full protection of the law. A time of crisis doesn't change the presumption of innocence at the core of our legal system. Police should provide extra protection for Muslims to prevent acts of vandalism against their property or their persons.

Thankfully, some American Muslims (and Arab-Americans, most of whom actually are Christian) understand that by accepting some personal inconvenience—and even, let's be honest, some degree of humiliation—they are helping to protect both the country and themselves. Tarek E. Masoud, a Yale graduate student, shows a good sense that many of his elders seem to lack: "How many thousands of lives would have been saved if people like me had been inconvenienced with having our bags searched and being made to answer questions?" he asks. "People say profiling makes them feel like criminals. It does—I know this firsthand. But would that I had been made to feel like a criminal a thousand times over than to live to see the grisly handiwork of real criminals in New York and Washington."

A third key task will be to combat the totalitarian ideology of militant Islam. That means isolating such noisy and vicious Islamist institutions as the American Muslim Council, the Council on American-Islamic Relations, and the Muslim Public Affairs Council. Politicians, the press, corporations, voluntary organizations, and society as a whole—all must shun these groups and grant them not a shred of legitimacy. Tax authorities and law enforcement should watch them like hawks, much as they watch the Teamsters.

Fighting Islamist ideology will also require shutting down Internet sites that promote Islamist violence, recruit new members to the terrorist campaign against the West, and raise money for militant Islamic causes ("Donate money for the military Jihad," exhorts one such website). The federal government began to take action even before September 11, closing InfoCom, a Dallas-based host for many Islamist organizations, some of them funneling money to militant Islamic groups abroad.

Essential, too, in the struggle against Islamist ideology will be reaching out to moderate non-Islamist Muslims for help. These are the people unfairly tarred by Islamist excesses, after all, and so are eager to stop this extremist movement. Bringing them on board has several advantages: they can provide valuable advice, they can penetrate clandestine Islamist organizations, and their involvement in the effort against Islamism blunts the inevitable charges of "Islamophobia."

Further, experts on Islam and Muslims—academics, journalists, religious figures, and government officials—must be held to account for their views. For too long now, they have apologized for Islamism rather than interpreted it honestly. As such, they bear some responsibility for the unpreparedness that led to September's horror. The press and other media need to show greater objectivity in covering Islam. In the past, they have shamefully covered up for it. The recent PBS documentary *Islam: Empire of Faith* is a case in point, offering, as the *Wall Street Journal* sharply put it, an "uncritical adoration of Islam, more appropriate to a tract for true believers than a documentary purporting to give the American public a balanced account." Islamists in New York City celebrated the destruction on September 11 at their mosques, but journalists refused to report the story for fear of offending Muslims, effectively concealing this important information from the U.S. public.

Taking these three steps—keeping Islamists out, watching them within the nation's borders without violating the civil liberties of American Muslims, and delegitimating extremists—permits Americans to be fair toward the moderate majority of Muslims while fighting militant Islam. It will be a difficult balancing act, demanding sensitivity without succumbing to political correctness. But it is both essential and achievable. ■



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# Our Islamic Fifth Column

Radical clerics are recruiting British Muslim kids as terrorists.

**Farrukh Dhondy**

My first name gives rise to confusion. It's a common Muslim name, so people I meet, or who read my byline, assume that I am of the faith.

Most recently, in response to a column I write for an Indian paper, in which I confessed to having met a few terrorists in my time and attempted to analyze their limited grasp of the world, I received a lot of hate mail. Some of the e-mailers clearly thought I was a Muslim apostate and reminded me that the penalty for that sin was death. One, who signed himself Zahir Pathan, was more strident. He graphically said I was a Muslim *sin cojones*, as Hemingway would have put it, because I failed to face up to what had to be done. He went on to say, presumably as part of what needed doing, that preparations were under way for the bombing and destruction of Bombay. His tone was swaggering, his e-mail rage directed against one who had, he thought, reneged on Islam.

I haven't. I was born a Zoroastrian, in India, a descendant of refugees from the Muslim conquest of Iran by Arab armies in the seventh century. The India of my childhood was full of superstition, of faith in myriad manifestations of the unseen, but even then one knew that Islam and its followers were distinctive. From the Shia mosque in Poona, where I grew up, there emerged every *Moharrum* night, the end of *Ramzaan*, a procession of chanting Muslims in black shirts, cutting themselves with chains and little daggers strung together, in frenzied and bloody penance through the night—a demonstration of a belief beyond the threshold of pain. They believed that theirs was the only creed, that their book was dictated by God, that Hindus were idolators and the worshipers of trees and monkeys, that Zoroastrians were fire-worshiping infidels, and that Christians were an ancient military enemy. Their faith seemed to me even at the time to exclude what it had not invented.

In the searching years of adolescence, when we all tried to come to terms with the great ideas of democracy, liberalism, the possibilities of life embodied in literature, only the pious Muslims among us seemed impervious to taking part in the passionate arguments. They seemed to have an inbuilt view of the world and of history, formed and sanctioned by the Quran. Even then I wondered: if they would not assimilate the world, how would the world assimilate them?

I arrived in Britain at 20, just when the Muslim migration there, principally from India and Pakistan, was under way. The immigrants were leaving circumstances of grinding poverty and little hope to better themselves materially. They took it for granted that they would be afforded the right to work and live within the cultural and religious freedom that Britain's liberal civilization guaranteed.

During my years in England, I acquainted myself with various groups from the subcontinent who were part of this migration. Most were from peasant backgrounds. The Bangladeshis came to London's East End and found work in the garment industry. The Mirpuris, who came from the part of Kashmir that Pakistan occupied, went to work in the old cotton and woolen mills of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the Midlands. They cohered around the mosque, the central symbol of discipline in their lives, and around the small shops that sold the spices, the lentils, the *halal* meat that made these



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towns feel like home. The first generation that arrived imagined making some money quickly and, some time in the future, returning home. That future never arrived. Their children and grandchildren have now grown up as Lancastrians and Yorkshiremen—Muslim Lancastrians and Yorkshiremen.

These antiquated mills went out of business in the 1980s. The population—white, brown, and black—had no jobs. The general depression of the mill-and-mosque towns reflected itself in run-down, restless schools, without ambition or excellence. The activists and ambulance chasers of the Left demanded more multiculturalism in these schools—which gave cover to the ex-peasant community's demands for the Islamization of the schools' ethos and curriculum. They demanded—successfully, in some cases—that girls and boys be taught separately, that girl pupils cover their heads and limbs, that the schools serve *halal* meat, that Arabic and the Quran be taught, that British history classes depict Britain primarily as an exploitative, demonic nation. Principals who resisted these demands were branded racists.

**"Not one mullah—not one—raised a voice in support of the principle of freedom of creativity."**

In 1989 came the most significant divide in the multicultural history of Britain: the Rushdie affair, which uncovered a multicultural fifth column, whose literary criticism entailed book burning and death threats. The British Muslim community echoed the call of the Ayatollah Khomeini to hunt down and kill the writer. There were denunciations of Rushdie in every mosque by mullahs and crowds who had only handled a copy of the book to burn it. Not one mullah—not one—raised a voice in support of the principle of freedom of creativity; no mullah ventured the opinion that the fatwa was wrong or against Islamic teaching. Though the supposedly liberal Muslim commentators whom the British press retains were not in favor of the death sentence, none would extend himself to a defense of the book. In Bradford, an ugly book-burning rally was led by one Kalim Siddiqui, who was forced to admit to an investigating press that he and his operation were financed by the government of Iran. He subsequently set up a "Muslim Parliament of Britain," which professed to dispense laws and promulgate rules for the Muslims of Britain.

In the first week of the fatwa against Rushdie and his book, I appeared on a television panel. Among the Muslim panelists, all of whom favored condemning the book, were two zealots: the same Kalim Siddiqui; and Yusuf Islam, the Muslim convert pop singer of Greek Cypriot origin formerly known as Cat Stevens. The moderator asked if, in my role as a commissioning editor of Channel 4 UK, I would contemplate turning *The Satanic Verses* into a film. I said that I would judge the cinematic merits of the script, and that no other consideration would rule it out. Kalim Siddiqui and Yusuf Islam snarled, warning that the sentence of death on Rushdie would extend to all those who forwarded his book in any way.

We had all come from London to Manchester to record the "discussion." The producer had a word with me when it was over: would I feel more comfortable if he changed my hotel, away from the threateners and their entourage?

Before the fatwa and the Muslim solidarity it generated, the race industry that arrogates to itself the leadership of immigrant opinion had assumed that, with a few concessions, and with some exotic and welcome additions to British cuisine, the new immigrant communities would be assimilated into British life with hiccups but not convulsions. The fatwa affair—when the entire Islamic community united behind the condemnation—should have put an end to the idea. This was one bridge that Muslim immigrants were not willing to cross.

**A late-sixteenth-century illustration of the Siege of Konya**



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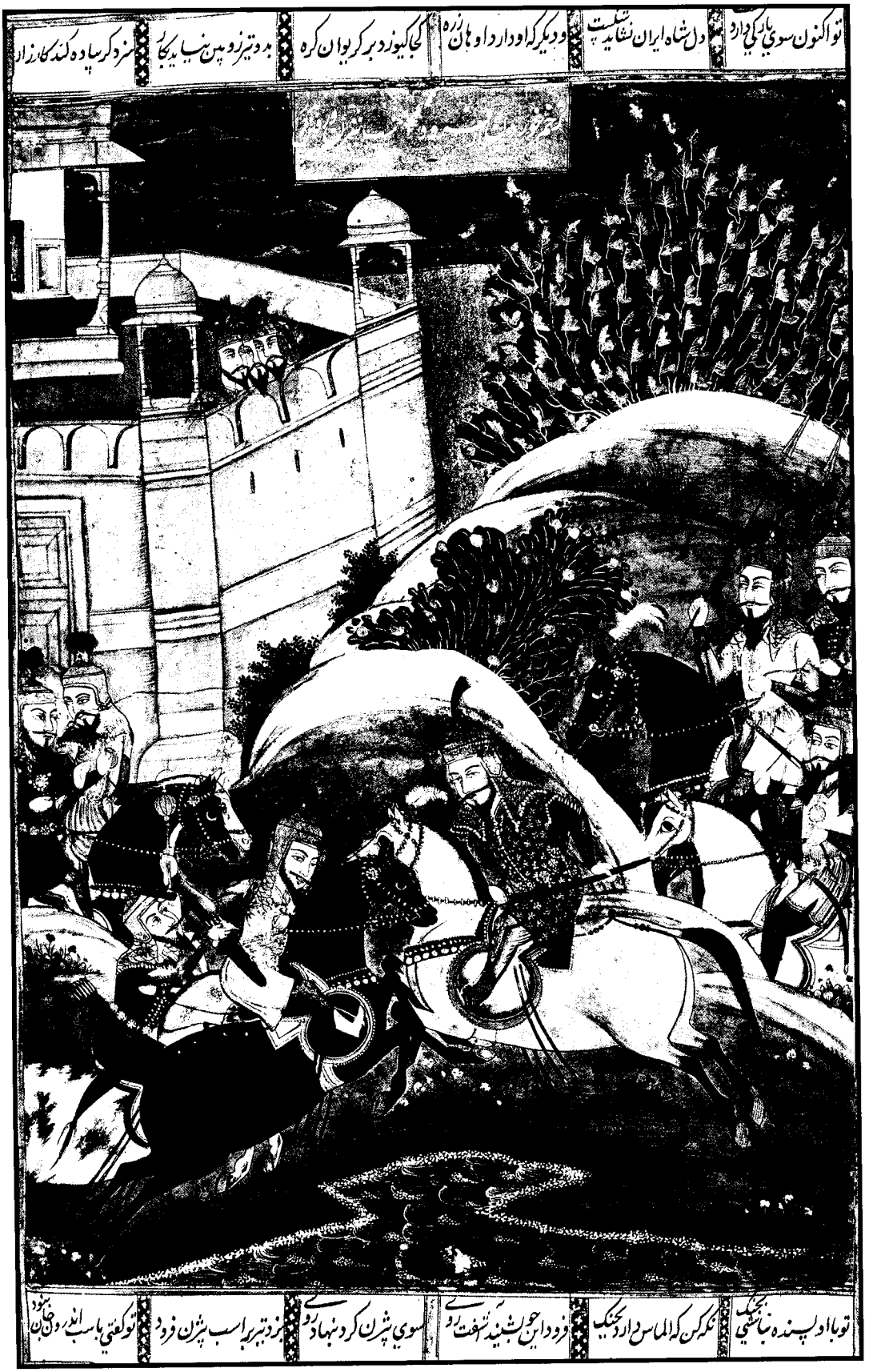


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In fact, after the Rushdie affair, Muslim spokesmen and their supporters demanded that the law of blasphemy, which still existed in Britain, be extended to apply to Islam. The Muslim clerics would then determine what was blasphemous. Thankfully, nothing came of it. The book burners and novelist killers, recognizing only one book as the fount of truth, cannot countenance a literary tradition, established through centuries of struggle against censorship and obscurantism, that allows the sacred to be prodded critically, even to be profaned. The liberal, democratic freedom to think and speak that the West enjoys has been won in part through this prodding and provocation. That freedom allows people to vilify a writer, to demonstrate their antagonism to his fiction, even to burn a few books. But it does not bestow the freedom to call for the execution of anyone.

The affair of the *Verses* demonstrated that successive generations of Muslim immigrants to Britain, despite their broad Midland accents and their (admittedly rather curtailed) education in the Western intellectual tradition, identified themselves primarily as Muslims. They declared their allegiance not to the traditions that allowed them to settle, to worship, to have the Prince of Wales visit their mosques and proclaim himself their protector, but rather to a religious philosophy that emanates from a different place and different age.

**"In the eighties, identity with a militant universal Islam emerged as a politically distinct force in Britain."**

It was in the early eighties that this identity with a freshly militant universal Islam emerged as a politically distinct force in Britain. While the earlier generation of Muslim immigrants had gone their way without bothering to adopt Western dress, their children grew up wearing Air Jordan sneakers, baggy trousers, and Hilfiger tops, in imitation of American blacks. The great cliché of their generation, enshrined in endless articles and now in facile novels, is that they were caught between two cultures. Some of these second- and third-generation Muslim Britons resolved this tension by adopting the politics, philosophy, and culture of fundamentalist Islam. On college campuses, some students began to dress in what they imagined was a fashion decreed by an Islamic identity. They reformed their lives, their speech, their friendships. They assumed a mission and characterized the evolution of civil liberties—the gains of feminism for instance—as immorality. Their puritan disgust for the West's popular culture and sexual license, their support for laws that decree the stoning to death of adulteresses and the beheading of apostates, became the profession of an allegiance alienated from the Britain that allows them the freedom to assume and argue these positions.

All these new zealots were brought up in a traditional Muslim way by parents whose religious views were generally orthodox but not extremist. But in the 1980s, a new Muslim leadership of mullahs inspired and paid for by various Islamic powers around the world was entering the country and setting up bases in Britain, thanks to an immigration-law loophole that allows religious personnel open-ended permission to stay. Iranian money, Saudi money from worldwide foundations for the promotion of Islam, was establishing mosques and setting up *madrasas*, schools that purvey primitive religious instruction and teach the Quran by rote. Adolescents attracted to this new radical preaching, young people whose childhood religious observances had already set them apart from their British contemporaries, came under the domination of a stricter observance with the allure of an ideology. The new mullahs were offering a single-minded, luminously simple explanation of the cosmos and promising membership in an organization that would dominate the world. "We carry Islam as a political belief, a complete system," says Omar Bakri Muhammad, a poisonous cleric who runs a London Muslim organization. "We don't carry Islam as a religion. It's an ideology."

**A sixteenth-century illuminated manuscript depicting Muslims in combat**



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If you prostrate yourself to an all-powerful and unfathomable being five times a day, if you are constantly told that you live in the world of Satan, if those around you are ignorant of and impervious to literature, art, historical debate, and all that nurtures the values of Western civilization, your mind becomes susceptible to fanaticism. Your mind rots.

Worse, it can become the instrument of others who send you out on suicidal missions. Three years ago, the Yemeni police caught eight young men with plans and equipment to bomb British targets in that country: the offices, homes, and churches of the British diplomatic and expatriate community. Six of these young Muslims, all of Pakistani origin, held British passports. Three were from the Midlands, two from the North, and one from London, the stepson of a Muslim preacher in the Finsbury Park mosque. The Yemeni courts tried and convicted them of conspiracy to commit terrorism.

Their cover stories were pathetic. They said they had gone to Yemen to learn Arabic: that's like going to Pakistan to learn English. The Foreign Office in London instructed the British diplomats in Yemen to extend their support to these citizens. One can imagine the conversation: "I say, old chap, you didn't *really* come here to blow me and my children up, did you? Ah well—we'd better see you safely back to old Blighty, hadn't we?"

I set out to write about these adventurers at the time. Their wives or partners—young white women wearing headscarves and ankle-length skirts, like the Albanian peasants who beg on the London Underground—appealed on TV for the British government to secure their release. The men in Yemen denied that their aim was terrorism and begged for their freedom, alleging that the Yemeni police had tortured and sexually assaulted them. They, their lawyers, and their families claimed the protection of the British state; and Britain, accepting an obligation to them as British subjects, made representations on their behalf to the Yemeni government. Where did these young men, British by birth and schooling, develop the hatred that would take them to Islamic guerrilla training camps in Yemen and then on a mission to kill British diplomats and their families?

Journalists traced the roots of their mission back to Finsbury Park in north London, to the mosque situated in a largely Turkish Cypriot area of the city and to a preacher called Abu Hamza, a one-eyed mullah with a claw, like Captain Hook's, for a right hand. I asked him where he had lost his hand. His reply was: "I didn't lose my hand; I gained it."

I persisted, and he claimed that he had been a *mujahid* in Afghanistan and lost his hand in the fighting, though it seemed to me that its amputation was consistent with the premature explosion of a bomb. He boasted to me that he had sent young men to training camps. He would not say what they trained for or where, but his general contention was that, as Muslims, they must fight for the conversion of the world to Islam. The young men in Yemen were part of the worldwide *jihad*. He would not say which one of the professed worldwide campaigns he was part of. He seemed proud that his own stepson was involved in the murdering foray into Yemen and said that, if they had gone to destabilize the Yemeni government, he would not condemn their enterprise. I pointed out that Yemen was a Muslim country and that these British men and their Algerian co-conspirators were being tried under Islamic law. His contention was that any court that did not support the attack on Western interests in the Middle East was insufficiently Islamic.

The Yemeni incident should have alerted Britain and its government to the rise of a phenomenon that couldn't be explained by any theories of race relations. It didn't. Liberal opinion, while not admitting that the Yemeni six were out to kill Britons, called again for an examination of the British racism that had alienated them.

Then, in the summer of 2001, riots broke out in several of the mill-and-mosque towns. A few hundred masked "Asian" (which in Britain means Indian, Pakistani, or Bangladeshi) youths took to the streets after dark and began torching shops, pubs, cars, and buses. They fought the riot police with staves and stones. Oldham, Bradford, and Burnley exploded in riots. The pundits and the Home Office officials in charge of race relations were bewildered. Their explanations were classic—clichéd and mis-



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taken. They attributed these "Asian" riots to the "failure of years of race relations," to resentment of poverty and unemployment, and to rumors that neo-fascist anti-immigrant organizations like the British National Party were invading these towns.

The BNP had undoubtedly established a small presence among the white citizens of the mill-and-mosque towns, capitalizing on fears of the unemployed and unemployable "Asian" youths hanging around the streets. As for race relations, Britain has long been acting like Florence Nightingale: selfless, dedicated, bandaging every wound, but ignorant about the genesis and gestation of gangrene. What the newspapers failed to mention was that these weren't "Asian" youths—not Gujeratis, not Hindu Punjabis, not Sikhs. They were Muslims whose parents or grandparents came from Mirpur or Bangladesh. The difficulties Muslim culture places in the way of assimilation has produced a generation of disaffected youth, highly susceptible to the incitements of Islamic militants.

**"The difficulties Muslim culture places in the way of assimilation has produced a generation of disaffected youth."**

The pundits didn't seem to notice that the stone-throwing impulse and the hanky masks were in imitation of TV pictures of Arab youths in their street battles with Israeli police. They failed to engage with the fact that among these rioting Muslims were members of semi-clandestine Islamic fundamentalist quasi-organizations, gathering under the aegis of a mosque or a college society. And though none surfaced publicly in the wake of these riots to claim responsibility, behind them there were preachers like Abu Hamza of Afghanistan and Finsbury Park.

I had a foreshadowing of this connection in conversations I had with some of these young Muslims in Oldham before the riots. They wore the fundamentalist uniform—the cap, the beard, the white tunic and trousers. They said that Western civilization deserved to be destroyed.

"So where are you going to start? In your own hometown?" I asked.

Their spokesman smiled. "Everywhere," he said.

The riots had no targets, symbolic or strategic. They didn't seem to protest against unemployment. The riots were swagger and mayhem, and the rioters in successive towns vied to outdo one another. The race-relations lobby's claim that this was an "Asian" protest against maltreatment and racism—and the lobby *needs* racism to keep it in business—is worse than unhelpful, for it obscures the real problem and the real danger: the antagonism among some British Muslims that condemns all of Western civilization as rotten and immoral.

After the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, Hamza was wheeled out again, together with the poisonous Omar Bakri Muhammad, who had been expelled from his native Syria and is funded by missionary money originating in Saudi Arabia. They both said that they supported the *jihad*, that the laws and sensibilities of men did not matter, and that only the law of the book and the will of God, as interpreted by them, of course, could govern the thinking of the Muslim. After all, "Muslim" means the one who submits.

Established Muslim organizations of Britain, the sort that talk to the Home Office and get invitations to Downing Street, expressed their regret at the atrocity. The Prince of Wales went to prayers at the East End mosque to demonstrate his solidarity with Britain's Muslims. Tony Blair, staunch supporter of President Bush's anti-terrorist initiatives, appeared on TV, flanked by leaders of Muslim organizations. As a group, they condemned the attack and denounced Hamza and Bakri as "clowns."

Despite these denunciations, outside the mosques of Britain, young men of the *jihadi* persuasion mount soapboxes with hateful slogans supporting the atrocity, exhorting the arriving or departing worshipers to "join the war" against the wickedness of America and demanding nothing less than its total destruction.



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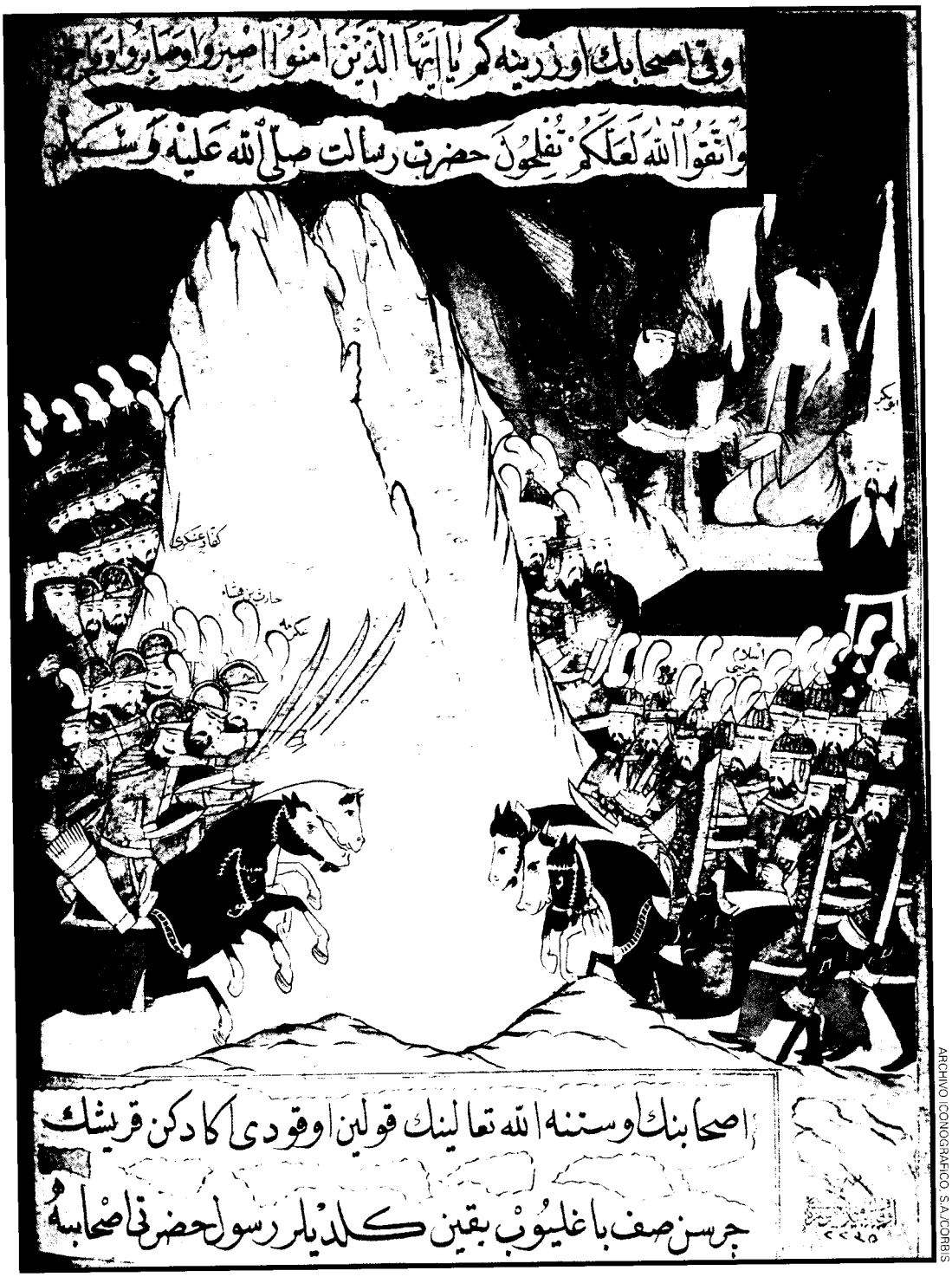


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Outside the Regent Street mosque, the largest in London and the one regarded as the central place of worship for all Muslim denominations, groups of these youth, who would not say when challenged whether they were followers of Hamza or of Bakri, distributed leaflets. The leaflets called for the worshipers to defend Islam against the imminent American war and called on the British government to dissociate itself from the American-led aggression against Islam. Uniformed London policemen stood by to ensure their freedom of speech.

And now, even as I write, a young Muslim from Burnley, Lancashire, has been taken prisoner by the Northern Alliance Afghans. He had come to Afghanistan to fight for the Taliban. The deputy prime minister of Britain, John Prescott, rallied to his defense, perhaps, like so many Labour politicians with Muslim constituents, looking for votes. Instead, he should send MI5 and MI6 to investigate where and how this young man was recruited and whether there are other terrorist cuckoos in this same nest.

**"Western countries have no option. One can't shelter in one's home those who would kill you."**

The governments of Algeria, Egypt, and Yemen may not be able to root out the fundamentalists in their midst who resort to terror, but Western countries have no option. One can't shelter in one's home those who would kill you. Britain has given extended permission to stay to the likes of Hamza and Bakri. The very liberalism against which they preach has nursed this fifth column. It must be rooted out.

Muslim states, including Libya, have mouthed their support of the U.S. and its people in their hour of bereavement with an ironic brazenness. Some of them, apostles of Islamist terror themselves, do it to avert the judgment and vengeance of an aroused America; others because they have their own local terrorist problem, with which they would welcome assistance. From within the U.S., several voices of the Muslim community have expressed their sorrow, dismay, and outrage.

And yet even when liberal Muslims declare that what was done to the victims of New York, of the Pentagon, and of the four airliners was an atrocity contrary to the tenets and teachings of the Quran, that it was indeed a sinful transgression of Islam that will not lead to paradise but to hell, the majority of Muslims around the world don't believe them, because they have been convinced by the interpretation of the fundamentalist, whom liberal Muslims allowed to remain unchallenged for so long.

Ironically, this terrible act is destined to mark a day of judgment for world Islam. In its 1,400 years, Islam has inspired and incorporated the great mystical movement of the Sufis. It has also suppressed it. It has spawned in its time liberal jurisprudence, great art, scientific endeavor, and the simple idea that what is not forbidden by the Quran is allowed. And yet Islam has, in the twentieth century, funded by oil and inspired by the work of Mohammed Wahab, an eighteenth-century fundamentalist, led its followers back to the book.

Apart from the Muslims of Arabia, all Muslims are converts to Islam. As V. S. Naipaul eloquently argues in his books and essays of travel and discovery (see "Our Universal Civilization," Summer 1991), they date their history from the birth of the prophet. They adopt the history of Islam, the movements and conquests of the desert tribes, as their history, despite being themselves the descendants of the world's most ancient civilizations. Five years ago, Iranian fanatics, the descendants of Muslim converts from Zoroastrianism, set out to destroy the ruins of the ancient Zoroastrian city of Persepolis. This year, the Taliban of Afghanistan destroyed the world's inheritance of the Bumiyan Buddhas that happened to be on the land that they have usurped. Persepolis ultimately escaped demolition only because members of the Islamic regime saw a commercial opportunity in opening the site to

**An eighteenth-century painting of the Quran revealed to Muhammad during a battle**



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tourism, making some money while preserving their contempt for the site's historical and cultural significance.

The creed that leads these vandals to disown and destroy anything that is deemed "un-Islamic" leads them to a mission to challenge and convert the world, through terror if necessary. They don't for a moment consider that the world doesn't want a religion that suppresses women, adopts a medieval creed of crime and punishment, forces people to prayer at the behest of the police, forbids the writing of novels, the making of films, and the playing of music, and destroys the minds of its young and leads them to fanatical acts of suicidal terror in which they murder upward of 6,000 innocents.

This barbaric interpretation of Islam has inevitably come into moral and now mortal conflict with the West and its dominant state power. As the cowboy movies say, this earth ain't big enough for the both of them. And this fight to the obliterative finish ultimately cannot be a matter of killing people and toppling regimes. It has to involve a revolution within Islamic thinking itself.

What Islam needs is a reformation, and if this very concept is forbidden in the unchangeable word of the Quran, there is enough Islamic history to support a reforming and radical interpretation of the law of living with others. There have been movements in Islamic history that are by no means inimical to peace, tolerance, and even to democratic and liberal principles.

But where is the will today to affirm such a history, to promulgate such a theology, and to found an authoritative reformation of the modern Islamic mission?

The U.S. has in the last three decades countenanced the immigration of millions of Muslims from the Indian subcontinent, from the Middle East, and North Africa. Some of them died in the World Trade Center, where they had a mosque on the seventh floor. The Muslims of America now live in what, with all its imperfections, is a free, advanced, democratic society. Many of them are professionals—doctors, dentists, engineers, software and hardware experts, scientists, pilots, even members of the armed forces. Their right to the pursuit of happiness will ensure their right to embrace Islam. They must now see that an interpretation of the Quran that belittles all preceding human history and that refuses to be modified by the discoveries of the Enlightenment, of scientific advance and social liberty, cannot coexist with the rest of the modern world.

The vast number of Muslims in Britain and the U.S. who are educated in Western disciplines and culture, who live by the demands of Western ways of work, are riven by a conflict between the prescriptions of Islam and the freedom to think, speak, and associate, and to be protected by democracy and Western jurisprudence. These Western Muslims will have to resolve their dilemma by seeding the reformation in Islam.

Western Muslims must now discover in their own history and theology that nothing forbids the rise of a single or collective Martin Luther who will defy the medievalist mullahs (a self-appointed rather than an anointed clergy) and will pin new theses, renouncing world conquest, on the doors of every mosque.

The development of Islam, though constantly hijacked by fundamentalist sects like the Wahabis, has always had a strong, non-proselytizing, mystical Sufi current, to which 80 percent of the world's Muslims have some connection. And Islam has always had in its theological armory the sanctioned concept and tradition of *ijtihad*, which means coming to conclusions about prescription, behavior, and morality through argument and the application of reason rather than through dogma. It is in a sense parallel to the reliance of the Christian Reformation on the supremacy of conscience. True, passages in the Quran urge believers to "kill those who join other gods with God wherever ye shall find them" and to wage war on neighboring infidels. But a hundred *suras* of the Quran also enjoin the faithful to tolerance: one specifically says that killing one innocent person is akin to the murder of the whole world. An Islamic Reformation would delegitimate literal interpretations of Quranic passages stoking intolerance and emphasize those that resemble the Golden Rule.

As for the officials of America and Britain, they need to redirect the effort and money that they have poured into race relations and multiculturalism into a clear, reasoned, energetic defense of the values of freedom and democracy. Their future depends on it. ■



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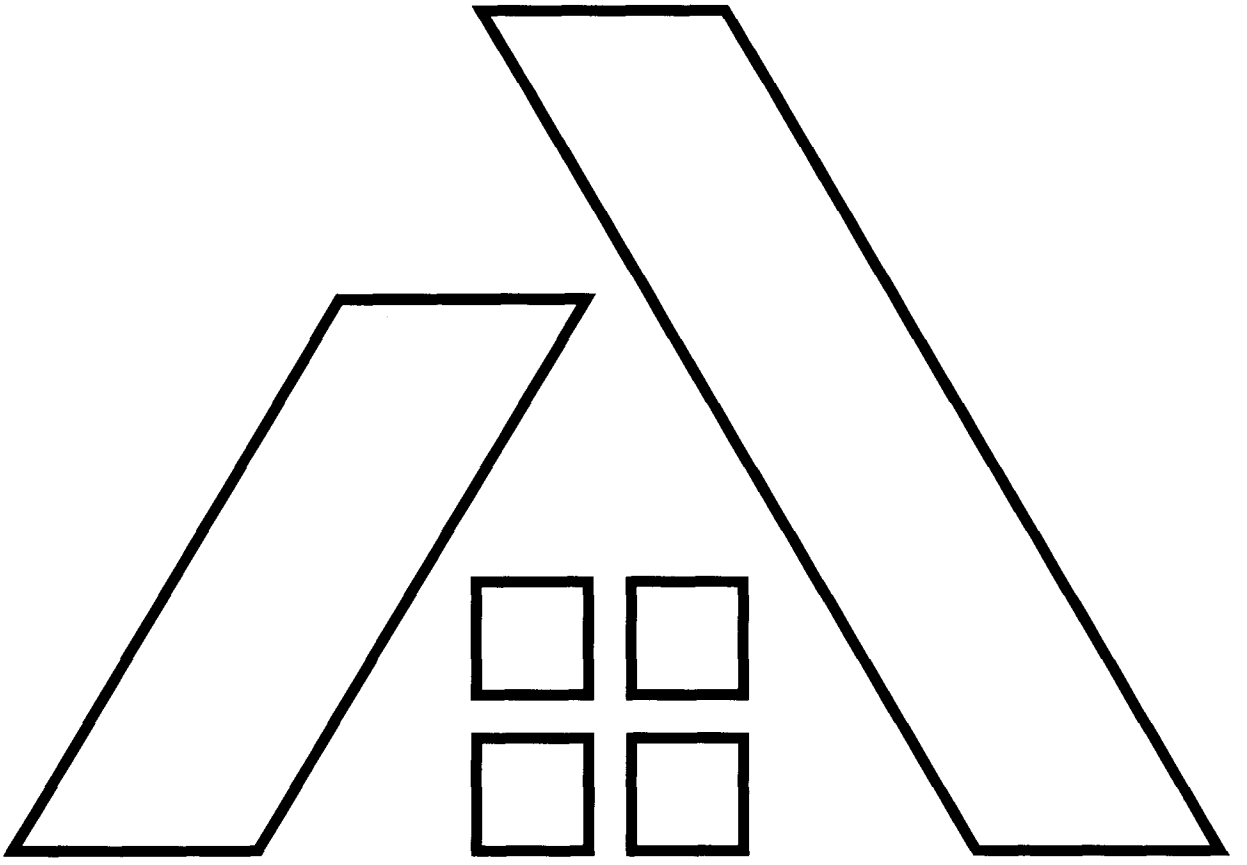

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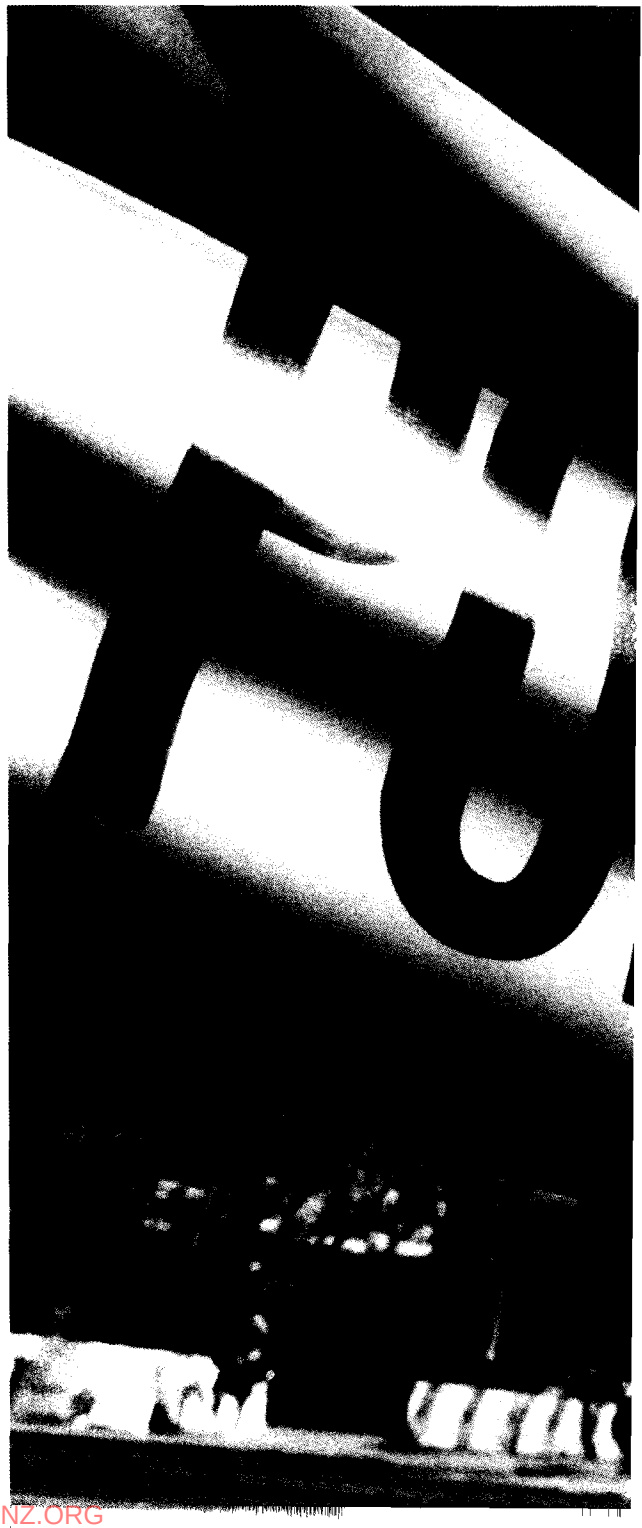
# Keeping New York Safe from Terrorists

Intelligence sharing and accountability for investigators are the keys.



**Heather Mac Donald**

Over the last eight years, the New York Police Department waged the most successful war on crime in the city's history. The NYPD conquered fear as well as crime, and in so doing sparked an economic boom and a civic rebirth that drew millions of visitors each year.

Now, fear once again threatens to shut the city down. In less than two hours, the maniacs who destroyed the World Trade Center killed over twice the number of people as were murdered in all of 1990 (2,245), the pinnacle of New York's homicide epidemic. The city's economy is reeling from the blow.

Closing the country's borders to potential terrorists is essential to prevent future attacks. But even were U.S. immigration policies immediately and sufficiently strengthened (a doubtful outcome), New York and the nation still face the likelihood of attacks from people already in the country.

Fortunately, the tools the New York Police Department developed to fight street crime—above all, the intelligence and accountability mechanism known as Compstat—are tailor-made for combating terrorism. Applying them to America's new war, however, will require solving one of the most enduring problems in policing: turf

**Law-enforcement agencies must cooperate across turf boundaries to catch terrorists.**



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jealousy, especially between the FBI and local law-enforcement agencies.

Ali, a wholesaler of counterfeit designer goods in Manhattan's Garment District, knows terrorism first-hand. Hezbollah—the Lebanese Muslim militia—killed Ali's brother in Lebanon in the early 1980s while burning down the family house. Ironically, Ali's business district is a vast money funnel for Hezbollah. His fellow counterfeiters, who sell knock-off Fendi handbags and Yves St. Laurent scarves from tiny rooms scrawled with Arabic graffiti above Broadway, collect funds for the cause back home.

The tall, long-lashed 35-year-old sees similarities between his former country and his current working environment. The counterfeiters, many of whom also sell guns and drugs, have spotters on each corner looking for undercover cops; better outfitted with communication equipment than most New York drug gangs, the bootleggers can quickly close up shop and disappear when alerted to a possible raid. "These guys all grew up in war—they know how to operate," he says. "It's like a terrorist camp here, like a military base."

The NYPD's Intelligence Division discovered the terrorist funding stream in the 1990s when it was investigating Garment District counterfeiting. It took the information to the FBI with an offer to help the bureau shut down the terrorism connection.

Not a chance, said the FBI. Get off of our turf. In fact, stop going after counterfeiting rings entirely, since you may compromise our own investigations.

Now, the FBI was technically within its rights in brushing off the NYPD's offer of collaboration. The bureau oversees the Joint Terrorism Task Force (JTTF) in New York City, made up of federal, state, and local law-enforcement officers, which by agreement has exclusive jurisdiction over local terrorism investigations. But by so precipitously rejecting the NYPD's aid, the FBI cut itself off from the department's unparalleled manpower and expertise. "The best of the NYPD's best is the best in the country," observes Robert Gianelli, former commanding officer of the department's Emergency Services Unit. NYPD's most seasoned detectives are unmatched in their ability to debrief suspects. Undoubtedly some of the crooks the department picked up for counterfeiting could have been "flipped" and turned into informants about terrorist financing. Other street criminals may also know something about the funding network.

Current and former members of the NYPD fear that the Garment District conflict may be a preview of how the investigations of the September 11 attack will unfold. These NYPD veterans warn that the FBI is cutting itself off from a vital source of intelligence and manpower in the fight against terrorism—local law enforcement. No one is closer to the communities that harbor terrorists than local police officers; no one has greater resources to track down leads. But the traditional lack of trust between the bureau and the local agencies has limited the required collaboration.

"I believe the life of the nation may depend" on federal-local cooperation, testified Edward T. Norris, Baltimore police commissioner and former NYPD Deputy Commissioner of Operations, to a congressional subcommittee in early October. The FBI's failure to include local law enforcement in its terrorism efforts is putting the country at risk, he warned. "The rules of engagement for law enforcement [must] change forever," Norris asserted. "We all need each other if we as a nation are going to successfully counter threats that can come from virtually anywhere, at any time, in any form, including forms that could destroy whole cities."

Norris complained that the watch list distributed by the FBI to local police a week after the attack contained only names, with no other identifying information, such as descriptions, addresses, pictures, or places of employment—making it virtually useless as a detection tool. "I frankly do not understand this," he testified. "When someone commits a murder, rape, or robbery, you plaster his picture all over police stations and, whenever possible, in the media, to help locate that individual before he commits another crime. Now we're looking for the murderers of thousands who may become the murderers of thousands, even millions, more."

The FBI has also kept its new leads dangerously close to the vest. In the days after the World Trade Center collapse, thousands of tips poured into New York's Joint Terrorism Task Force, overwhelming its ability to track them down. Mean-



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while, many NYPD detectives who weren't members of the task force were desperate to pitch in, but were kept "sitting on their hands," reports Daniel Oates, former chief of the NYPD's Intelligence Division, now chief of the Ann Arbor, Michigan, police department. Nationally, the FBI had received more than 260,000 leads as of October 9. Given that the FBI has only 11,500 agents compared with nearly 650,000 local law-enforcement officers, Ed Norris asks, "Why aren't we all working together to find the people the FBI is looking for?"

Norris cites a tip regarding a suspicious vehicle that the Baltimore Gas and Electric Company gave the FBI following the September 11 attack. The FBI never told Norris's Baltimore cops. "What if the truck shows up at other locations?" he fumes. "We could track it down."

**"The FBI's failure to include local law enforcement in its terrorism efforts puts the country at risk."**

NYPD veterans are still haunted by their truncated investigation of Rabbi Meir Kahane's 1990 assassination, which could have picked up early warning signs of the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. The detective who searched the home of Kahane's murderer, El Sayed Al Nosair, brought back from Nosair's home four file cabinets full of Arabic documents. He locked them up in the 17th Precinct at 4 AM. When he returned four hours later, the file cabinets were gone. The FBI had taken possession. Three years later, the bureau discovered that Nosair's documents, which it had never translated, anticipated the trade-center attack.

"It was the same big lie," recalls Norris, who oversaw the Kahane inquiry. "'You guys stay away from our case!'" Are you sure the NYPD would have translated the documents? I asked Norris. "Of course we would have," he retorted. "We had a murder investigation under way." Besides, Norris says, you didn't even need to translate the files to know they were suspicious—the cabinets contained photos of New York City landmarks and terrorist manuals.

Former NYPD intelligence chief Daniel Oates bristles when recalling the inscrutable security alerts he used to receive from the FBI's Joint Terrorism Task Force at 5 PM Friday afternoons. "I'd be getting these bullshit phone calls from the JTTF: 'We have a threat to the Empire State Building.' 'What can you tell me about it?' I'd ask. 'Nothing,' they'd say. Eventually they'd disclose that it was a bomb threat. 'What's the source of the threat?' 'We can't tell you.' And then they'd all go home. And I'm supposed to advise the commissioner what to do!" exclaims Oates, shaking his head. "Their culture has to change."

It was to solve similar turf problems that the NYPD's Deputy Commissioner for Operations Jack Maple and Chief of Department Louis Anemone created Compstat in 1994. Police precincts were keeping crime and arrest information from each other for fear of giving a rival commander an advantage. But crime could not be conquered without maximum intelligence sharing, Maple and Anemone understood. So they began biweekly strategy meetings with precinct commanders and top brass, in which all participants were required to share everything they knew. At one early meeting, sensing a commander's continuing reticence, Jack Maple asked incredulously: "Whom in this room don't we trust?"

Maple's insistence that law-enforcement commanders should be presumed equal and trustworthy partners in the fight against crime produced spectacular results. With information pooled and subjected to intense analysis and sophisticated computer mapping, previously unseen crime patterns emerged. Compstat participants forged strategies to crush problems before they became major. Within months, crime was plummeting.

Compstat had another purpose: accountability. If a commander had no plan for attacking a local crime problem—worse, if he was not even aware of the problem—grilling from top brass would expose his managerial failure. At the next meeting, if he



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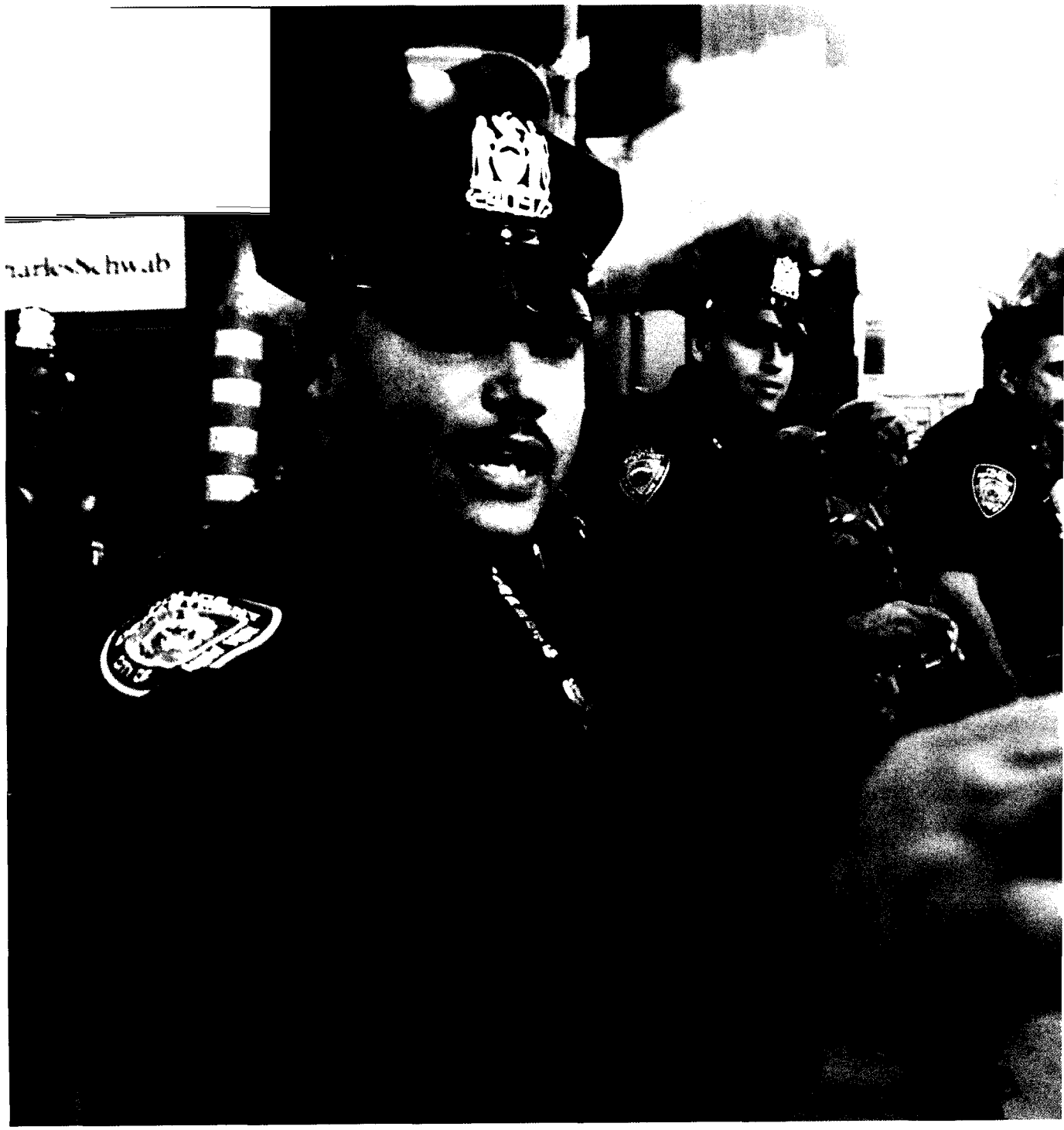



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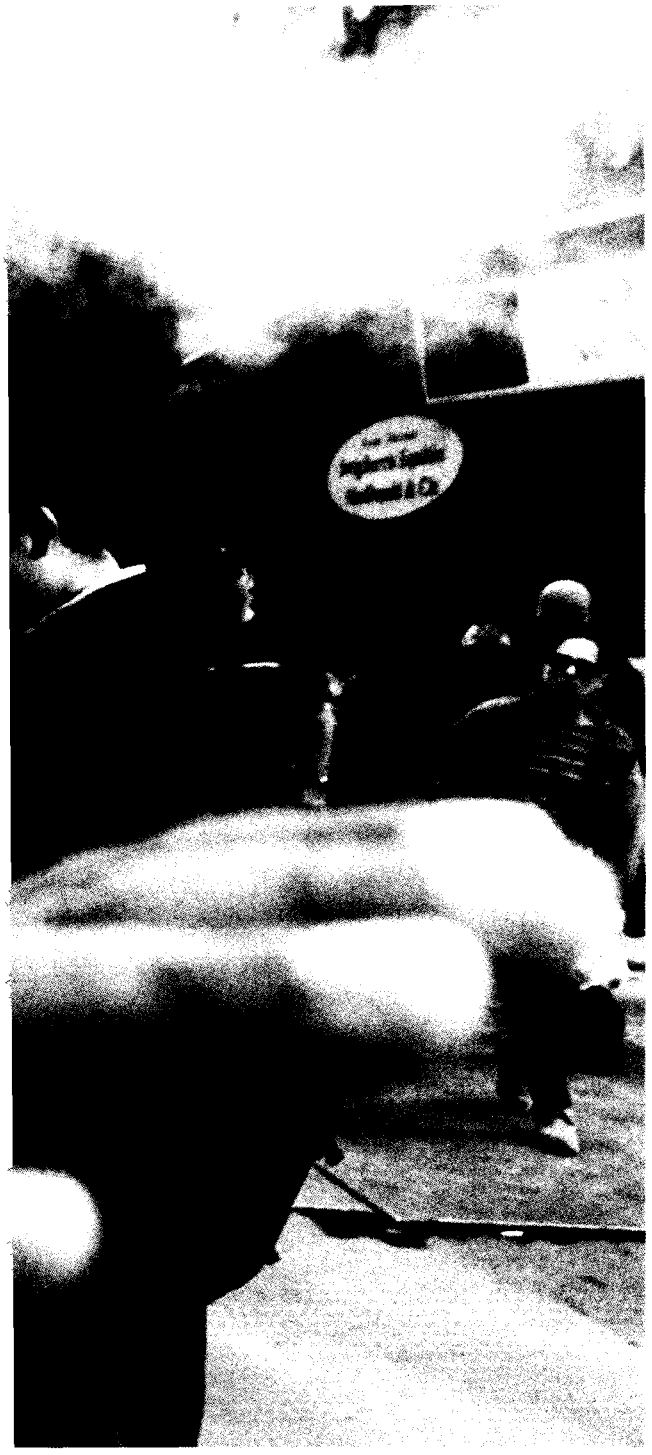

had made no progress, there was no place to hide. For the first time in the department's history, police officials were held accountable for reducing crime, rather than solving crimes after they had occurred.

The FBI's anti-terrorism efforts should be Compstated in every city where the bureau operates. Where a Joint Terrorism Task Force exists, the commanders of the agencies represented should meet on a biweekly basis to interrogate task-force members about the progress of their investigations. Where JTTFs don't exist, the FBI should assemble comparable meetings with all relevant agency heads. The new Fedstat meetings would have two purposes: to ensure that each ongoing investigation is being relentlessly and competently pursued, and to share intelligence. The only fail-safe defense against terrorism is information, but it must be made available to those who can best use it. In many cases, that will be local law enforcement.

What about security objections? Doesn't enlarging the circle of supervisors overseeing terrorist investigations increase the risk of leaks or tip-offs? While such intelligence-sharing meetings need to take great precautions to protect sources, the possibility of leaking by top law-enforcement officials is overblown, argues former chief Lou Anemone. "You need to be accountable," he insists. "Secrecy only covers up incompetency." Members of Congress are granted terrorist briefings upon request; the nation's police commanders have at least as much need for that information to keep their communities secure and are certainly far more aware of the possibly lethal consequences of security breaches than hot-house politicians. Requiring Fedstat participants to obtain security clearances would meet the security concerns. But in the past, complains ex-intelligence chief Oates, the FBI seemed reluctant even to begin the clearance process. Anemone recalls that New York's mayor Rudolph Giuliani was still waiting for a clearance years after requesting one.

Even a former FBI bigwig agrees that a Fedstat for terrorism makes sense. "The notion of bringing more people in to see if investigations are focused properly is appropriate," says Lewis Shiliro, the re-

**No one is closer to the communities that harbor terrorists than local police officers.**



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cent assistant director of the FBI's New York office. "We have to share information on a more real-time basis with any affected institution."

Once agency heads are meeting on a regular basis to monitor terrorist investigations, the information-gathering resources available would increase dramatically. The NYPD, for instance, could target enforcement activities on suspected terrorist groups and then apply the strategy that worked so well for street crime: treat every arrest as an opportunity to get information about other crimes. Though only one of the 19 hijackers of September 11 is known to have a criminal record, their associates, as well as previous terrorists, have been involved in a range of illegal activities that are far more likely to bring them into contact with police officers than with the FBI.

There are numerous ways to draw on the local police without compromising security. The FBI should create a primer on terrorist cells for beat cops, to help them recognize terrorism-relevant tips or behavior. A beat officer could use the information without knowing anything about specific investigations. But he does need to know that terrorists operate just like common criminals—they case the scene of the crime ahead of time. The 19 hijackers made repeat visits to the airports they departed from to find the soft spots. Terrorists seeking to blow up buildings may throw up a car hood outside the location to buy time for observation.

Even New York's Human Resources Administration—which has discovered 10,000 fugitive felons, including 12 murderers, on its welfare rolls, since it began cross-checking recipients' fingerprints against a national database of outstanding warrants—should check recipients against Interpol terrorist data too. In this vein, food-stamp fraud by grocers in the Midwest has long been linked to funding terrorism; cops should check New York's food-stamp rackets for the same connection.

Enlisting local forces brings in personnel with years of experience working the streets where terrorists blend in. Though the FBI has outstanding agents and offers excellent training, some young agents assigned to major cases are remarkably inexperienced. "When the FBI came to debrief our Garment District informants," recalls former chief Oates, "they sent some rube junior agent from the Midwest to go up against very sophisticated New York street criminals. Afterward, our CIs [confidential informants] were laughing about it."

Ali, the Garment District counterfeiter, offers a street-level take on the FBI investigation in his area. "There's a difference between book-wise and street-wise," he says. "Just because you have a college degree doesn't mean you know what's going on." Ali claims to have tried to help the FBI; he told them, he says, that he has seen people make surveillance tapes of Broadway. "But they don't take us seriously," he says angrily. "They say we don't have enough evidence. But they should take everything into consideration."

Ali's frustration with the FBI's high threshold of proof parallels the dilemma faced by some incisive FBI agents in Minnesota. The agents had tried twice to get a computer search warrant on Zacarias Moussaoui, now a suspected confederate of the 19 hijackers, in the weeks before September 11. Moussaoui had told a Minnesota flight school that he only needed to know how to operate a jet mid-flight, not how to take off or land, and he was already under investigation by French anti-terrorist agents. Yet the FBI bureaucracy insisted that the evidence did not support a warrant; only after September 11 did agents search his computer and find downloaded information about crop-dusting aircraft. Had the information gone into the intense analysis of Compstat, the outcome may have been different.

Ali has some advice for the FBI: get cracking! "They should make a couple of arrests [in the Garment District], so people think twice [about terrorist fund-raising]." Not all Middle Easterners are bad, he says, "but a lot here are. There should be a cleanup of everyone who's suspicious. The majority of people here are illegal; they should be out."

Attorney General John Ashcroft and FBI director Robert Mueller have reached a similar conclusion. In early October, Ashcroft and Mueller ordered bureau agents to act more quickly on intelligence. Rather than slowly building up a detailed legal case against terrorist suspects, they should take them into custody. "The investigative staff has to be made to understand that we're not trying to solve



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a crime now," a law-enforcement official told the *New York Times*. "Our No. 1 goal is prevention." Echoing frustrated police chiefs, the official called for a culture change in the FBI.

No longer willing to wait for a federal invitation, some police chiefs are initiating their own terrorist investigations. The Baltimore department called in all its confidential informants and asked what they knew about terrorism. A former drug dealer mentioned someone who was planning to crash the mainframe computer at Johns Hopkins University, a crucial research center for bioterrorism. The suspect, a Tunisian working for Johns Hopkins's management information systems, had an outstanding deportation order; the police handed him over to the INS and seized his computer.

**"The FBI should create a primer on terrorist cells for beat cops, to help them recognize terrorism-relevant behavior."**

Such catches are just the tip of the iceberg. There are hundreds of thousands of illegal aliens in the country who have overstayed their visas, overwhelming the capacity of the INS to track them down. Their names should be included in the National Crime Information Center, a database of outstanding warrants that traffic officers can check when they make a traffic stop or fill out an accident report. Terence Gainer, deputy chief of the Washington, D.C., police department, wants the FBI's terrorist suspects in there as well. "If the FBI is looking for 100 people, we are going to have the most contact with them, but we don't get the intelligence information we need," Gainer laments.

Precinct commanders should step up their outreach efforts to mosques and other Islamic institutions. There are undoubtedly people in such institutions willing to come forward with information about terrorism, out of altruism or for cash; accordingly, the local police should increase their visibility and accessibility. Police should work to build up trust throughout Muslim neighborhoods, says Ed Flynn, chief of police in Arlington County, Virginia. "Someone may call you up and say: 'I don't feel right about these new tenants; they're paying all their debts in cash,'" Flynn observes.

Local undercover work in the community is essential, too. A former NYPD intelligence detective suggests checking out the coffee shops on Brooklyn's Atlantic Avenue for possible sources of information. How do you know which shops? I asked him. "The ones where people dance in the streets when things happen overseas," he said. Just such a celebration broke out in Paterson, New Jersey, following the September 11 attack, but trying to get intelligence now from that community would be futile. "Everyone would be on a high state of alert," warns the detective. Ideally, you'd have someone there for at least a year before you actually need him. "I had undercovers going places for no reason other than for people to see their face, so if things go crazy, they wouldn't stir suspicion," he recalls.

Inevitably, the old, misplaced outcry about "racial profiling" will dog rational anti-terrorist efforts. "Law enforcement has been so sensitized to this, you double-guess yourself all the time," acknowledges Washington deputy chief Terence Gainer. The racial-profiling curse has already resulted in one tragic missed opportunity. A Maryland state trooper stopped one of the hijackers for speeding, according to Chief Norris. Several of the driver's characteristics heightened the trooper's suspicion: he couldn't say where he was going or answer other questions; he was driving a rental car without luggage; he was a Middle Easterner. Nevertheless, the trooper merely gave the hijacker a ticket and let him go. The trooper's reasoning? He would be accused of racial profiling if he questioned or held the man further. In light of the ACLU's fierce, years-long campaign accusing the Maryland state police of racism, who can blame him?

This is no time to capitulate to political correctness. A heinous crime has occurred; we know the identities of some of the perpetrators. We are now



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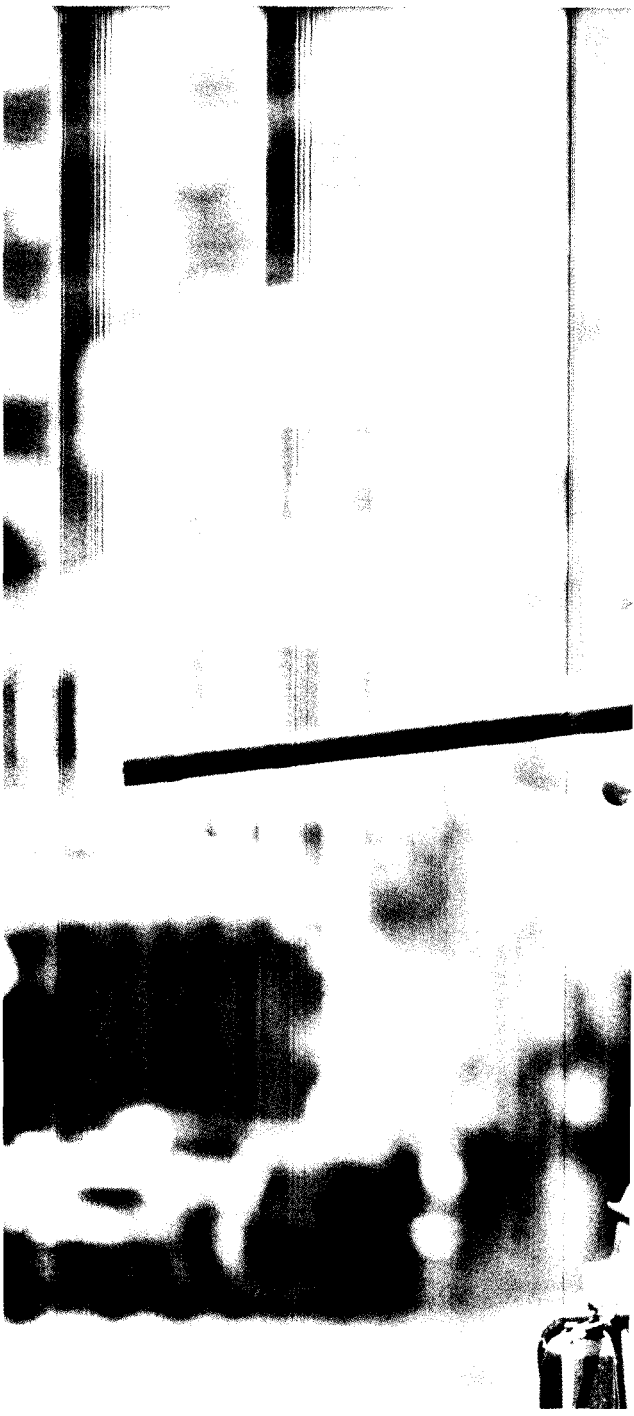
looking for their co-conspirators. We know that they belong to fanatical Muslim sects overwhelmingly from the Middle East, who meticulously guard entrance to their cells. The likelihood of a Southern Baptist black or Lutheran from Minnesota belonging to a terrorist cell is virtually zero. Law enforcement—including airport security—is stretched too thin in this epic battle not to target its resources.

New York's private security professionals should be part of the intelligence-sharing network too. An organization uniting the police and private security chiefs already exists in New York City, but the information communicated between the two sectors needs to be more detailed. "No one's closer than these security guys," observes former chief Anemone. "The hotel industry creates incident reports. I want that information—why was the maid startled when she entered Muhammad's room? I want to send my suits over." Ideally, suspicious activity would be communicated nationally across the public and private security spectrum. Patrick Kelleher, former NYPD First Deputy Commissioner and now head of global security for Merrill Lynch, observes ruefully: "Some American Airlines uniforms were stolen six months ago; it would have been nice to know that."

Information sharing needs to go right to the top. Tom Ridge, head of the new federal Office of Homeland Security, should call together the heads of all 46 federal agencies under his jurisdiction regularly to review the investigations in each agency's domain. This federal counterterrorism Compstat would grill the agents responsible for each investigation with relentless precision, making sure that each investigation is on target. At the moment, no mechanism exists to hold the federal agencies accountable for results and force them to share information.

The traditional firewalls between domestic and foreign intelligence must fall too, since terrorism respects no such bureaucratic boundaries. Had the CIA, FBI, and other agencies been sharing and rigorously analyzing their respective intelligence in a Compstat setting, an early warning of the September 11 hijackings may well have emerged. The fondness of suspected terrorists for flight schools may have been noticed and understood, especially after an abortive attempt by non-pilot hijackers to crash an Air France jet into the Eiffel Tower in 1994. Currently, the FBI has refused to give U.S. consulates abroad access to its crime records, according to the *New York Times*—records that could be crucial in deciding whether to grant someone a visa. Attorney General John Ashcroft is trying to encourage the information sharing needed to stop terrorism, but Congress, out of knee-jerk civil libertarian zeal, is gutting his proposed legislation that would allow greater disclosure of wiretap





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**This is no time to capitulate to political correctness. A heinous crime has occurred.**

information among federal agencies and would share grand-jury information with national security and intelligence agencies.

To make the nation safer, policymakers also need to overhaul immigration rules and enforcement. The United States has had a *de facto* amnesty for immigration violators for years, and the official attitude toward immigration abuse has grown even more casual under President George W. Bush, who promised the Middle Eastern lobby during the campaign that he would ease up on deportations. In the future, visa applicants should be able to document a valid reason for entering the country, and federal authorities should make sure they leave when their visas expire.

Though immigration policy largely lies outside local control, New York City has only made a dangerously negligent situation worse. In 1989, then-mayor Ed Koch declared New York a sanctuary for illegal aliens, and every mayor since then has



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affirmed his policy. Koch forbade city workers from reporting illegal aliens to the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Though his executive order made an exception for crime, in practice even alien arrestees rarely get turned in to the INS. The estimated 400,000 illegal aliens in the city exist outside any official tracking system—until, that is, they end up in prison, where they make up an astonishing 24 percent of the state's prisoners.

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani even made defiance of the country's immigration rules a rallying cry of his administration. A 1996 federal welfare law declared that no local government could prohibit its employees from cooperating with the INS. Mayor Giuliani spent city tax dollars to challenge the law in court. When he lost the case, he vowed to preserve the spirit of the sanctuary policy by notifying city workers that they weren't *obligated* to cooperate.

We have now learned that indifference to the laws of this country has a cost. September 11 ringleader Mohamed Atta got back into the country after overstaying his previous visa, which he shouldn't have been granted in the first place, since he had previously met with Iraqi intelligence officials. Previous terrorists have found safe harbor in New York despite being in the country illegally: Mahmud Abouhalima, one of the masterminds of the 1993 World Trade Center attack, got a hack license from the Taxi and Limousine Commission in 1986, even though his visa had expired. By the time he fraudulently got a green card in 1999, under an amnesty program for farmworkers, he had already begun collaborating with El Sayed Al Nosair, the assassin of Rabbi Meir Kahane and collaborator in the 1993 trade-center attack.

Albany legislators should quickly pass a spate of long-ignored bills, many sponsored by State Senator Frank Padavan, cracking down on immigration fraud. A top priority should be to forbid undocumented aliens from attending state universities and to require those schools to verify the legal status of all students. Also essential are proposed laws requiring police agencies to cooperate with the INS and forbidding the issuance of driver's licenses to illegal aliens. Nationally, the country needs to implement an electronic identification card, encoding biometric information like fingerprints to prevent immigration and identity fraud.

Though intelligence is the best weapon against terrorism, physical security in buildings and public spaces needs strengthening as well. Manhattan needs far better screening at its bridges and tunnels to prevent truck bombs from entering the city; that means finally requiring all truck deliveries to be made at night, over dedicated bridges with far tighter security checks than currently exist. The city's traffic congestion would be immeasurably improved, and the extra cost in services and goods would be easily recovered in greater citizen confidence and improved mobility.

Given the ready availability of bomb ingredients, some truck bombs may be manufactured within Manhattan to avoid detection. Landmark buildings should be protected by concrete bollards or planters at the perimeter to fend off vehicle access; trucks making deliveries should be thoroughly inspected outside the building and their delivery status verified before they enter any loading docks.

Increased patrol presence in Manhattan should be maintained indefinitely, both to deter crime and to boost public confidence. Any uniformed officers still holding desk jobs that could be handled by civilians should be on the streets; the city should revise any union rules to the contrary. Patrols with bomb-sniffing dogs should become routine in crowded areas and in subway stations.

The price tag for protecting the city against future attacks will be high. New York will have to revamp its traditional priorities; it can no longer afford to maintain a cradle-to-grave welfare state that rewards dysfunction and penalizes productivity. Private business will face higher security costs to maintain a Manhattan location; couple that additional spending with the city's sky-high taxes, and many businesses will decide to decamp (or never come in the first place). To prevent that exodus, the city must avoid any tax increases—or, better yet, lower taxes. It can only do so, given the expense of heightened security, by cutting spending in other areas.

Eight years ago, no one would have believed that the NYPD could possibly cut crime by 60 percent—but it did. There is no reason to fear that it cannot rise to this challenge, as well.



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# It's Time to Plug Our Leaky Borders

Immigration officials haven't taken terrorism seriously enough.

**Mark Krikorian**

The September 11 massacres have made tightening America's borders an urgent priority. The 19 terrorists appear to have obtained visas from U.S. consulates overseas and entered the country legally—as tourists, business travelers, or students—and the perpetrators of many other terrorist acts on American soil, including the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, have also come here legally. To prevent future attacks, the nation must dramatically overhaul the lax way it approaches immigration. Doing that will require screening foreigners who want to enter the country more carefully when they apply for visas overseas, scrutinizing them closely at the border itself, and monitoring them systematically once they are inside the country.

Citizens of countries other than Canada and certain developed countries in East Asia and Europe must get visas before they can enter the U.S., and the State Department's Bureau of Consular Affairs does a remarkably poor job of deciding who gets—or doesn't get—those visas. The official responsible for visas, Assistant Secretary of State for Consular Affairs Mary Ryan (a 1993 Clinton appointee), has fostered a service culture, in which visa officers treat foreign applicants, rather than the American people, as their primary "customers." On her watch, keeping the foreign customers happy—not keeping them waiting, in other words—became the main goal, instead of making sure that the wrong people don't get into the country. This ill-conceived approach pressures officers to speed things up, resulting in the approval of too many dubious applications. Management needs to reorder its priorities—fast.

But such a shift in priorities won't be much help in keeping out terrorists if there aren't enough people to do the work. Last year, some 900 foreign-service officers overseas, assisted by 2,500 foreign nationals, handed out 7.1 million visas, up 15 percent from 1995 and more than triple the number 30 years ago, when most visas went to citizens of Western European countries and Japan. Even if their priorities were straight, consular officers often have no more than a few minutes to glance over each application.



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**Last year, more than half a billion people entered the U.S. at legal checkpoints.**

Making matters worse, the growing workload has meant that all junior foreign-service officers must handle applications for a year or more, turning a serious responsibility into a distasteful rite of passage for rookies. Wives of foreign-service officers often take visa-processing jobs, too. The work can be mind-numbing: officers hear the same fabrications week after week, month after month—the desert-dwelling applicant is going on a skiing trip to Virginia or heading to Wichita on vacation, since he's "heard it's beautiful." Though many junior consular officers are conscientious, most would rather be writing political reports or negotiating with foreign officials than listening to far-fetched stories. Scrutiny under such conditions is lax.

To leave the responsibility for issuing visas with the State Department is a bad idea. What diplomat would want to give visa applicants a hard time or turn them down, when his mind-set is to cultivate friendly relations? To make it harder for terrorists to get into the country, we should transfer visa responsibilities to the Immigration and Naturalization Service. The INS should create a specialized visa corps, with representatives in consulates around the world, answerable not only to the local ambassador but also to INS headquarters in Washington—and ultimately to the new director of homeland security, Tom Ridge. The granting of visas needs to become a decently paid job that qualified, interested people sign up for from the start. Visa officers should be respected, trained professionals, insulated, to the extent possible, from political pressure.

reventing terrorists from getting visas to enter the United States requires the right tools, both technological and legal. Here, too, there's lots of room for improvement. The primary instrument today for flagging potential terrorists is the Consular Lookout and Support System (CLASS), a "watch list" of 5.5 million suspect people. A watch list, to be useful, needs to be based on up-to-the-second, detailed intelligence. Absurdly, the consular service does not have access to the FBI's criminal database—though after September 11, born-again border-security enthusiasts in Congress are falling over one another to fix this problem.

Based solely on names, rather than on a biometric identifier like a fingerprint scan or an iris scan, CLASS is not nearly as effective as it could be. A more terrorist-proof overseas visa process would start by scanning each applicant's fingerprints and storing the prints in a computerized database that every official involved could access. To guard against a terrorist traveling under someone else's identity, as



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may have happened with the September 11 murderers, visa holders would then have their fingerprints scanned again when they enter the United States to guarantee that they matched the original prints. This innovation would be costly, to be sure, but the technology is already available. Officials have been scanning fingerprints along the Mexican border for several years now.

New legal tools are even more essential than technological ones for keeping out terrorists. We must make it easier to exclude people based on their ideology. Currently, the law makes it extremely difficult to turn down a visa applicant based solely on his "beliefs, statements, or associations, if such beliefs, statements, or associations would be lawful within the United States." For instance, to prevent a terrorist sympathizer who, say, publicly cheers the murder of Americans but who hasn't yet (as far as we know) planned assaults, from getting a visa, a consular official would have to bring the case to the secretary of state, who in turn would personally make the decision and then report it to four congressional committees. As a practical matter, that means that such ideological exclusion very rarely happens. Visa officials should have the immediate power to deny entry to all those who spew hatred of America or who belong to organizations that express enmity to the United States. We should not admit people who wish us harm.

**"New legal tools are even more essential than technological ones for keeping out terrorists."**

The second front in preventing terrorist infiltration is the border itself. INS and customs inspectors man the "ports of entry," where people traveling by air, land, or sea legally enter the country. The Border Patrol and Coast Guard take care of the territorial stretches between those entry points, where no one is supposed to cross.

The necessity to make ports of entry more secure is acute. The number of people coming and going is staggering. Last year, more than half a billion people entered at legal checkpoints. Close to half of those were returning U.S. citizens. But the enormous number of foreign visitors is growing. The land crossing points in particular have too few inspectors and too few lanes to handle so many people and cars and still be security-conscious. Until the clampdown on September 11, cars and trucks often got through without scrutiny, making it easy for an Islamist terrorist to slip into the country from Canada or Mexico.

Solving this problem is simple: hire more inspectors and build more inspection lanes at crossing points. Immigrant smuggling through ports of entry, using fake papers or hiding in secret compartments, came to a near halt when security along the borders tightened after the terrorist attack. True, inadequate staffing and infrastructure did cause long waits. But additional inspectors and lanes would speed things up while maintaining the heightened level of security.

Intensifying scrutiny at border crossings doesn't take care of another security problem: the INS doesn't know whether the visa-bearing foreign visitors whom they admit ever leave the country after official permission to be here runs out. There's currently no system for tracking visa holders who depart by land. The system for tracking departures by air—which is how many terrorists would travel—is a bad joke.

Here's how it works (or, in truth, doesn't): the foreign visitor, when he arrives, fills out a two-part form with his name, passport number, destination, and so on, and hands one part to the U.S. immigration inspector on arrival. He's supposed to give the other half to the *flight attendants* when he flies back home, and they're supposed to send it on to the INS.

The opportunities for terrorists to exploit this slapdash arrangement are legion. Airlines often don't collect the forms or bother to give them to the INS. Visitors may enter by air but leave by land. The system is so dysfunctional that the INS's



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own statistics division considers any departure data it receives these days to be worthless. Since the data show that millions of people have not left, even though most of them really have, it's impossible to pick out the genuine overstayers—estimated to number 3 million, among whom may be many threats to the nation's security.

Congress has been aware for some time of the need to overhaul this mess. The bipartisan U.S. Commission on Immigration Reform, headed by the late Barbara Jordan, called seven years ago for a computerized system that would track all arrivals and departures by air, land, and sea. Congress's 1996 immigration bill directed the INS to develop such a system. Rep. Lamar Smith (R-Tex.) argued for it with eerie prescience: "We clearly need to have better security [on the border] to reduce the threat of terrorism and drug smuggling and alien smuggling." Unfortunately, border-state chambers of commerce, championed by then-senator Spencer Abraham (now secretary of energy), defeated the requirement, because they feared it would create interminable border traffic jams. But a technologically sophisticated system, adequately staffed, need not impede traffic at all.

MICHAEL S. YAMASHITA/CORBIS

**Only a few hundred agents guard the U.S.-Canadian border.**

The situation isn't any more secure along the vast stretches of territory between the ports of entry. On the Mexican border, we've beefed up the Border Patrol to 8,000 or so agents, an average of less than one per mile on any given shift. But more troubling, only a few hundred agents patrol the vast Canadian border, where Islamist terrorists are more likely to slip into the country from the sizable Canadian Muslim communities that can provide them with cover. We clearly need at least to triple the size of the Border Patrol.

The final challenge lies inside the country. Not only does the federal government have no idea whether foreign visitors have left when their visas expire; it also has no idea where foreigners are while their visas are still valid.

Tracking tourists and business travelers would be almost impossible. But tracking the nearly 2 million foreigners residing here for extended periods, affiliated with some American institution responsible for their whereabouts, is both possible and desirable. Our open society has made only the most perfunctory attempt to keep an eye on long-term foreign students and workers while they're here—so perfunctory, in fact, that at least one of the September 11 terrorists entered the country on a student visa but never showed up for a single class, without setting off any alarms anywhere.

Here, too, Congress has not been entirely asleep. The 1996 immigration law mandated the INS to develop a computerized tracking system for foreign students, to replace the current paper-based system. Unfortunately, it hasn't gotten beyond the initial stage, largely because many universities have ferociously opposed it, considering it discriminatory. Implementation is likely to speed up after September 11. But the system, once it is operative, isn't designed to track the temporary workers and trainees and intra-company transferees who come into the country every year—and it should be expanded to do so.



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The country also needs to monitor more closely permanent residents—legal immigrants, with "green cards," who eventually become eligible for citizenship. Several past terrorist attackers have been legal immigrants. In 1940, as a homeland security measure, Congress passed a law requiring all non-citizens living in the United States to register annually their whereabouts with the INS by postcard. The INS dropped this requirement in 1981, and immigrants today only have to notify the INS of a change of address—which they often don't do. We need to revive annual notification, using more sophisticated technology than postcards. Perhaps a computerized system that would allow employers to verify the legal status of new hires would provide the INS with the needed ongoing updates of non-citizens' whereabouts.

We must maintain our ability to deport potential terrorists with a minimum of legal hassle. A 1996 anti-terrorism law allows deportations of terrorist suspects based on secret evidence—evidence that, if revealed, would compromise intelligence sources and law-enforcement methods. Officials have mainly used the law to kick out Islamic fundamentalists, and an array of Muslim groups have condemned the secret-evidence provision. In pursuing the Muslim vote, both parties campaigned against the practice in last year's presidential race. Earlier this year, Congressman David Bonior (D-Mich.) sponsored a bill to prohibit this essential security tool. Despite its 100 co-sponsors, including Democrats Barney Frank and Maxine Waters and Republicans Peter King and Henry Hyde, the bill is stalled. It should stay that way.

What about the *number* of people we admit? There's a compelling pragmatic reason for reducing immigration, at least for a time, in the wake of September 11. The INS simply cannot undertake the necessary reform and expansion while processing hundreds of thousands of new immigrants, foreign students, and workers each year. The General Accounting Office reported in May that applications for new green cards, naturalizations, and other immigration benefits have increased 50 percent over the past six years, and the backlog has quadrupled to nearly 4 million.

Limiting legal immigration to the spouses and minor children of American citizens, plus some genuine Einsteins and authentic refugees, and lowering the current caps (or placing caps for the first time) on various student and worker visas, would provide breathing room for the INS—and the consular service, if it remains in the visa-granting business—to get up to speed and fulfill their key roles in homeland defense. To reassure critics who see this as a ruse to reduce immigration permanently, lawmakers could decree that cutbacks in immigration levels would expire after several years.

Whatever one thinks of the debates over immigration's economic, fiscal, demographic, and social consequences, it's important to face up to the security implications of inviting into the United States large foreign-born populations, especially Muslims. Muslim immigrant communities can become the sea within which, as Mao might have said, terrorists swim. As a *New York Times* reporter wrote about Paterson, N.J., "The hijackers' stay here also shows how, in an area that speaks many languages and keeps absorbing immigrants, a few young men with no apparent means of support and no furniture can settle in for months without drawing attention." It's no longer unthinkable that the country might move toward some kind of national-origins quota system, as it had in place until the mid-sixties, to curtail Muslim immigration, though this would be a blunt instrument, keeping out the many law-abiding Muslims as well as the Islamist fanatics.

You might think everybody would embrace the idea of strong borders—but no. Libertarians see borders solely as obstacles to liberating flows of commerce and labor. For the multicultural Left, borders are the way a homogeneous society marginalizes and excludes the culturally strange. An array of special-interest groups have many reasons for opposing strong borders too. If we take the safety of Americans seriously, we cannot let these voices dissuade us from protecting ourselves.

No steps we take to improve border and visa controls will catch all malefactors, of course. But improvements like those outlined here, expensive as they doubtless would be, would help alert us to large conspiracies like the September 11 attacks. If consular officers or border inspectors had identified only a few of the conspirators, the entire deadly plot most likely would have unraveled.



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# What We Have to Lose

Our civilization is more precious, and more fragile, than most people suppose.

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## Theodore Dalrymple

Whenever we learn of events of world-shaking significance, of catastrophes or massacres, we are inclined not only to feel ashamed (all too briefly) of our querulous preoccupation with our own minor tribulations but also to question the wider value of all our activities. I do not know whether people who are faced by death in a few seconds' time see their lives flash before them, as they are said to do, and pass final judgment upon them; but whenever I read something about the Khmer Rouge, for example, or the

**Nurses and their patients pray during a German air raid in London in 1940 (left). Surveying the damage (below)**

GEORGE RODGER/MAGNUM PHOTOS (2)

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genocide in Rwanda, I reflect for a time upon my own life and dwell a little on the insignificance of my efforts, the selfishness of my concerns, the narrowness of my sympathies.

So it was when I first learned of the destruction of the two towers of the World Trade Center. I was settling down to write a book review: not of a great work, but of a competent, conscientious, slightly dull biography of a minor historical figure. Could any activity have been less important when set beside the horrible fate of thousands of people trapped in the then flaming—and soon collapsing—buildings? A book review, compared to the deaths of over 300 firemen killed in the course of their duty, to say nothing of the thousands of others? What was the point of finishing so laboriously insignificant a task as mine?

HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES

**Even as German bombs fell, Dame Myra Hess bravely played recitals in London, broadcast to the nation.**

In my work as a doctor in a prison, I save a few lives a year. When I retire, I shall not in my whole career have saved as many lives as were lost in New York in those few terrible moments, even counting the time I spent in Africa, where it was only too easy to save human life by the simplest of medical means. As for my writing, it is hardly dust in the balance: my work amuses a few, enrages some, and is unknown to the vast majority of people in my immediate vicinity, let alone to wider circles. Impotence and futility are the two words that spring to mind.

Yet even as I think such self-regarding thoughts, an image recurs in my mind: that of the pianist Myra Hess playing Mozart in London's National Gallery even as the bombs were falling during the Second World War. I was born after the war ended, but the quiet heroism of those concerts and recitals, broadcast to the nation, was still a potent symbol during my childhood. It was all the more potent, of course, because Myra Hess was Jewish, and the enemy's anti-Semitism was central to its depraved view of the world; and because the music she played, one of the highest peaks of human achievement, emanated from the very same land as the enemy's leader, who represented the depths of barbarism.

No one asked, "What are these concerts for?" or "What is the point of playing Mozart when the world is ablaze?" No one thought, "How many divisions has Myra Hess?" or "What is the firepower of a Mozart rondo?" Everyone understood that these concerts, of no account in the material or military



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sense, were a defiant gesture of humanity and culture in the face of unprecedented brutality. They were what the war was about. They were a statement of the belief that nothing could or ever can vitiate the value of civilization; and no historical revisionism, however cynical, will ever subvert this noble message.

I recall as well a story told by the philosopher Sir Karl Popper, an Austrian refugee who made his home in Britain. Four cultivated men in Berlin, as they awaited their expected arrest by the Gestapo, spent their last night together—possibly their last night on earth—playing a Beethoven quartet. In the event, they were not arrested; but they too had expressed by their action their faith that civilization transcends barbarism, that notwithstanding the apparent inability of civilization at the time to resist the onslaught of the barbarians, civilization was still worth defending. Indeed, it is the only thing worth defending, because it is what gives, or should give, meaning to our lives.

**"Civilization is the sum total of all those activities that allow men to transcend mere biological existence."**

Of course, civilization is not only an attachment to the highest peaks of human achievement. It relies for its maintenance upon an infinitely complex and delicate tissue of relations and activities, some humble and others grand. The man who sweeps the streets plays his part as surely as the great artist or thinker. Civilization is the sum total of all those activities that allow men to transcend mere biological existence and reach for a richer mental, aesthetic, material, and spiritual life.

An attachment to high cultural achievement is thus a necessary but not sufficient condition of civilization—for it is said that concentration-camp commandants wept in the evening over Schubert lieder after a hard day's mass murder—and no one would call such men civilized. On the contrary, they were more like ancient barbarians who, having overrun and sacked a civilized city, lived in the ruins, because they were still far better than anything they could build themselves. The first requirement of civilization is that men should be willing to repress their basest instincts and appetites: failure to do which makes them, on account of their intelligence, far worse than mere beasts.

I grew up in secure and comfortable circumstances, give or take an emotional problem or two; but an awareness of the fragility of civilization was instilled early, though subliminally, by the presence in London during my childhood of large numbers of unreconstructed bomb sites that were like the gaps between the rotting teeth in an old man's mouth. Often I played in small urban wildernesses of weeds and rubble, and rather regretted their gradual disappearance; but even so, I could hardly fail to see, in the broken fragments of human artifacts and in the plasterwork with wallpaper still attached, the meaning of the destruction that had been wrought before I was born.

Then there were the bomb shelters, in which I passed a surprising number of childhood hours. They were ubiquitous in my little world: in the school playgrounds and the parks, for example. That entry to them was forbidden made them irresistibly attractive, of course. Their darkness and fungal dampness added to their attraction: they were pleasantly frightening; one never quite knew who or what one might find in them. Had I been inclined to smoke, instead of being instantly sickened by nicotine, that is where—like so many of my friends—I would have learned to do so. And many a first sexual exploration took place in those inauspicious surroundings.

Despite the uses to which we put them, however, we were always aware of the purpose for which they had been built. Somehow, the shades of those who had sheltered in them, not so very long before, were still present. The Blitz was within every adult's living memory: my mother's apartment building had been bombed, and she woke one morning with half of it gone, one of her rooms now open directly to the air. In my house, as in many other



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**At one time, those rounded up during the Nazi clearing of the Warsaw Ghetto (above) or sent to Auschwitz (right) would never have believed such things possible.**

households, there was a multivolume pictorial history of the war, over which I pored for entire mornings or afternoons, until I knew every picture by heart. One of them was ever present in my mind when I entered a bomb shelter with my friends: that of two young children, both blind, in just such a shelter, their sightless eyes turned upward to the sound of the explosions above them, a heartrending look of incomprehension on their faces.

More than anything else, however, the fact that my mother was herself a refugee from Nazi Germany contributed to my awareness that security—the feeling that nothing could change seriously for the worse, and that the life that you had was invulnerable—was illusory and even dangerous. She showed us, my brother and me, photographs (some of them sepia) of her life in pre-Nazi Germany: a prosperously bourgeois existence of that time, from the look of it, with chauffeurs and large cars, patriarchs in winged collars conspicuously smoking cigars, women in feather boas, picnics by lakes, winter in the mountains, and so forth. There were photos of my grandfather, a doctor decorated for his military service during the Great War, in his military uniform, a loyal subject of the Kaiser. And then—suddenly—nothing: a prolonged pictorial silence, until my mother emerged into a new, less luxurious but more ordinary (because familiar), life.

She had left Germany when she was 17 and never saw her parents again. If it could happen to her, why not to me or indeed to anyone? I didn't believe it would, but then neither had she or any-



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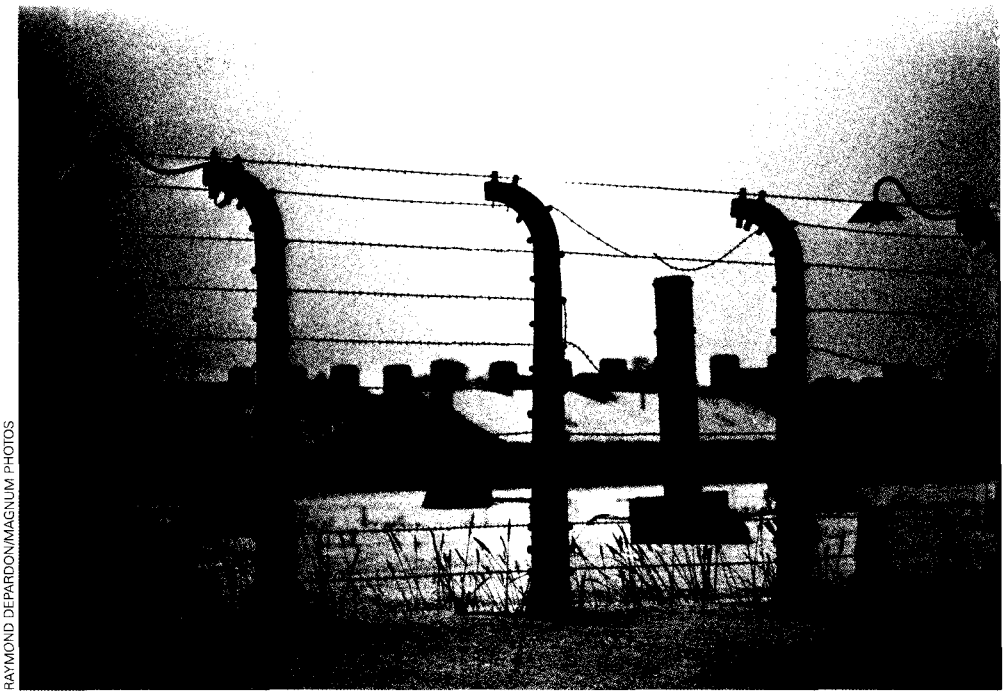

RAYMOND DEPARDON/MAGNUM PHOTOS

one else. The world, or that little part of it that I inhabited, that appeared so stable, calm, solid, and dependable—dull even—had shakier foundations than most people most of the time were willing to suppose.

As soon as I was able, I began to travel. Boredom, curiosity, dissatisfaction, a taste for the exotic and for philosophical inquiry drove me. It seemed to me that comparison was the only way to know the value of things, including political arrangements. But travel is like good fortune in the famous remark of Louis Pasteur: it favors only the mind prepared. To an extent, one brings back from it only what one takes to it: and I chose my countries with unconscious care and thereby received many object lessons in the fragility of the human order, especially when it is undermined in the abstract name of justice. It is often much easier to bring about total disaster than modest improvement.

Many of the countries I visited—Iran, Afghanistan, Mozambique—soon descended into the most terrible chaos. Their peace had always been flawed, of course: as which is not? I learned that the passion to destroy, far from being "also" a constructive one, as the famous but foolish remark of the Russian anarchist Bakunin would have it, soon becomes autonomous, unattached to any other purpose but indulged in purely for the pleasure that destruction itself brings. I remember watching rioters in Panama, for example, smashing shop windows, allegedly in the name of freedom and democracy, but laughing as they did so, searching for new fields of glass to conquer. Many of the rioters were obviously bourgeois, the scions of privileged families, as have been the leaders of so many destructive movements in modern history. That same evening, I dined in an expensive restaurant and saw there a fellow diner whom I had observed a few hours before joyfully heaving a brick through a window. How much destruction did he think his country could bear before his own life might be affected, his own existence compromised?

As I watched the rioters at play, I remembered an episode from my childhood. My brother and I took a radio out onto the lawn and there smashed it into a thousand pieces with croquet mallets. With a pleasantly vengeful fury, as if performing a valuable task, we pursued every last component with our mallets until we had pulverized it into unrecognizability. The joy we felt was indescribable; but where it came from or what it meant, we knew not. Within our small souls, civilization struggled with barbarism: and had we suffered no retribution, I suspect



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that barbarism's temporary victory would have been more lasting.

But why did we feel the need to revolt in this fashion? At such a remove in time, I cannot reconstruct my own thoughts or feelings with any certainty: but I suspect that we rebelled against our own powerlessness and lack of freedom, which we felt as a wound, by comparison with what we saw as the omnipotence and complete freedom of action of the grown-ups in our lives. How we longed to grow up, so that we might be like them, free to do as we liked and give orders to others, as they gave orders to us! We never suspected that adulthood would bring its own frustrations, responsibilities, and restrictions: we looked forward to the time when our own whim would be law, when our egos would be free to soar wherever they chose. Until then, the best we could do was to rebel against a symbol of our subjection to others. If we could not be as adults were, we could at least destroy a little of the adults' world.

I saw the revolt against civilization and the restraints and frustrations it entails in many countries, but nowhere more starkly than in Liberia in the midst of the civil war there. I arrived in Monrovia when there was no longer any electricity or running water; no shops, no banks, no telephones, no post office; no schools, no transport, no clinics, no hospitals. Almost every building had been destroyed in whole or in part: and what had not been destroyed had been looted.

I inspected the remains of the public institutions. They had been destroyed with a thoroughness that could not have been the result of mere military conflict. Every last piece of equipment in the hospitals (which had long since been emptied of staff and patients) had been laboriously disassembled beyond hope of repair or use. Every wheel had been severed by metal cutters from every trolley, cut at the cost of what must have been a very considerable effort. It was as if a horde of people with terrible experiences of hospitals, doctors, and medicine had passed through to exact their revenge.

But this was not the explanation, because every other institution had undergone similar destruction. The books in the university library had been one and all—without exception—pulled from the shelves and piled into contemptuous heaps, many with pages torn from them or their spines deliberately broken. It was the revenge of barbarians upon civilization, and of the powerless upon the powerful, or at least upon what they perceived as the source of their power. Ignorance revolted against knowledge, for the same reasons that my brother and I smashed the radio all those years before. Could there have been a clearer indication of hatred of the lower for the higher?

In fact there was—and not very far away, in a building called the Centennial Hall, where the inauguration ceremonies of the presidents of Liberia took place. The hall was empty now, except for the busts of former presidents, some of them overturned, around the walls—and a Steinway grand piano, probably the only instrument of its kind in the entire country, two-thirds of the way into the hall. The piano, however, was not intact: its legs had been sawed off (though they were by design removable) and the body of the piano laid on the ground, like a stranded whale. Around it were disposed not only the sawed-off legs, but little piles of human feces.

I had never seen a more graphic rejection of human refinement. I tried to imagine other possible meanings of the scene but could not. Of course, the piano represented a culture that was not fully Liberia's own and had not been assimilated fully by everyone in the country: but that the piano represented not just a particular culture but the very idea of civilization itself was obvious in the very coarseness of the gesture of contempt.

Appalled as I was by the scene in the Centennial Hall, I was yet more appalled by the reaction of two young British journalists, also visiting Monrovia, to whom I described it, assuming that they would want to see for themselves. But they could see nothing significant in the vandalizing of the piano—only an inanimate object, when all is said and done—in the context of a civil war in which scores of thousands of people had been killed and many more had been displaced from their homes. They saw no connection whatever between the impulse to destroy the piano and the impulse to kill, no connection between respect for human life and for the finer productions of human labor, no connection



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between civilization and the inhibition against the random killing of fellow beings, no connection between the book burnings in Nazi Germany and all the subsequent barbarities of that regime. Likewise, the fact that the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution in China had destroyed thousands of pianos while also killing 1 million people conveyed no meaning or message to them.

If anything, they "understood" the destruction of the piano in the Centennial Hall and even sympathized with it. The "root cause" of Liberia's civil war, they said, had been the long dominance of an elite—in the same way, presumably, that poverty is often said to be the "root cause" of crime. The piano was an instrument, both musical and political, of that elite, and therefore its destruction was itself a step in the direction of democracy, an expression of the general will.

**"It is necessary to repress, either by law or by custom, the permanent possibility in human nature of brutality."**

This way of thinking about culture and civilization—possible only for people who believe that the comforts and benefits they enjoy are immortal and indestructible—has become almost standard among the intelligentsia of Western societies. The word *civilization* itself now rarely appears in academic texts or in journalism without the use of ironical quotation marks, as if civilization were a mythical creature, like the Loch Ness monster or the Abominable Snowman, and to believe in it were a sign of philosophical naïveté. Brutal episodes, such as are all too frequent in history, are treated as demonstrations that civilization and culture are a sham, a mere mask for crassly material interests—as if there were any protection from man's permanent temptation to brutality except his striving after civilization and culture. At the same time, achievements are taken for granted, as always having been there, as if man's natural state were knowledge rather than ignorance, wealth rather than poverty, tranquillity rather than anarchy. It follows that nothing is worthy of, or requires, protection and preservation, because all that is good comes about as a free gift of Nature.

To paraphrase Burke, all that is necessary for barbarism to triumph is for civilized men to do nothing: but in fact for the past few decades, civilized men have done worse than nothing—they have actively thrown in their lot with the barbarians. They have denied the distinction between higher and lower, to the invariable advantage of the latter. They have denied the superiority of man's greatest cultural achievements over the most ephemeral and vulgar of entertainments; they have denied that the scientific labors of brilliant men have resulted in an objective understanding of Nature, and, like Pilate, they have treated the question of truth as a jest; above all, they have denied that it matters how people conduct themselves in their personal lives, provided only that they consent to their own depravity. The ultimate object of the deconstructionism that has swept the academy like an epidemic has been civilization itself, as the narcissists within the academy try to find a theoretical justification for their own revolt against civilized restraint. And thus the obvious truth—that it is necessary to repress, either by law or by custom, the permanent possibility in human nature of brutality and barbarism—never finds its way into the press or other media of mass communication.

For the last decade, I have been observing close-up, from the vantage point of medical practice, the effects upon a large and susceptible population of the erosion of civilized standards of conduct brought about by the assault upon them by intellectuals. If Joseph Conrad were to search nowadays for the heart of darkness—the evil of human conduct untrammeled by the fear of legal sanction from without or of moral censure from within—he would have to look no further than an English city such as mine.



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And how can I not be preoccupied with the search for the origins and ramifications of this evil when every working day I come upon stories like the one I heard today—the very day I write these words?

It concerns a young man aged 20, who still lived with his mother, and who had tried to kill himself. Not long before, his mother's current boyfriend, a habitual drunkard ten years her junior, had, in a fit of jealousy, attacked the mother in the young man's presence, grabbing her round the throat and strangling her. The young man tried to intervene, but the older man was not only six inches taller but much stronger. He knocked the young man to the ground and kicked him several times in the head. Then he dragged him outside and smashed his head on the ground until he was unconscious and blood ran from a deep wound.

The young man regained consciousness in the ambulance, but his mother insisted that he give no evidence to the police because, had he done so, her lover would have gone to jail: and she was most reluctant to give up a man who was, in his own words to the young man's 11-year-old sister, "a better f--k than your father." A little animal pleasure meant more to the mother than her son's life; and so he was confronted by the terrifying realization that, in the words of Joseph Conrad, he was born alone, he lived alone, and would die alone.

Who, in listening to such cases day after day and year after year, as I have, could fail to wonder what ideas and what social arrangements have favored the spread of conduct so vile that its contemplation produces almost physical nausea? How can one avoid driving oneself to distraction by considering who is more to blame, the man who behaves as I have described, or the woman who accepts such behavior for the sake of a moment's pleasure?

This brutality is now a mass phenomenon rather than a sign of individual psychopathology. Recently, I went to a soccer game in my city on behalf of a newspaper; the fans of the opposing teams had to be separated by hundreds of policemen, disposed in military fashion. The police allowed no contact whatever between the opposing factions, shepherding or corraling the visiting fans into their own area of the stadium with more security precautions than the most dangerous of criminals ever faces.

In the stadium, I sat next to a man, who appeared perfectly normal and decent, and his 11-year-old son, who seemed a well-behaved little boy. Suddenly, in the middle of the match, the father leaped up and, in unison with thousands of others, began to chant: "Who the f--k do you think you are? Who the f--k do you think you are?" while making, also in common with thousands of others, a threatening gesture in the direction of the opposing supporters that looked uncommonly like a fascist salute. Was this the example he wanted to set for his son? Apparently so. The frustrations of poverty could hardly explain his conduct: the cost of the tickets to the game could have fed a family more than adequately for a week.

After the game was over, I saw more clearly than ever that the thin blue line is no metaphor. Had it not been for the presence of the police (whose failures I have never hesitated to criticize), there would have been real violence and bloodshed, perhaps even death. The difference between an event that passed off peacefully and one that would end in mayhem, destruction, injury, and death was the presence of a relative handful of resolute men prepared to do their duty.

Despite the evidence of rising barbarism all around us, no betrayal is too trivial for the Quislings of civilization to consider worthwhile. Recently, at the airport, I noticed an advertisement for a firm of elegant and costly shirt- and tie-makers, headquartered in London's most expensive area. The model they chose to advertise their products was a shaven-headed, tattooed monster, with scars on his scalp from bar brawls—the human type that beats women, carries a knife, and throws punches at soccer games. The advertisement is not ironical, as academic cultural critics would pretend, but an abject capitulation to and flattery of the utmost coarseness and brutality. Savagery is all the rage.

If any good comes of the terrible events in New York, let it be this: that our intellectuals should realize that civilization is worth defending, and that the adversarial stance to tradition is not the beginning and end of wisdom and virtue. We have more to lose than they know.



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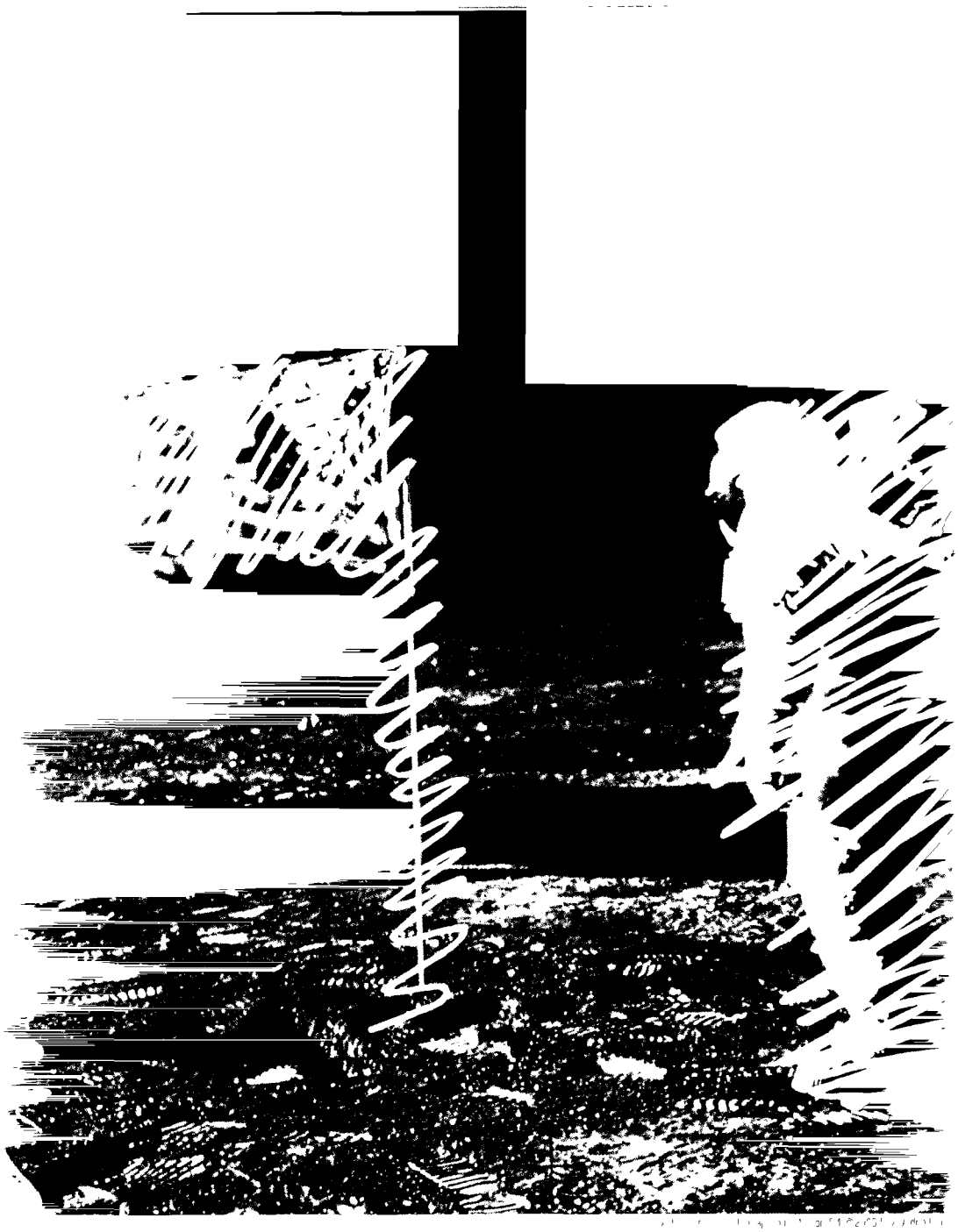

# THE GREATEST RISK IS NOT TAKING ONE.

*They do not write the stories of those who played it safe. But that doesn't mean you should leap blindly, either Y*
after your idea with fiery determination, armed with the confidence of knowing you have chosen a business pari
One with enormous resources Vast imagination One with the flexibility to custom-tailor solutions, no matter wh
no matter where the risk Even if it's some crazy idea, like walking on the moon So the next time you feel
something nobody has tried before, look no further than the organization that helps launch big ideas

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# What Made Them Do Their Duty?

At the Twin Towers, cops and firemen showed they really were New York's Finest, New York's Bravest.

**Victor Davis Hanson**

From the very first moments of the World Trade Center horror, the valor and élan of New York's firemen, together with that of the city's police and emergency forces, have transfixed the whole nation—especially us in rural America who rarely see the real Gotham. Danger was nothing to them, courage and honor everything. They responded instantly to the explosion and fire, all drawn to, rather than repelled by, the inferno—and without regard to their own safety or the consequences of their possible incineration upon their loved ones at home. We now know their last radio cries: "Move away from the towers! Everyone move away from the towers!" Silence. . . .

As the ghastly rubble gets turned over, we find their remains in clusters—four incinerated here, ten buried there, 14 caught en masse in a stairwell, where they had guided the panicked down as they themselves ascended to their deaths: "All nonessential personnel move away from that building!" The antithesis, left unsaid, is obvious: "All necessary rescuers get into that building!"

So many of them disappeared—at least 388 firefighters—because in a heartbeat they chose to race into the flames and smoke rather than to hesitate and accept the obvious: that the towers were already death traps. In the tradition of all great American armies in battle, officers—47 lieutenants, 20 captains, and 21 chiefs—died alongside the rank and file, heroic death requiring no prerequisite of class or color. Indeed, the magnitude of the terrorist-inflicted disaster rivaled that of a fierce battle, where the enemy overruns and annihilates an entire military

MICHELLE POIRE/MAGNUM PHOTOS

**September 11, 2001: exhausted FDNY rescuers**



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unit—paramedics, a fire marshal, even the fire department's chaplain were engulfed. Remarkably, moments after the buildings collapsed, there were even more rescue workers on the scene than before. It is human to flee from a place of death; the firemen and the police were almost inhuman in mounting so quickly the rubble that buried their brethren.

As terrible as their loss was, however, we must never forget how successful the rescuers actually were. Nearly 30,000 people escaped before the towers fell, in large part because the omnipresent cops and firefighters made sure that their own sense of calm and order guided the evacuation. Some of the saved made it out just seconds before thousands of tons buried their saviors on stairs and in hallways.

Now, for these past few weeks, the nation has watched these brave men and women, joined by construction and sanitation workers, as they search for the victims, always overturning the debris and moving beams with care to avoid harming potential survivors or further violating the deceased. Finding one of their own dead, they carry him out on flag-draped stretchers, with ceremony and protocol. Then they return to the rubble, paying less attention to collapsing concrete, unexpected bursts of flame, and razor-sharp twisted steel than to their powerful sense of fraternal obligation.

It is impossible not to admire their selflessness. Inhaling what was once the World Trade Center, both human and inanimate, they do not bother to debate—as many fearful people have done in the wake of the attacks—what might be the best brand of gas mask to don. They are not calibrating their chances of survival in threatened future gas attacks, because they're already breathing a sort of awful gas in the here and now.

The rescuers' selflessness is always evident in their interactions with the press and media. As television crews shove cameras in their faces and microphones under their blackened chins, they respond with tact, worrying mostly that their Herculean efforts are not enough—that they won't bring the dead back to life. We catch an occasional "Good work, brother," or a "Don't worry, we are going to get everybody out," or a polite "We can't talk now, just work until it's over and we've brought them out."

Sometimes the contrast between the brave rescue workers and their occasionally hysterical observers among the chattering classes is glaring. *Nightline*'s Ted Koppel listens to the last radio transmissions of those caught in the collapse and asks: "Why were they so confused, why were the radios so bad?" We wince and sigh: "Because a million tons of concrete and steel were showering down on their heads!"

The rescuers' simple patriotism offers another favorable contrast with some of their elite observers. We do not hear from New York's heroic firemen and police any sophisticated nonsense that we brought the two towers crashing down upon ourselves because of our arrogance or imperial political ambitions. They do not tell us that we must change our sinful ways and abandon our friends. I don't think most of them give a damn what a Frenchman or a Palestinian says about our ordeal. Most seem to accept that a magnificent city such as theirs, in a nation as free and humane as their own, naturally invites the envy of lesser people and thus must be defended from those who hate what we are rather than anything we have done. Seeing the rescuers display their patriotism at Ground Zero, where they have carefully displayed American flags and patriotic slogans, swells one's own national pride.

These selfless, patriotic men and women project a physical presence that harks back to an earlier age, that seems to belong to the America of half a century ago or more. Muscular, tireless despite constant movement, a quiet confidence in corporeal strength—it is as if they stepped out of depression-era post-office murals or faded watercolors in long-defunct magazines.

Their robust physicality seems less the product of the health club or plastic surgeon's office than of hard and dirty work. The younger workers look like—no, look better than—athletes, their biceps built not for play but for carrying hoses and scaling ladders. Their ongoing labor seems to magnify their physical presence; in comparison, the ripples and contours of professional athletes now look oddly artificial. Some working in the rubble—overweight, smoking, sweating profusely—hardly look fit, of course. But using ample bellies as wedges and levers against the stones and steel, they remind America that you can be tough as nails and still be deemed out of shape.



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**As the towers flamed and civilians tried to escape, firemen like Mike Kehoe coolly went into the buildings, trying to help. Kehoe survived, but 388 of his brethren didn't.**

Even their unit names seem to belong to a different, older era—"Ladder 28," "Squad 41," "Rescue 1." They remind one of the first wave of torpedo bombers, wiped out nearly to the man at the Battle of Midway, whose planes, bearing names like "Torpedo 6" and "Scouting 8," drew fire from Japanese Zeros, so that U.S. dive bombers, flying above them, could attack unmolested the now vulnerable enemy carriers below. These days, we might have expected the nomenclature of the rescue units to be something like "Integrated Systems Protection" or "Specialized Reaction and Control." That the unit names are so old-fashioned suggests that the rescue workers remain in some profound sense faithful to custom and tradition.

There is a lesson that the heroic dead and their courageous brethren at Ground Zero can offer to the elites and intellectuals who often look down on, or simply ignore, the concrete, physical world that forms the rescuers' daily milieu. What strikes many of us from outside New York who visit the city, after all, is how it all works. How do tons of water, food, and fuel enter the city every day, along with millions of commuters? Where do the sewage, trash, and litter all go? And in such cramped confines, how do people not kill and maim one another by the hour?

Now we have proof of what we've suspected all along: that "regular" New Yorkers like these, showing enormous versatility, make it all work. The concrete canyons of the city have not enervated their audacity, strength, and cunning, but have sharpened them in ways we could scarcely imagine. Any of us on America's farms or in its factories or mines who thought New Yorkers soft now realize how mistaken we were. The rescuers, it turns out, could easily drive tractors, ride horses, or dig in mines, if their duty was not to brave flames and catch criminals.

Indeed, many of the rescuers exemplify a Hellenic balance. These firemen and cops, like the Greeks, innately understand that muscles matched with mind are essential to our collective flourishing and safety.



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**Fire Commissioner Thomas Von Essen rubs his eyes at a ceremony promoting firefighters, including new chief of department Daniel Nigro (right), to fill the many ranks left empty by the dead.**

This balance, I think, underlies the steady confidence that the surviving rescuers show when they speak of responding to the September 11 attack. Their voices remain calm, never frightened; they are not crying out blindly for revenge for their brothers. They talk—often incisively—of a slow, growing, and enduring response that accords with their own very American sense of fairness, righteous indignation, and humanity: "They will pay for this, you'll see."

I would not wish to meet people such as these in battle. Yet I think the Taliban and their henchmen face in our military forces just such people. Everywhere, we hear warnings to be cautious and afraid; but I think it is our enemies, not us, who have real cause for worry, for until now they have only struck at the innocent and unaware. Now they must confront the spiritual kin of the rescuers.

Brave, selfless, patriotic, strong, and versatile—no wonder these public servants seem to bring out the best in those who cross their paths. Where do such marvelous people come from? Doubtless part of the answer has to do with the clannish ties of many of the rescuers, who, like farmers and miners, often feel more comfortable living among their own (frequently near their parents) and working alongside siblings and cousins. A striking number of them were Catholic. One Staten Island Catholic high school lost 23 alumni on September 11—about half of them cops or firemen. Such benevolent tribalism—that one should not be a walking and transient résumé but find worth instead among family, community, and a grandfather's profession—can be a powerful force for good, whatever its potential limitations. Military historians tell us, for example, that the key to group cohesiveness and fighting spirit in any good army is the regimental system, based on the idea that soldiers—and these firefighters and cops are surely that—battle better together when arrayed alongside neighbors and friends in a common purpose.

The existence of these virtuous men and women, however, also owes much to the universal genius of American—Western—civilization. We are seeing in



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this tragedy and in these firemen and police, alive and dead, the flesh and bones of our entire culture laid bare: what it means to be both American and Western at the moment of our peril and need.

Consider the ease with which the workers operate the huge cranes and bulldozers that remove the World Trade Center rubble—and consider the machines themselves. Only a civilization like that of the West, steeped in the rationalist tradition and protected by freedom of inquiry, could invent and use such remarkable equipment. The busy activity at Ground Zero reminds us how the Hoover Dam arose so speedily, how in World War II the wrecked *Yorktown* was made as good as new in mere hours, and why both earthquake and hurricane fail to level our cities permanently.

**"The existence of these virtuous people owes much to the universal genius of American—Western—civilization."**

The rescuers are also *free* men and women, exhibiting all the associational skills that have made civil society so vibrant in Western history. The rescue workers do not first look to central government authority before plunging into their daily toil. Ingenuity, improvisation, and spontaneity are everywhere—the wonderful fruits of a free society. In addition, the police who ring the site owe allegiance to civilians and elected officials, not self-proclaimed authorities who hang and hector as they see fit. Our enemies brag of the brutal order of the chopped hand and stoned face: let them come to New York and see how much better and more humane are free guardians than thugs obeying the ravings of a mendicant fanatic.

Could New York's free rescuers be any more different from the city's attackers? New York's suicidal enemies demand adherence to their religious creed and are more likely to be of a regimented mind and even hue. The firemen and cops, conversely, are of all colors and faiths. The names of the dead—Michael Weinberg, Manuel Mojica, Paddy Brown, Joseph Angelini, Gerald Schrang, Tarel Coleman—sound scripted from corny World War II movies. Yet the diversity is not corny but real—far more real than Hollywood fantasies or the resentful multiculturalism of the politicized campus. By all accounts, these men worked in relative harmony alongside one another even as they expressed pride in their ethnic heritage—a fertile, and particularly American, tension of the universal and the particular.

We are discovering, ultimately, the West's powerful advantage of having three, rather than two, classes—the critical presence in society of men and women who are neither terribly rich nor abjectly poor, who own property yet struggle mightily to acquire and keep it.

This middle class is not the norm of the world, either today or in the past, which was and is likely to remain pyramidal: a small elite tottering at the peak, dictating to an impoverished and restless mass below, as one now finds in Afghanistan and Iraq. The independent and resourceful of New York are what we would expect of a hallowed tradition that goes back to the Greeks, whose civilization arose on the backs of the *mesoi*—the "middle ones," who were neither rich nor poor, neither dispossessed nor royalty. As property-owning, voting citizens, the *mesoi* created and sustained our culture, which explains why their descendants, on their own initiative, rushed into the flames and now find and care for our dead—and will quickly rebuild what the terrorists destroyed.

Make no mistake: a horrific catastrophe has struck New York. A trillion dollars has vanished from its markets, and repairing damage to the city's structures will cost at least $40 billion. The loss of human treasure is incalculable. And like it or not, we are in a real war. But the firefighters, police, and other rescue workers have proven an invaluable asset. Their heroic conduct in the present crisis will change the nature of New York, teaching many in the city's vast offices that hefty salaries don't mean much if one does not help one's kin and do so with honor and courage. What has gone on in the rubble should be as reassuring a sight for our friends as it is ominous for our foes.

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# Earth to Ivory Tower: Get Real!

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We'll lose the war on terror if the political and cultural Left succeeds in sapping our resolve.

**Kay S. Hymowitz & Harry Stein**

Amid the intense and reassuring outpouring of patriotism in the aftermath of September 11, the discordant notes on the political and cultural Left were easy to discount. Polls showed 90 percent-plus support for the president; the numbers favoring sustained military response were nearly as high. The bipartisan backing of administration policy was unprecedented, and the public soberly understood the gravity of the challenge. Yet there's reason to worry that, as the shock wears off and the costs of war mount, the voices of those who would deny America's moral authority to defend itself will grow more insistent and will confront us with a different kind of danger.

The two main stripes of critic seem stuck in the ideas of the sixties. There are the blame-America-firsters, of course, who regard vigorous self-defense as the moral equal of terrorism. But possibly more insidious are the many who might be called moral lethargists. Offspring of the therapeutic culture, New Age spiritualism, and an entrenched multiculturalism suspicious of Western values, these so resist passing judgment that they shrink from seeing even murderous Islamic fundamentalism as the evil it is and shy away from the tough steps needed to crush it. Though relatively small, these two groups cluster in the powerful opinion-forming institutions: the academy, the liberal churches, the press, and the entertainment media. Unable to grasp the nation's

**Illustrations by Arnold Roth**



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peril and the fragility of the freedoms that allow their voices to be heard, disdaining the idea of common purpose, they share a smug certitude in their own orthodoxy that augments their strength.

The struggle against our ivory-tower naysayers is surely winnable, and it has never been easier to see them clearly for what they are. But we should not underestimate their power. For our adversaries surely understand what many Americans do not: that the resolve to maintain our common purpose is our greatest vulnerability.

Following the September 11 attack, the surge of unembarrassed patriotism and revulsion at the vileness of the perpetrators that overwhelmed the nation also swept across most American campuses. Still, at others, for many the grief gave way almost at once to the impulse to "understand" the terrorists' motivations and to assert, in very nearly these words, that America had it coming. It was as if, in the wake of Pearl Harbor, the America First Committee, rather than disbanding, as it did, seized the opportunity to explain how American economic policies in the Far East had provoked the Japanese.

The words of some academic apologists were so poisonous in their moral blindness that a quick review of the college press a week after the event was enough to send one's blood pressure soaring. "It's easy to denounce the terrorism of one's enemies," a reporter for the campus *Minnesota Daily* declared. "It is far more difficult, but far more necessary, to denounce the terror of one's own government and actively work to stop it." "I am terrified . . . and furious," wrote a Columbia student in the college paper the *Spectator*. "My leaders fund mass murder in the name of my material well-being." "We're linking the fight against racism to a racist war abroad," a University of Michigan student told the *Michigan Daily*.

Most often, faculty and administrators took the lead. The morning after the attack, the *Yale Daily News* printed, in contrast to a student-written editorial calling for this generation to answer the call to serve "in the armed services, in the intelligence branches, alongside our military strategists and elected leaders," a parade of short pieces by history and political-science faculty sounding the soon-to-be familiar warnings that, as one put it, "retaliation breeds retaliation" and, in the words of another, that the terrorists' appalling acts had to be seen "in context."

Most of these clueless academics are stuck in the past, living on "the dregs of the sixties," as political-science professor Stephen Smith puts it. "Most tenured faculty were undergraduates during the anti-Vietnam period, and have continued to wear that stance as a kind of protective moral armor. It is so much a part of who they are and what they stand for that it's psychologically and intellectually impossible for them to see the world in any other terms," Smith judges.

Indeed, the Vietnam era–style "teach-ins" and rallies on campuses around the country in the weeks after the attack featured tenured radicals spouting decades-old themes of Amerika-hatred. We are, proclaimed University of North Carolina sociology professor Charles Kurzman, "playing into the hands of our own militarists, whose interests always lie, I believe, in the exaggeration of threats, armed responses, and so on. In fact, I would argue that there is tacit collusion among the militarists of all sides." The terrorists' acts, added University of Texas journalism professor Robert Jensen, were "no more despicable than the massive acts of terrorism—the deliberate killing of civilians for political purposes—that the U.S. government committed during my lifetime."

Nor was it only obscure academics who seized the moment to say things that most Americans instantly recognize as obscene. At Columbia (to focus on but one Ivy League campus), the two biggest celebrities on the liberal-arts faculty stepped forth to spew venom. "I'm not sure which is more frightening," said the DeWitt Clinton Professor of History Eric Foner, last year's president of the American Historical Association and author of a text that is required reading in countless high school and college classrooms, "the horror that engulfed New York City or the apocalyptic rhetoric emanating daily from the White House."

Meanwhile, in the London *Observer*, English department superstar Edward Said scornfully noted the increased stature in the post-attack period of "Mayor Rudy Giuliani, a normally rebarbative and unpleasantly combative figure. . . . " Some days later, it came to light that Said had gone on in the version of the piece that appeared in the Egyptian



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daily *al-Ahram* to characterize the mayor as a "retrograde figure, known for his own virulently Zionist views. . . . " This sleight of hand should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with Said's corrosive career. His own autobiography runs over with distortions and fabrications designed to establish his bona fides as a displaced Palestinian victim, and his supremely influential literary criticism, one of the primary sources for the politicized multiculturalism and post-colonialism that have corrupted the teaching of the humanities in America, twists and distorts the meanings of literary and cultural works with one end in mind: to portray the West as the root of all evil.

As for Columbia president George Rupp, he produced a mealy-mouthed statement after the attack, urging that we "be on guard that we do not in turn also become instruments of hatred or captives of a self-delusion that prevents our acknowledging how others view us." But he had not a word of reproach for Foner or Said.

**"The Vietnam era–style 'teach-ins' on campuses after the attack featured decades-old themes of Amerika-hatred."**

Still, it is one thing to encounter such visceral disdain for one's country by one's fellow citizens in print, and quite another to see it up close and personal. Attending an antiwar rally at Connecticut's Wesleyan University on September 20, among 146 held that day across the nation, watching administrators and faculty troop to the podium and fail, even at such a moment, to see evil for what it is or to recognize the blessings of Western pluralism, one got a chilling sense of just how out of touch with reality such an institution has become.

The speakers represented the entire spectrum of leftist approaches to the earth-shattering event. Indira Karamcheti, a professor of American studies and English, declared: "We need to understand that the events that happened last Tuesday must be placed within their historical context. . . . There is a long history here we need to understand, not least the long history of resistance to imperialism, in which violence has been seen and often lauded as the most effective means with which to resist. Violence and guerrilla tactics are the tactics of the powerless. It's a system in which ordinary objects can be transformed into weaponry . . . and it has historical paradigms, not least in the American Revolution, the Black Panthers, the Algerian Revolution."

But the comparison between the homicidal Black Panthers and the Founding Fathers was not the low point of the occasion. Jonathan Cutler of the sociology department began his remarks with the Arabic greeting *Salaam Alechem*—"in solidarity with Muslims and in defiance of American arrogance and xenophobic jingoism"—but he quickly apologized, noting that as a non-Muslim he hadn't the right to use the phrase, and he had no wish to "mirror the global U.S. arrogance of familiarity in the world, that doesn't notice difference, that doesn't care to notice difference." As a Jew, he added, he had considered instead the Hebrew greeting *Shana Tova*—Happy New Year—but "I am not a Zionist, and I am not an American today. . . . If there's a war led by this government, it should not be in my name. . . . Bush said 'hate' before he grieved, he said 'hunt' before he grieved. . . . It is precisely the time for protest against the IMF and the World Bank, and here's why. I think it's wrong to suggest at this point that the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon were done by terrorists—not because they're not terrorists, but because they're the tip of the iceberg of a very big war; we just didn't know the war was going on until then. I really think we have been missing the anger toward the United States for so long, and operating in a world as if it didn't matter that there is a global movement of resistance to U.S. dominance. Now, I don't like the *form* of the movement that took down the World Trade towers," he allowed, fastidiously. "I don't like the *tactics*—I miss the skyline of New York, and I miss the people who died. I also don't like the anti-urban, anti-cosmopolitan nature of much of the resistance to globalization. I love New York. But this much I do know: if there is no justice, there will be no peace."



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Then there was Gary Comstock, a sociology professor who is also the university chaplain, still clinging to the make-love-not-war philosophy. As the nation confronted an implacably murderous enemy, he offered these insights: "I think that the inability to love is the central problem, because that inability masks a certain terror, and that terror is the terror of being touched. And if you can't be touched, you can't be changed; and if you can't be changed, you can't be alive." Comstock went on to demonstrate his Ivy bona fides by describing how he had felt moved to turn, in this emergency, to "what I call my elders," including "the late author James Baldwin, a black man who was outspoken before the civil rights movement and a gay man who was 'out' before the gay liberation movement."

**"'Of course I dislike the Nazis,' one college student observed, 'but who is to say they are morally wrong?'"**

Close to self-parody as they come, these speeches make clear what motivates those Americans, on campus and off, who remain in a state of moral denial even after getting a Technicolor view of evil: multiculturalism. This ideology goes way beyond preaching the tolerance that is a bedrock virtue of a pluralistic society to insisting that all cultures are equally good—regardless of whether they beat their women, practice slavery, or torture political dissidents. In earlier generations, the schools, the workplace, the entire society, pushed immigrants toward assimilating into the great American "melting pot." But as multiculturalism took hold, to require immigrant children to learn English, or be taught about the specialness of American history and the greatness of the ideas of the Founding Fathers, or to pledge allegiance to the flag came to seem a sign of gross cultural insensitivity, even of racism.

Multiculturalism explicitly disdains the notion of a coherent American identity and, while celebrating almost all symbols of ethnic and racial pride, winces at all displays of U.S. national feeling or unity. After the September 11 attack, a Florida Gulf Coast University librarian asked an employee to remove a PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN sticker, because she didn't want to offend international students. "We've tried really hard to make sure people on our campus don't feel like they're looked at differently because they come from different religious or ethnic backgrounds," said a spokeswoman for the school. "If a mistake was made, it was made out of a very pure motive"—the passive voice denying anybody's personal responsibility.

But while multiculturalists believe absolutely in their own moral purity, they have utterly corroded the bases for most other sorts of moral judgments. They argue that each of us knows the world only through the eyes of his own specific culture, race, and gender. As a result, we cannot know truth, only the particular values that claim to be true within our own culture. Not only is impartial moral inquiry impossible; it is a rationalization for those who would use their "truth"—for the multiculturalist, there can be no universal Truth—to control the less powerful.

The moral paralysis these ideas have caused is blatantly obvious on college campuses. Writing in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, one teacher of creative writing at Pasadena City College described a class discussion of Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery," in which students refused to judge the stoning of a village resident because they believed human sacrifice might be part of the villagers' religion. One student explained: "We are taught not to judge—and if [stoning] has worked for them," we can't condemn it. In another article in the same journal, a Hamilton College philosophy professor noted that his students were reluctant to judge Hitler, apartheid, and slavery. "Of course I dislike the Nazis," one student observed, "but who is to say they are morally wrong?"

If one can't judge Nazism morally repugnant, it's easy to ascribe to murderous terrorists understandable and even valid reasons. Aren't Islamist radicals expressing their own cultural truth?

If, as Steven Balch of the conservative National Association of Scholars observes, "we have yet to see



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how much damage a quarter century of miseducation has done," we can get a pretty good idea listening to the lone student speaker at the Wesleyan rally, a young man named Sajjadur Rahman of the Student Unity Network. Though he was introduced as having lost two relatives in the attack, once Rahman began speaking it was hard to summon up much sympathy for him. "So many have died," he said, early on in his rambling talk, "through acts of war perpetrated by a few individuals for their own selfish needs. I'm not a supporter of bin Ladin. To me, he's the same as George Bush: another millionaire fighting for his own oil."

In the mainstream press, the corrosive influence of multiculturalism normally takes a much subtler form than this overt anti-Americanism. Not that you don't find a stiff dose of America-bashing there, but it comes from the usual suspects and is unlikely to convince many beyond the already-converted. After September 11, there was much talk on NPR about "root causes" and the "cycle of violence"; the ever-predictable Katha Pollit, just one of many in *The Nation* seething over what they see as Americans' supposedly mindless patriotic excess, wrote of her disgust when her daughter asked for an American flag; aged leftist *enfant terrible* Susan Sontag infuriated even many *New Yorker* readers with her demand to know, even as the rubble was smoldering, "Where is the acknowledgment that this was not a 'cowardly' attack on 'civilization' or 'liberty' or 'humanity' or 'the free world' but an attack on the world's self-proclaimed superpower, undertaken as a consequence of specific American alliances and actions?"

In fact, when some high-profile journalists sounded as if they cared more about Muslims, foreign and domestic, than about non-Muslim Americans, they caught flak from other mainstream journalists. The *New York Post*'s Andrea Peyser rapped the knuckles of CNN's Christiane Amanpour, long aggressively pro-Arab, for saying: "The issue of the United States' close alliance with Israel, the perception that the United States does not care as much about the suffering of Muslims, in Palestine, in what they call Palestine, is a key reason for the anti-Americanism on the rise in the Middle East"—though Palestine exists only in the minds of Palestinians and their sympathizers. Similarly, ABC's Peter Jennings, a former Middle East hand widely viewed as tilting toward the Arabs, drew fire from the *Washington Post*'s Tom Shales when the newscaster's first impulse after the president's historic address to Congress was to interview the Muslim chaplain at Georgetown, as if to say that "the burning question of the moment was whether Bush had come out strongly enough against bigotry toward people of Islamic faith," as Shales interpreted it.

And more than a few journalistic jaws dropped on this side of the Atlantic when Stephen Jukes, global news editor for the British news service Reuters, ordered his reporters to excise the word "terrorist" from their coverage of the attacks. "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter," wrote Jukes in an internal memo. "We abstain from judgment and believe the word 'terrorist' is a loaded term." As Fox News's Fred Barnes put it: "What does Reuters want to call these people? Activists?" As Barnes went on to point out, if Reuters feels a need to equivocate to protect its reporters, the company should pull them out. In fact, of course, those countries would bend over backward to prevent that: they rely on a sympathetic Western press to show the world their casualties and the children they line up as human shields in front of the potential targets of American bombs.

Almost certainly, then, the days are over when the *New York Times* would print, as it did on the very morning of September 11, a sympathetic interview with former Weatherman Bill Ayers, promoting a book subtitled *The Making of a Terrorist*. "I don't regret setting bombs," Ayers told the *Times*, reflecting on his group's own long-ago bombing of the Pentagon. "I feel we didn't do enough." Since the Twin Towers massacre, in fact, the *Times* has published more than a few full-throated expressions of patriotism and calls to moral fortitude. Columnist Thomas Friedman, for one, declared that, "War alone may not solve this problem, but neither will social work. . . . Every state has to know after September 11, harboring anti-U.S. terrorists will be lethal."

Still, the wish to "understand" the terrorists, to extenuate, perhaps to hold them harmless from



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reprisals and to lessen the moral distance between them and their victims, persists in ambivalent tension with the patriotism. A striking example comes from the *Hartford Courant*, Connecticut's largest daily, in its coverage of the Wesleyan rally. Willfully ignoring the rally's extreme anti-Americanism, the paper edited out Sajjadur Rahman's equation of bin Ladin and George Bush but lauded the Wesleyan student as a moral exemplar. "Two of his relatives were killed in the World Trade Center last week," began the long article, headlined PLEA FOR PEACE, "but Wesleyan University junior Sajjadur Rahman insists military retaliation is not the answer. 'So many innocent lives have died through acts of war,' Rahman, a Muslim, told the roughly 750 students gathered Thursday."

**"'One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter,' wrote Reuters' Stephen Jukes in an internal memo."**

The *Courant* editors clearly share the sympathies of their reporter: strategically placed beneath the paper's account of President Bush's historic speech to Congress the previous evening, ran a story on a woman whose husband died in the collapse of the towers, headlined A SHY NURSE, THRUST INTO SPOTLIGHT, SENDS BUSH A PLEA FOR PEACE. "'I don't want my children to have to go to war to avenge their father's death,' she said Thursday, blue eyes blazing, her weary face momentarily seeming less worn."

It is this kind of "objective" reporting that stands over the long term to weaken the nation's resolve. And in this vein, the *New York Times*, like so many left-liberal readers who rely on it for guidance, seemed, as the shock began to fade, to be groping toward a position that might leave its previous worldview intact. The paper began to focus increasingly on two of its obsessive themes: racism, in the form of bias crimes against Arabs; and threats to civil rights, in the form of criticisms of those speaking out against government policies. One article, entitled THE OTHER WAR, AGAINST INTOLERANCE, reminded readers that American racism continues to pose a threat, not far behind Islamic militancy. Another article with the patronizing headline, HEARTFELT LOVE OF COUNTRY IS A RUSH, BUT BEWARE THE UNDERTOW, warned of the potential dangers of patriotic feeling: bigotry, intolerance, censorship, naïveté, fanaticism, and smug feelings of superiority.

"That's the classic position for [baby-boomer journalists]," says biographer Sam Tanenhaus: "You get a byline, you get paid, you get a television appearance, and you get to denounce oppression and the evils of our culture—all of it without consequences. . . . The culture of victimology has by now been ratcheted up to such an extreme that many people find themselves more concerned about a Muslim getting a dirty look in the street than the curious silence of the intellectuals and leaders of that community about the terrorism itself."

That lowest of the culture-forming institutions—the entertainment industry—also vapored over American intolerance and its potential Muslim victims. A star-filled Hollywood super-benefit celebrating the heroism of New York's firefighters, police, and rescue workers, which aired on all the networks, commendably raised an estimated $150 million for the families of the attack victims. But the producers' energies seemed largely focused on a slickly produced segment on the fears of Muslim-American children, while what *should* have been the message of the moment—a call to moral purpose and high resolve—received only the briefest of statements, from Clint Eastwood.

But in the entertainment industry—and in the liberal churches and the schools, as well—the note that sounded most insistently was a deep note of moral lethargy, rising out of affluence and security, out of New Age religious longings combined with all-you-need-is-love pacifism, out of therapeutic nonjudgmentalism, multiculturalism, and a virtually total historical amnesia. All these trends have generated an almost willful inability to imagine evil—except, of course, the evils of American racism, sexism, and homophobia. Certainly there is nothing in the lethargist's philosophy that could dream of Islamist holy warriors bent on destroying them and



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their civilization, rejoicing as they incinerate thousands at a blow.

Many entertainers advised fans to stick with their pre-September 11 focus on self-actualization rather than on civic affairs. Oprah Winfrey told the vast crowd at a Yankee Stadium prayer service: "What really matters is who you love and how you love." Madonna's message, too, was one of narcissistic self-regard barely disguised as principled pacifism. "Violence begets violence," she warned a Los Angeles audience. "I don't know about you, but I want to live a long, happy life. I want my kids to live a long, happy life." That her children's lives were under attack seemed not to occur to her. "I said it last night, and I'll say it again," she declared, sounding like the chaplain at Wesleyan, "if you want to change the world, change yourself."

In a TV tribute to John Lennon to benefit families of the Twin Towers rescue workers, among others, Yoko Ono told a cheering crowd: "John always said, 'There are no problems, only solutions.'" The program offered some of those solutions: "Think of your children. Do you want war and them to be killed, or not? That's the choice we have, between war and peace." By the time a rock group sang the Beatles' refrain "Nothing's Gonna Change My World," it seemed likely that this sentiment will remain the entertainment industry's orthodoxy—until it is too late.

These New Age messages differed little from what some mainstream churches had to offer. Manhattan's Riverside Church staged "An Evening of Peace," at which Thich Nhat Hanh of the United Buddhist Church, with "special friends" Judy Collins and Paul Winter, called on the congregation to "disintegrate hatred." The National Council of Churches decried "anger and vengeance." Houses of worship warned against "vengeance"—as if "vengeance" and waging war on those who would destroy our civilization were the same thing. Certainly religious leaders offered little help in understanding the problem of evil that now stares us in the face; as the *New York Times* reported approvingly, philosophers and theologians were worried that casting the fight against global terrorism as a crusade of good against evil would make Americans "feel not only morally alive, but morally superior."

A contrast seems in order, this one involving the words written by Msgr. James H. O'Neill, chief chaplain of the Third Army, when George Patton called upon him during the Battle of the Bulge to pray for good weather, so that American planes might bomb the German forces besieging Bastogne. "Almighty and most merciful Father," he complied, "grant us fair weather for Battle. Graciously hearken to us as soldiers who call upon Thee that, armed with Thy power, we may advance from victory to victory, and crush the oppression and wickedness of our enemies and establish Thy justice among men and nations."

**"Religious leaders offered little help in understanding the problem of evil that now stares us in the face."**

Though press accounts suggested that all over the country students are for the first time in decades learning the words of "America the Beautiful" rather than "We Are the World," many educators, wedded to a therapeutically tinged multiculturalism, were reluctant to help the next generation come to grips with their country's watershed moment. Under the title "Dealing with September 11th," the New York City Board of Education, for instance, offered teachers a curriculum in the form of recommended Web sites. Don't look for any information on Islamic fundamentalism or Usama bin Ladin, though. According to the board, what students need to learn largely falls under the headings "Promoting Tolerance" and "Mental Health"—the multiculti and therapeutic agenda. The board listed only four sites under what it called "Social Studies" and "Government," and these were on the order of "e-pals"—"e-mail exchange opportunities to promote understanding." The National Association of School Psychologists was even worse.



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"Discuss historical instances of American intolerance," is the kind of psychological advice its Web site offers. "Identify 'heroes' [those scare-quotes, again!] of varying backgrounds involved in response to the attacks."

And even worse still, the association's message to teachers on how to talk to children about the attack assumes that they should treat pupils' indignation or desire for military reprisal as understandable but immature and inappropriate. "A natural reaction to horrific acts of violence like the recent terrorist attacks on the United States is the desire to lash out and punish the perpetrators," the authors of the Web site message explained, echoing the language of the conflict-resolution courses that have indoctrinated the nation's schools with the idea that there is no right and wrong, since each side has its own valuable point of view. "People who are angry or frightened often feel that the ability to 'fight back' puts them more in control or will alleviate their sense of pain." In the *New York Times*, Richard Rothstein approvingly quoted a self-satisfied Providence, Rhode Island high schooler well trained in conflict resolution but evidently ignorant of Roosevelt, Pearl Harbor, or Dachau: "In class they keep on saying that the bigger person is the one who walks away from the fight, the one who wants peace. How many people do we have to kill to make Americans

## The Hollywood Follies

September 11 may mark the end of Hollywood as we know it. Whether the entertainment industry will stop peddling cynicism, corrosion, guilt, and violence, who can tell? But for sure, the celebrities on whom Americans have showered royal riches and statesmen-like prestige—including midnight presidential briefings in the Lincoln bedroom—have suddenly revealed themselves to be not exalted political philosophers but ordinary schmos who happen to entertain us for a buck.

Almost immediately after the attack, celebrities seemed intuitively to recognize that their political heft had vanished. Late night talk-show hosts, long purveyors of glib commentary on current affairs, struggled to find what to say. It was only when they and their colleagues in the entertainment business concluded that their job simply was to entertain that the show went on: "I always feel it is our patriotic duty . . . to provide a respite from reality, not necessarily to reflect it," David Kohan, executive producer of the TV sitcom "Will and Grace," told the *New York Times*, with unwonted humility.

The high-wattage celebrities involved in a recent fund-raising TV telethon for the victims of the attack mostly shunned showboating. The few moments when they reached for sublimity—"The Conch Who Stole Christmas" star Jim Carrey reciting a Winston Churchill speech or octogenarian Calista Flockhart reading from Anne Frank's diary—fell utterly flat. Barbra Streisand, the latest grandmother of the left-wing Left coast, removed several essays on her political views from her website, "in an effort to encourage national unity"—but perhaps also because she knew that a mere singer, even one who employs a full-time "political consultant," is probably out of her depth when it comes to geopolitics and fighting Islamist terror.

Those who resisted this humbling process have paid for it. When director Oliver Stone pronounced that a "new world order" had "incited the revolt [on] of September 11th," the New York Film Festival's sophisticated audience gave him the Manhattan version of a Bronx cheer.

The recognition that they are mere entertainers can't come easily to performers caught up in the cult of celebrity. For decades, the Norman Lears, Oliver Stones, Roseannes, and Alec Baldwins of the entertainment world have made themselves feel smarter and more dignified than mere vaudevillians by becoming spokesmen for the political Left, adding the lustre of their celebrity and glamour to the leftwing orthodoxies that, in turn, provide them with a sense of intellectual and moral seriousness. They could see the titillating, parricidal sensationalism of the entertainments that pay their salaries as heavy breathing, first-amendment-protected, cutting-edge attacks against the small-mindedness, Puritanism, and bigotry of the flyovers.

If these guys want a future now, they'd better stick to singing and dancing.—KSH



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feel better? Some of these politicians who want war are acting younger than we are."

A FEMA Web site echoed this therapeutic approach to the question of "what to tell the children." The important thing is to get kids to express their fear and sadness. "Share your feelings," FEMA advised teachers. "Talk with children about how they are feeling and listen without judgment."

Taking it all to heart, Peter Jennings moderated a TV show called "ABC News Answers Children's Questions" that aspired to play the nation's first news-therapist. When a child spoke of not wanting her soldier-father to leave for the Middle East, Jennings called upon a mental-health worker, who bubbled: "It's her emotion and feeling that will make her all right." Unfortunately for Jennings, most of the other kids refused to follow the script. The truth is, as many therapists who rushed to schools and churches after the attack discovered, most kids can't yet understand the earthshaking implications of the attack and are just not that frightened. "Do you feel safe this week?" Jennings prodded a seven-year-old. "Yes," she succinctly replied. Complained another child: "My mom and dad want to talk about it all the time, and I don't."

Jennings did get one young girl to tell him: "We've been planting bombs in other people's homes. We're getting a taste of our own medicine." The scrupulous Jennings nodded, "That's really very interesting." It at last took a boy of about ten to point out that Americans "do not intentionally kill thousands of innocent people." Evidently Jennings did not find the ten-year-old's point "really very interesting" and had nothing to say.

The good news is that, on the evidence, vastly more Americans these days have more in common with the ten-year-old than with the ABC anchor. "I've been amazed not at what our elite are saying," notes classicist and military historian Victor Davis Hanson, author of *Carnage and Culture*, "but by how many ordinary people aren't paying attention. . . . [The elites] live in a culture that's just not connected to the rest of us."

In what was said to be his first interview after the attacks, appearing in a fundamentalist Pakistani paper a week before his horrific videotape, Usama bin Ladin was quoted as saying the United States had been gripped by "psychological helplessness," that "fear is the most lethal weapon," and that the U.S. media had "injected a feeling of psychological helplessness . . . permanently into the American people." And doubtless in surveying American culture our pitiless foe finds much evidence to support such a malign view.

What he cannot see, in his cultural incomprehension, are the numberless indications of our collective strength, character, and resolve. Yale's Stephen Smith tells of the student who told him she's thinking of joining the CIA—"the first time I ever heard anything like that at Yale," he remarks. In Arlington, Virginia, according to the *Washington Post*, a progressive school where students had earlier resisted a new Virginia law requiring that schools set aside time for the Pledge of Allegiance, spontaneously rose at an assembly the day they returned to school after September 11 to recite the pledge they had so recently scorned.

There's evidence that even many children of the sixties are at long last starting to grow up morally. "The word 'evil' isn't funny anymore," Scott Adams, creator of the popular cartoon "Dilbert," was reported as saying. Observed *Slate* senior writer King Kaufman, in an article that probably speaks for many of his boomer contemporaries: "This is a new feeling for me, this feeling that we're the good guys and we're fighting the bad guys."

Speaking to new faculty just days after the tragedy, Boston University president Jon Westling struck a note that increasingly resonates with Americans everywhere. "We are charged," he said, "with the molding of adult and responsible character, and helping ensure that this generation of students is worthily prepared to inherit a civilization built on centuries of effort and sacrifice. If it is to continue to be a civilization that faces adversity with courage, that answers darkness with light, we have important work before us."

Indeed, there's reason to hope that even the most benighted American moral equivocators may come to realize that the message of September is the exact opposite of the one they've been preaching. It is *Western* culture that has given us tolerance, pluralism, debate, freedom—indeed, multiculturalist sympathies themselves—and it is Western culture that we must find the fortitude to defend.



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## Dangerous Egalitarian Dreams

John Kekes

The most celebrated public philosophers of our time—our Rousseau and Voltaire, so to speak—are John Rawls and Ronald Dworkin. Prophets of a non-Marxist socialism, they provide the rationale for the domestic agenda of the left wing of the Democratic party, and they are in large measure responsible for the Left's remarkable success in occupying the moral high ground. They have convinced the nation's elites that it is a matter of simple justice for our society systematically to deprive the large majority of citizens of a sizable portion of their legally owned property to benefit a much smaller minority—an Orwellian redefinition that mocks as well as violates justice. In their egalitarian philosophical system, there's no need to debate the merits of progressive taxation, anti-poverty programs, socialized medicine, affirmative action, and welfare legislation: a society that lacks them is, by definition, not a just society.

One can't overemphasize the towering prestige these two enjoy among the liberal elites. President Clinton decorated Rawls, a retired Harvard philosophy professor, with the Medal of Freedom, and the *Chronicle of Higher Education* recently celebrated him as "the most distinguished moral and political philosopher of our age," depicting him on its cover among portraits of his supposed peers—Aristotle, Hobbes, Kant, and Hegel. His best-known book, *A Theory of Justice*, has sold over 200,000 copies—an unheard-of number for a thick and turgid theoretical treatise—and it has been translated into more than 20 languages since its 1971 publication. Rawls's 1993 sequel, *Political Liberalism*, restates the original theory, revising a detail here and there. In philosophy departments across the land, young scholars tirelessly churn out explications of his thought.

If Rawls is the sage of egalitarianism, Dworkin is its darling. A lawyer by training, he holds not one but two titled professorships: of Law and Philosophy at New York University and of Jurisprudence at Oxford. His fellow lawyers at the American Bar Association awarded him their Silver Gavel award, and the prestigious *Journal of Philosophy* anoints him "America's leading legal philosopher." His books, collections of articles from such journals as *The New York Review of Books*, are written in catchy, accessible prose, dripping with moral indignation over the liberal Left's usual catalog of supposed injustices. Dworkin is a master at finding constitutional means for pursuing egalitarian policies; judges and law professors across the land hang on every word he utters.

Unlike the traditional defenders of legislative injustice, who asserted the supposed excellences of those who benefited from unjust laws at the expense of others, Rawls and Dworkin defend injustice on the basis of the *deficiencies* of those who benefit from it. The mere fact that some people in a society own less property than others, they claim, is a good reason to try to equalize the difference between them. After all, a just government ought to treat everyone with equal consideration, and, they assert, doing so requires legislation aimed at the equalization of property. This economic egalitarianism goes far beyond the uncontroversial claim that people should have equal political and legal rights. Economic egalitarianism requires depriving the 86 percent of citizens who live above the poverty level of a substantial portion of their legally owned property in order to give it to the 14 percent who live below it.

The impassioned egalitarian rhetoric that asserts this supposed obligation cows many people into acquiescence. But no such obligation exists, and the appeal to it is absurd, because it requires the equalization of the property of rapists and their victims, welfare cheats and taxpayers, spendthrifts and savers. No reasonable person can believe that we are obliged to treat the moral and immoral, the prudent and imprudent, the law-abiding and the criminal with equal consideration. While we may have an obligation to help those who are poor through no fault of their own, it is absurd to suppose that if, as a result of bad choices, people find themselves below the poverty level, then it becomes the obligation of the government to help them by confiscating a considerable portion of the property of everyone else.

It may be thought that no one could seriously hold such an implausible view. But Rawls and Dworkin do hold it, and they



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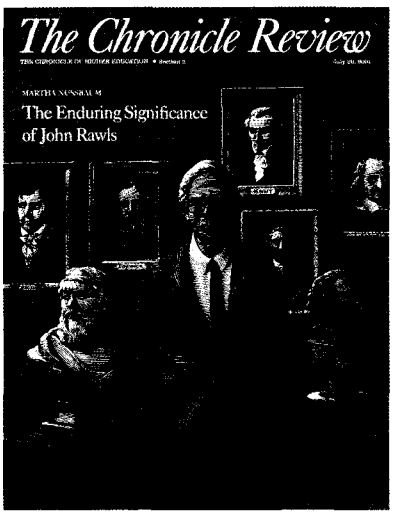
have persuaded many highly intelligent people to share it by giving systematic expression to the unwarranted but pervasive guilt that many affluent people feel about poverty and by proposing elaborately reasoned policies that assuage this guilt. Their reasons, however, fly in the face of common sense, repudiate the conception of justice that has been fundamental in the Western tradition, and have consequences that would outrage the moral sensibility of reasonable people, if they perceived them.

Rawls and Dworkin turn to the contractarian tradition of Hobbes and Locke in order to concoct the justifications they need. In that tradition, the relation between individuals and their society was conceived as a hypothetical contract, in which individuals give up some of their liberty in exchange for society's protection of the conditions in which they can pursue their happiness as they see fit, so long as they do not interfere with the like pursuits of others. Hobbes and Locke knew that they were resorting to a metaphor; they did so in order to clarify and dramatize their deeply meditated understanding of what human nature really is and how society actually works.

Rawls and Dworkin also offer a hypothetical contract, but its very point is to ignore the realities of psychology, the historical, political, and economic actualities of particular societies, and the actual principles of justice that exist in them. The amazing egalitarian claim is that rationality requires us to disregard these concrete circumstances and actual principles in order to conform to more fundamental abstract and general principles, which Rawls and Dworkin then use to justify the radical transformation of our society and the confiscation of legitimately owned property.

But how could it possibly be rational to confiscate property without asking whether people are entitled to own it, or to regard poverty as unjust without inquiring why some are, and some are not, poor? Rawls and Dworkin consciously oppose the long tradition of political thought that rightly holds it an elementary requirement of rationality to understand the different historical circumstances of actual societies before condemning them. Their attempted justification rests on a procedure that prefers imagination to facts; their abstract egalitarian principles merely express their own prejudices—and everything they spin out of those prejudices, however logically, can appeal only to those who happen already to share them.




COURTESY OF ILLUSTRATOR SCOTT MCKOWEN AND *THE CHRONICLE REVIEW*

**John Rawls (and supposed peers)**

Rawls calls the hypothetical situation he invents the "original position." He imagines rational and self-interested people coming together to legislate for all times the principles under which they will live. Each will, inevitably, choose principles favorable to himself. Rawls stipulates, however, that the principles chosen would have to be endorsed by all of them. To explain how rational and self-interested people could reach the required unanimity, Rawls invents another device, the "veil of ignorance," which conceals from the legislators in the original position all knowledge about their own characters, circumstances, and positions in the society for which they are legislating. Since they do not know what principles would favor them, they will endorse principles that would render tolerable even the worst position that they may occupy in the newly constituted society.

The veil of ignorance, however, cannot yield what Rawls wants to extract from it, for those who are behind Rawls's veil are not human beings but puppets. Human beings who are rational and self-interested will not reach the conclusions Rawls requires, because they *have* the knowledge Rawls denies them and because their interests are different and often conflicting. The unanimity that Rawls's puppets reach tells us nothing about the principles that real human beings would reach.



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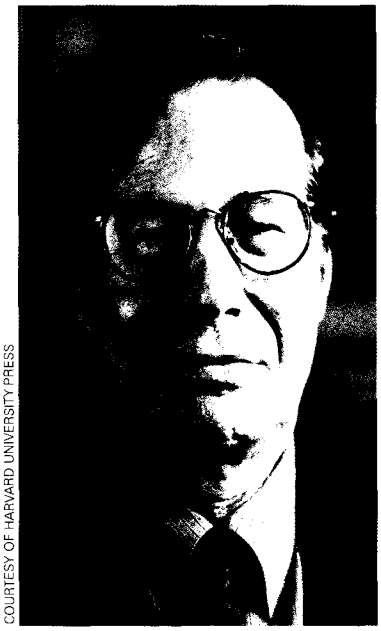
Rawls glosses over this fatal defect and claims that his legislators would unanimously endorse what he calls the "equal liberty" and the "difference" principles. The first requires that there be maximum liberty in the society for everyone, consistent with like liberty for all—a restatement of the principle John Stuart Mill proposed in *On Liberty*. Rawls recognizes that the equal liberty principle would result in great economic inequalities. Differences in people's talents, education, experiences, and good or bad luck will affect their economic success. There is, therefore, a need for a second principle to determine what economic inequalities are permissible. And what that principle says, among other things, is that "economic inequalities are to be arranged so that they are . . . to the greatest benefit of the least advantaged." It is, for instance, acceptable for doctors to earn outsize salaries if that is the only way people living in poverty can receive good health care. A society arranged according to these principles would thus be perpetually redistributing its citizens' property by taking from those who are better-off what does not benefit those who are worst-off.

Rawls's two principles of justice cannot deliver what they promise. The first promises extensive liberty; the second, economic equality. But, given the obvious fact of great individual differences, how people exercise their liberty will result in economic inequality. Similarly, economic equality requires curtailing individual liberty. Rawls sees this conflict, and he copes with it by allowing only as much liberty as is compatible with economic equality. He thus begins in the liberal tradition of Locke and Mill, by promising liberty, and ends, in the socialist tradition, by stifling liberty for the sake of economic equality.

To make concrete what this theory regards as justice, compare two of our society's worst-off. The first, a mugger who has never held a job, is vicious when he can get away with it and spends his ill-gotten gains on drugs. The second, a mother of three, has been abandoned by her husband; she earns the minimum wage at a menial job and is trying hard to raise her children well. According to what Rawls calls justice, these two are entitled to the same resources from society simply because they are among the worst-off. The mugger's viciousness and lack of effort and the mother's decency and struggle create no morally relevant difference between them.



COURTESY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

**Ronald Dworkin**

Now change the scenario a bit. The mugger continues as before, but the mother's efforts have borne fruit. She has found a better job and is doing well at it. Her family now is moderately secure and comfortable but hardly affluent. On Rawls's view, justice requires taking some of the mother's resources in order to give them to the mugger.

In deeming this blatant injustice just, Rawls repudiates the conception—accepted from the Old Testament to recent times—that justice consists in giving people what they deserve: reward for good conduct and punishment for bad. Justice requires protecting people, like the mother, in the enjoyment of their legally owned property against the depredations of criminals, like the mugger, and the confiscatory policies of egalitarians. The efforts to equalize the property of the deserving and the undeserving, as Rawls advocates, is not justice but its opposite, no matter what Rawls calls it.

Rawls is explicit about his repudiation. He recognizes that "there is a tendency for common sense to suppose that income and wealth, and the good things in life generally, should be distributed according to moral desert." But no. "The principles of justice . . . do not mention moral desert, and there is no tendency for distributive shares to correspond to it." After all, what people deserve is a consequence of the



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contingencies of their genetic inheritance, upbringing, and circumstances; since they have no control over these conditions, it is wrong to make the distribution of benefits and harms depend on conditions for which they bear no responsibility. As he puts it: "[T]he initial endowment of natural assets and the contingencies of their growth and nurture in early life are arbitrary from the moral point of view." Since equal liberty, the first principle of justice, would result in the success of those whom fortune favors with talents or the capacity for hard work, and in the failure of those who have the misfortune to be untalented or lazy, the second principle of justice overcomes this arbitrariness by not allowing people to benefit from their good fortune or suffer from their misfortune.

To the obvious objection that, though people might have no control over the initial conditions of their lives, they *do* have control over what they make of these conditions, Rawls says no—human actions never escape the gravitational pull of one's background. "The effort a person is willing to make is influenced by his natural abilities and skills and alternatives open to him. The better endowed are more likely, other things equal, to strive conscientiously and there seems to be no way to discount for their greater fortune."

But Rawls is wrong. Many people born and raised in poverty, after all, have succeeded in leaving it behind. What the mother achieved, others can too; nothing forced the mugger to take up a life of crime. However hard it may be to succeed in life if one lives in poverty, Rawls's argument that poverty reduces people to helpless victimhood is an insult to the poor.

In its radical denial of individual responsibility, Rawls's theory is profoundly subversive, however reasonable or modest its tone. Not only does it make morality and legality impossible, undermining the foundation of civilized life, but also, on an even deeper level, it robs us of our essential humanity—our souls and free will. It is hard to imagine a theory more relentlessly antihumanistic.

Ronald Dworkin, for his part, recognizes this profound problem in Rawls and seeks to correct it. Ideally, he says in his recent *Sovereign Virtue: The Theory and Practice of Equality*, a book that sums up his thought, we should hold people personally responsible for their actions. But doing so only makes sense, he holds, in an egalitarian society, where no one suffers from the undeserved disadvantages that relieve them of responsibility in our existing, unequal society. Dworkin's version of egalitarianism is in fact just as absolute as Rawls's. Like Rawls, he believes that "no government is legitimate that does not show equal concern for the fate of all those citizens over whom it claims dominion." It follows, then, that government is only "tyranny," he claims, if "a nation's wealth is very unequally distributed, as the wealth of even very prosperous nations is."

Dworkin dreams up an "egalitarian fantasy" that illustrates the principle of "equal resources" on which a truly egalitarian society would be founded. Imagine people on a desert island possessing equal assets in a sort of primitive communism. According to his social contract myth, they would participate in an auction, bidding their equal assets for bundles of resources: tools to build with, say, or land to grow things on, or violins to learn how to play—anything that will allow them to live the kind of life they want to lead, whether it is as a carpenter, a farmer, a venture capitalist, a monk, or a musician. The distribution of resources that shakes out from this auction is fair and equal, Dworkin asserts, because it automatically passes an "envy test": no one will prefer someone else's bundle of resources to his own, since all have started out from the same place and have made their choices freely. Only when people can decide their courses of life in this unconstrained fashion, Dworkin believes, can we say that they are at once equal and personally responsible for their fates.

Dworkin doesn't think that his auction, by itself, will get rid of all unacceptable inequalities. One person might bid for a secure family life, only to find it disrupted by his spouse's premature death. Some people are born stupid or unattractive, and the auction can't make their deficiencies whole. Post-auction lives, in other words, may still be marked by bad luck. To protect people from such misfortune, Dworkin adds to his imagined auction a compulsory insurance scheme.

How does Dworkin apply this fantasy to the allegedly unjust



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society we live in? He does not, and he doubts it *could* be applied: "It is a complex and perhaps unanswerable question what equality of resources asks of us, as individuals, in our own society." But he is nevertheless certain that somehow, in some mysterious way, his scheme can serve "as a rough model in designing political and economic institutions for the real world in search of as much equality of resources as can be found." Following that rough model, however, would—at a minimum—require massive redistributive taxation to restore people as closely as possible to the state of primitive equality on his fantasy island. And he tirelessly urges the courts to make his fantasy real by legitimizing the permanent redistribution of legally owned property.

When you outline Dworkin's theory of equal resources, you can't fail to see how thin and incoherent it is—and to be mystified by the adulation that people who should know better shower on this writer. Remarkably, he provides no reason for us to accept his belief that the legitimacy of a government depends on the equal distribution of wealth. Why should a government have equal concern for moral and immoral, law-abiding and criminal, responsible and irresponsible citizens? Dworkin never says. He admits readers will need to look "elsewhere" for arguments in defense of egalitarianism. Like Rawls, in other words, he starts with "background assumptions" about what equality requires in principle, and then just formulates a theory to work out the implications of his initial assumptions. Winding up more or less where he begins, he assumes exactly the point most in need of argument. You would already have to agree with his egalitarian premises to find anything he says even remotely persuasive.

Nor should it escape notice how extraordinary it is to elevate envy into the criterion of justice, as Dworkin does by requiring his initial distribution of resources to pass the "envy test." The Western tradition, from the Ten Commandments on down, has viewed envy as a vice, because it leads people to resent the legitimate achievements of others and to try to deprive them of advantages they have earned by legal and moral means. Dworkin's envy test doesn't ask whether people deserve their advantages or whether those who lack them need them. It only asks whether those without advantages *want* them.

But it is one thing for the starving to envy those with plenty to eat; it is quite another for, say, a successful businessman to envy an extremely successful one. Yet that is exactly what the envy test requires. Such *ressentiment* is destructive of the political emotions, since it twists the soul of the envious person, making him incapable of civic solidarity. Perversely, Dworkin is taking the worst in human nature and using it as a touchstone for the good society. Given the human propensity to covet, moreover, why does he think that any distribution of resources could ever satisfy the envy test, even at his mythical moment of the foundation of society—when people, seeing the choices that other people make, will suddenly repent of their own?

In making envy key to his ideal society, Dworkin takes to its furthest extreme the idea of relative deprivation at the heart of left-wing thought since at least the 1950s. If a person enjoys a modest but decent standard of living, yet finds himself surrounded by others who drive around in Mercedes Benzes and wear Cartier watches, the Left believes, then he is still poor and victimized—even though he may live just as well materially as someone considered comfortably middle class a few decades earlier, as is in fact the case with today's poor. Relative deprivation ensures that the poor indeed will always be with us, even if the so-called poor have enough.

Dworkin also shows himself to be breathtakingly cavalier about economic realities. He seems to assume that resources are just lying around ready for us to pick up. In the real world, of course, people have to mix their labor with raw material to create resources. Somebody must *produce* the tools, the violin, the food, the oil—indeed, most resources you can think of. But why would anybody willingly produce anything in Dworkin's world, since the fruits of labor go equally to those who produce nothing? Surely the catastrophic failure of Marxism has shown with irrefutable clarity the folly of trying to suppress economic incentives.

Even if we were somehow to set up a Dworkinian society, it would soon deviate from the ideal, re-creating the very



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inequalities that Dworkin seeks to banish. After all, people are different. Some might grow wealthy using resources constructively. Others might grow poor squandering resources by living dissolutely. Dworkin acknowledges that this might be true. "It is, of course, impossible to say in advance just what the consequences of any profound change in the economic system would be, and who would gain or lose in the long run." When the inequalities start cropping up again, though, do we just go back to the desert island and start over, in a kind of bleak permanent revolution? Or do we allow the inequalities to stand, since they have resulted from people's free choices?

Indefensible as it is, Dworkin's theory usefully illustrates problems that render *all* versions of egalitarianism untenable. Egalitarians face a fatal dilemma. If they say, as does Dworkin, that individual responsibility really does matter, then they must accept the anti-egalitarian claim that it is wrong to equalize the resources of people who live up to their responsibilities and those who don't. Conversely, if they insist, as does Rawls, that individual responsibility makes no difference in deciding what resources people should have, then they are committed to the absurd and unjust policy of confiscating the legally owned property of moral, prudent, and law-abiding people in order to benefit the immoral, imprudent, and criminal. The only escape from this dilemma is to abandon egalitarianism.

Egalitarianism (like libertarianism) also falls prey to the dangerous political mistake of making one particular value "sovereign" over all others. In the politics of civilized contemporary societies, there can be no first or sovereign virtue. Our complex societies properly seek to protect an array of desirable things—like civil liberties, privacy, peace, prosperity, and security—and to avoid undesirable things, including terrorist attacks, crime, disease, poverty, discrimination, ignorance, and war. Every society must cope with ever present conflicts among the many things it values and between protecting what it values and avoiding what it condemns. This is an immensely complicated balancing act, in which the weight attributed to each good and bad thing continually shifts. Whatever egalitarians might say, no single thing in this flux can reasonably have permanent overriding importance.

A final problem dooms all versions of egalitarianism: myopia about the realities of history. Rawls and Dworkin both pay lip service to the free market. But their commitment to it is no stronger than their commitment to liberty in general. Rawls supports the free market just so long as it is not harmful to economic equality. And Dworkin thinks that "if we accept equality of resources . . . liberty becomes an aspect of equality rather than . . . an independent political ideal." Neither has learned the inescapable historical lesson that the free market, liberated from excessive political interference, is the key to generating the prosperity needed to reduce poverty. Egalitarians condemn our society on account of the 14 percent who live below the poverty level. If they had a historical perspective, they would celebrate instead the enormous achievement of having a society where 86 percent live above the poverty level. In the vast majority of past societies, the ratio was much closer to the reverse. The free market is what has brought about this remarkable reversal.

No matter how misguided egalitarianism is, poverty remains an inescapable fact of life. Decent people may ask whether they shouldn't do something to help those who are poor through no fault of their own. Here's the answer: they already are doing something. Consider a family of four: two parents and two children. They have an annual income of $100,000, so they are presumed affluent. Taking various exemptions into account, they are likely to pay about $30,000 in federal and state taxes and contributions to Social Security and Medicare. In addition, they'll pay property and school taxes, and sales tax on the various things they buy. In all, they probably pay about $35,000 in taxes. Welfare programs eat up roughly 60 percent of the federal and state budget, so out of the family's total annual taxes, around $21,000 goes to welfare. They spend one dollar out of every five they earn to help others.

Of course, generosity, pity, charity, benevolence, or compassion may lead them to do more. But as to the supposed *obligation* to do more—there is none.



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## The Consolations of History

Stefan Kanfer

New York City is no stranger to monstrous incinerations. Some examples come immediately to mind, because they took place in the vicinity of what would become the World Trade Center.

In 1776, a hostile army occupied the city. The British general, Lord Howe, imposed martial law, ejected colonists from their dwellings to house his troops, and maintained tight watch on the city lest anyone have dark ideas about expanding the Revolution to its streets. Howe was a scrupulous, if ruthless, man, and people said that he thought of everything. But that wasn't true: he failed to maintain a fire brigade, and in September that year an accidental blaze destroyed almost a third of the city's housing, consuming wooden houses like so much kindling. Thereafter, the city fielded two firefighting companies, the Military Club and the Fire Club.

Ill-trained volunteers manned the clubs, though, and they moved too late and too ineptly with their buckets and pumps to stop an even wider conflagration in 1778. After this fire, thousands of dispossessed and destitute colonists made their way to "Canvas Town," a fetid arena of tents and jerry-built shacks that sprouted on Broad Street and continued west. An English visitor toured the scene with nose held high: "If any author had an inclination to write a treatise upon stinks," wrote Nicholas Creswell, "he could never meet with more subject matter than New York." Those with greater means and more acute sensitivities fled the city for shelter in neighboring territories. In 1779, inflation swept the town. The black market thrived; the price of food rose 800 percent; rents shot up astronomically.

All the while, General Washington and his troops were pressing on. By the summer of 1781 the tides of war had turned, and in October the Tories of Manhattan received the bad news that General Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown. The British retreated from New York; their sympathizers receded into the background.

The following year, the newly independent Americans streamed back to Manhattan. What greeted them was not very encouraging. As Edwin G. Burrows and Mike Wallace observe in *Gotham*: "Many streets, stripped bare of trees, were obstructed by trenches, redoubts, and other fortifications. Garbage and refuse lay everywhere. Wharves and warehouses had crumbled from years of neglect. The merchant fleet had all but vanished."

And yet: dwellings went up; businesses opened their doors on the charred ground. Within three years, overseas trade resumed with countries from China to Peru. A consortium of merchants created the Bank of New York to restore the city's infrastructure and underwrite new buildings. The Chamber of Commerce came back to life. These institutions helped bring the Whigs and Tories together—money has a way of reconciling opposites even as it repairs damage.

By the end of the decade, Government House, an imposing three-story building complete with waterfront promenade, stood at the former Battery site of a razed Anglo-Dutch fort. A theater opened on John Street, and bets now went down at the new Maidenhead racetrack near the Delancey mansion. The construction boom, the increase in speculators, the vast swelling in population—all testified to New York City's elasticity. An awed Philadelphia merchant wrote to New York banker Andrew Craigie, "More money is to be had in Your City" than anywhere else in America.

A more cataclysmic fire caught the city by surprise in the next century. On the frigid night of December 15, 1835, as children counted down to Christmas, coal gas leaked from a stove and ignited a five-story warehouse near the south waterfront. Flames leaped from roof to roof and quickly engulfed almost all of lower Manhattan. Before the now-professional firemen arrived, some 50 buildings were burning. More were about to go up. Shortly after midnight, the flames grew so intense that you could see them from New Haven to the north and Philadelphia to the south.

The fire brigades would have had little hope of containing the blaze under the best conditions; here they faced the

THE GRANGER COLLECTION



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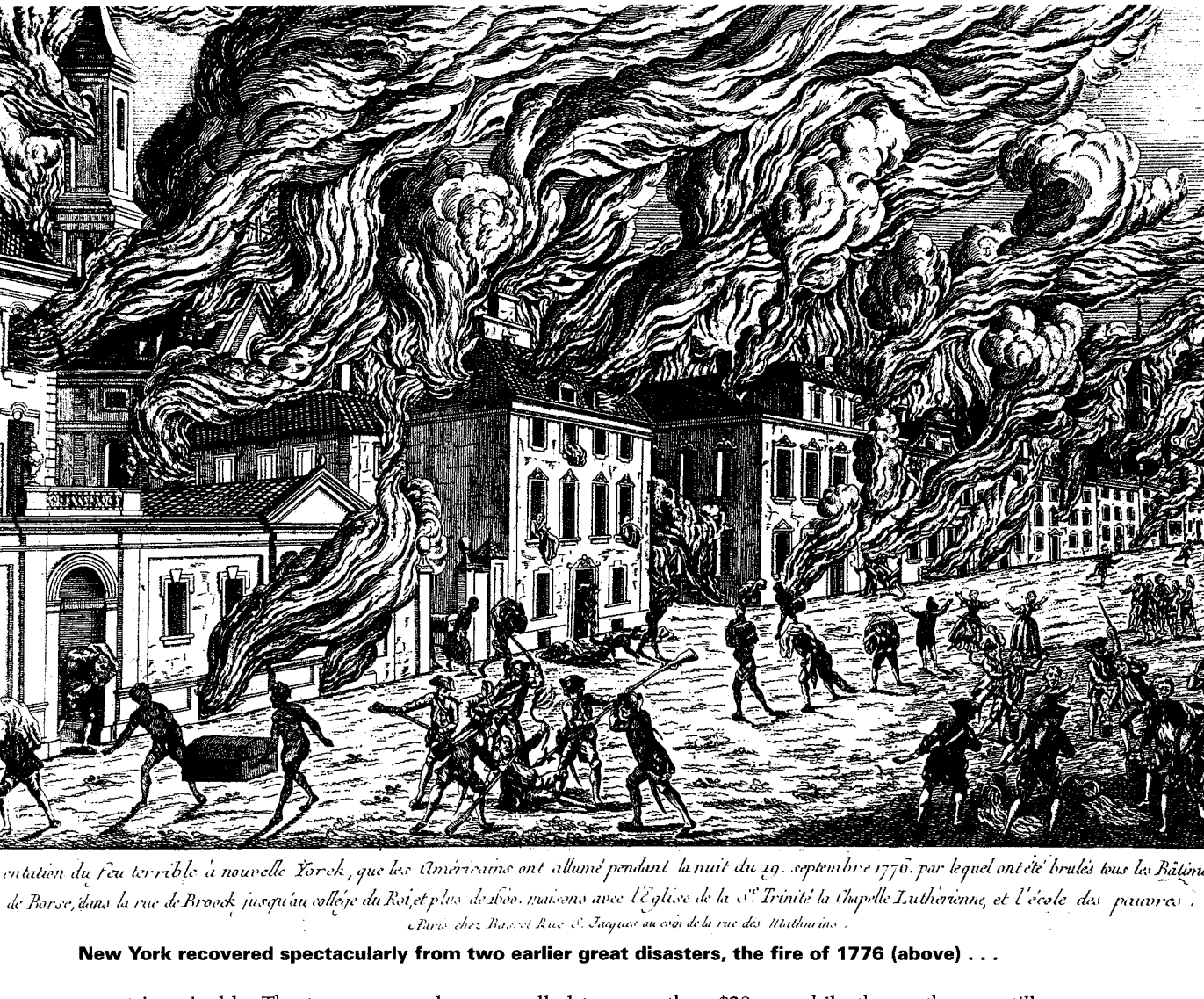

entation du feu terrible à nouvelle Yorck, que les Américains ont allumé pendant la nuit du 19. septembre 1776. par lequel ont été brulés tous les Bâtim
de Borse, dans la rue de Brouck jusqu'au collége du Roi, et plus de 1800. maisons avec l'Eglise de la S.te Trinité la Chapelle Luthérienne, et l'école des pauvres.
A Paris chez Basset Rue S. Jacques au coin de la rue des Mathurins.

**New York recovered spectacularly from two earlier great disasters, the fire of 1776 (above) . . .**

worst imaginable. The temperature was 18 below zero. Water froze in the hydrants and cisterns, and when seawater was pumped into the hoses, it turned to ice before reaching the nozzles. Two weeks would go by before the city could completely extinguish the fire. By then, the flames had destroyed or damaged 674 buildings. Financial losses swelled to more than $20 million, an astronomical sum in those days—so astronomical, in fact, that, of the city's 26 fire insurance companies, all but three declared bankruptcy.

And yet: four days after the flames finally died, the stock exchange resumed trading. Workmen began to dig foundations for new buildings, sometimes while the earth was still warm. The moneyed Swiss brothers John and Peter Delmonico lost no time bemoaning the loss of their restaurant, the most elegant in town, but instead ordered a new establishment built. This one would be fit not only for a mayor but for an emperor: the new brick and brownstone building had ancient marble columns



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**. . . and the conflagration of 1835 (above), from which it rose much stronger than before.**

shipped in from Pompeii, unearthed only 20 years before.

In Albany, state authorities let New York float a $6 million bond issue, and more relief came in the form of low-cost loans. In the rush to build, property values skyrocketed. Manhattan real estate, valued at $143 million in 1835, was worth $233 million just one year later. The Greek Revival got a supercharged start in New York; even warehouses now came in granite, with iron shutters and walls so thick that fire wouldn't harm them.

Former New York mayor Philip Hone typified the beneficiaries of Gotham's rebuilding boom. He had purchased an elegant home across the street from City Hall for $25,000 in 1821, intending to stay there for the rest of his life. But the ambitious owner of the American Hotel next door wanted to expand his holdings and made Hone an offer he couldn't refuse. "I have turned myself out of doors," Hone wrote in explanation, "but $60,000 is a lot of money."

Once again, proof of New York's resilience was as tangible as stone. Walt Whitman, 16 years old when the great December fire raged, expressed astonishment at the splendor that now greeted him as an adult. "City of the world!" he proclaimed in *Leaves of Grass*, his love letter to New York. "For all races are here; all the lands of the earth make contributions here. City of spires. . . ."

More boom times lay ahead for the city of spires—as well as civic corruption, a civil war, and several minor and major financial troughs before the Great Depression of 1929, sandwiched between two world wars. None of these difficulties remotely compares to September 11, of course. The last abhorrence was not an act of God, like the fires, but an act of war on our soil. Nonetheless, when we look at the rubble of the World Trade Center, it is some consolation to read the lessons of history. More than once we have repaired the broken city and built marvels upon the ruins. Each time, a more prosperous New York arose.

The chattering classes have recently invoked the image of the Angel of Death to characterize this moment in our city. But with our collective refusal to bend before the destroyers, the image of the phoenix will prove more apt.



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Oh, to

# ngland

## The Dystopian Imagination

Theodore Dalrymple

PHOTOFEST (2)

**George Orwell's *1984* imagined totalitarianism with prophetic and detailed accuracy, as communism's victims marveled.**

Why did the twentieth century produce so many—and such vivid—dystopias, works of fiction depicting not an ideal future but a future as terrible as could be imagined? After all, never had material progress been greater; never should man have felt himself freer of the anxieties that, with good reason, had beset him in the past. Famine had all but disappeared, except in civil wars or where regimes deliberately engineered it; and for the first time in history, the biblical span—or longer—was a reasonable hope for many. Medicine had conquered the dread infectious diseases that once cut swathes through entire populations. Not to enjoy luxuries that Louis XIV couldn't have imagined now was evidence of intolerable poverty.

Yet even as technology liberated us from want (though not, of course, from desire), political schemes of secular salvation—communism and Nazism—unleashed a barbarism that, if not unique in its ferocity, was certainly so in the determination, efficiency, and thoroughness with which it was practiced. The attempts to put utopian ideals into practice invariably resulted in the effort to eliminate whole classes or races of people. Many, especially intellectuals, came to regard the utopian condition, in which earth is fair and all men glad and wise, as man's natural state; only the existence of ill-intentioned classes or races could explain the fall from grace. Where hopes are unrealistic, fears often become exaggerated; where dreams alone are blueprints, nightmares result.

It is hardly surprising that a century of utopian dreams and coercive social engineering to achieve them should have been a century rich in imaginative dystopias. Indeed, from *The Time Machine* to *Blade Runner*, the dystopia became a distinct literary and cinematic genre, and Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984* became so much a part of Western man's mental furniture that even unliterary people invoke them to criticize the present.

The dystopians look to the future not with the optimism of those who believe that man's increasing mastery of nature will



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bring greater happiness but with the pessimism of those who believe that the more man controls nature, the less he controls himself. The benefits of technological advance will be as nothing, they say, by comparison with the evil ends to which man will put it.

The great dystopias do not still command our interest because of their technological prescience. The contrivances they describe are often from today's standpoint laughably naïve. H. G. Wells's time machine is hardly more than an elaborate bicycle made of ivory, nickel, and quartz. The radio reporter's aluminum hat, filled with transmitting equipment, in *Brave New World*, strikes us today as ridiculous, despite Huxley's reputation for scientific foresight. In *1984*, Orwell imagines a computer as being full of nuts and bolts, with oil lubricating its operations—more steam engine than motherboard.

Yet, this technological naïveté finally does not matter, for the dystopians' purpose is moral and political. They are not crystal gazing but anxiously—despairingly—commenting on the present. The dystopias—depicting journeys to imaginary worlds, removed more in time than in space, whose most salient characteristics are exaggerations of what their authors take to be significant social trends—are the *reductio ad absurdum* (or *ad nauseam*) of received ideas of progress and sensitive indicators of the anxieties of their age, which is still so close to our own.

Some of these anxieties now seem unnecessary to us or based upon false premises. Reading about them today is salutary, however, for it encourages us to step back from our current worries and wonder whether they, too, might not be chimeras. Wells's *Time Machine*, for example, is virtually a tract on the social-medical fears of his time, most of which, in light of subsequent experience, proved unfounded.

Wells's hero travels 800,000 years into the future. Mankind, he discovers, has divided into two species: the diurnal Eloi; and the nocturnal, subterranean Morlocks. The Eloi are soft, weak creatures, small in stature and effete in gesture and conduct, who devote their time to the simple pleasures of erotic play and eating delicious fruit. The Morlocks, toiling in their underground factories, make everything the Elois need for their easeful existence. But like human spiders, the Morlocks emerge after dark to prey upon the Elois, who are meat for them.

Wells's outdated social Darwinian and eugenic preoccupations are clear enough from his fantasy. Society, Wells thought, was splitting into two castes that eventually would evolve into separate species because of their different conditions of existence. On the one hand were the owners of capital, doomed to mental and physical enfeeblement because they never had to struggle to survive; on the other were the workers, made increasingly stunted, amoral, and angry by the harshness of their labor. Wells's future dystopia showed what he thought would happen when this division reached its end.

Four years after *The Time Machine* first appeared, the Boer War broke out, and British army recruitment centers seemed to bear out Wells's worst fears. An astonishing number of British working-class men failed to measure up to the army's undemanding physical requirements—so much so that recruiters had to lower their standards. Eton adolescents stood six inches taller than slum school pupils of the same age: here were two nations indeed, and a division into two species might have seemed imminent to someone as steeped in Darwin as Wells.

Yet a mere half century after Wells's death, his countrymen's average height had increased by an inch per decade: both the Eloi and the Morlocks grew larger as the struggle for existence grew less desperate and survival more assured.

The division of society into separate castes also preoccupied Jack London's dystopia, *The Iron Heel*, published in 1907. London foresees an America in which the plutocracy of the Gilded Age, with hired mercenaries, confronts an immiserated proletariat. Determined to protect their wealth, the plutocrats mobilize their fascistic organization, the Iron Heel, to destroy U.S. constitutional liberties so thoroughly that mass terror ensues and Latin-American-style disappearances (which London describes with frightening prescience) become commonplace. London accepts *in toto* Marx's theory of the ever widening disparity



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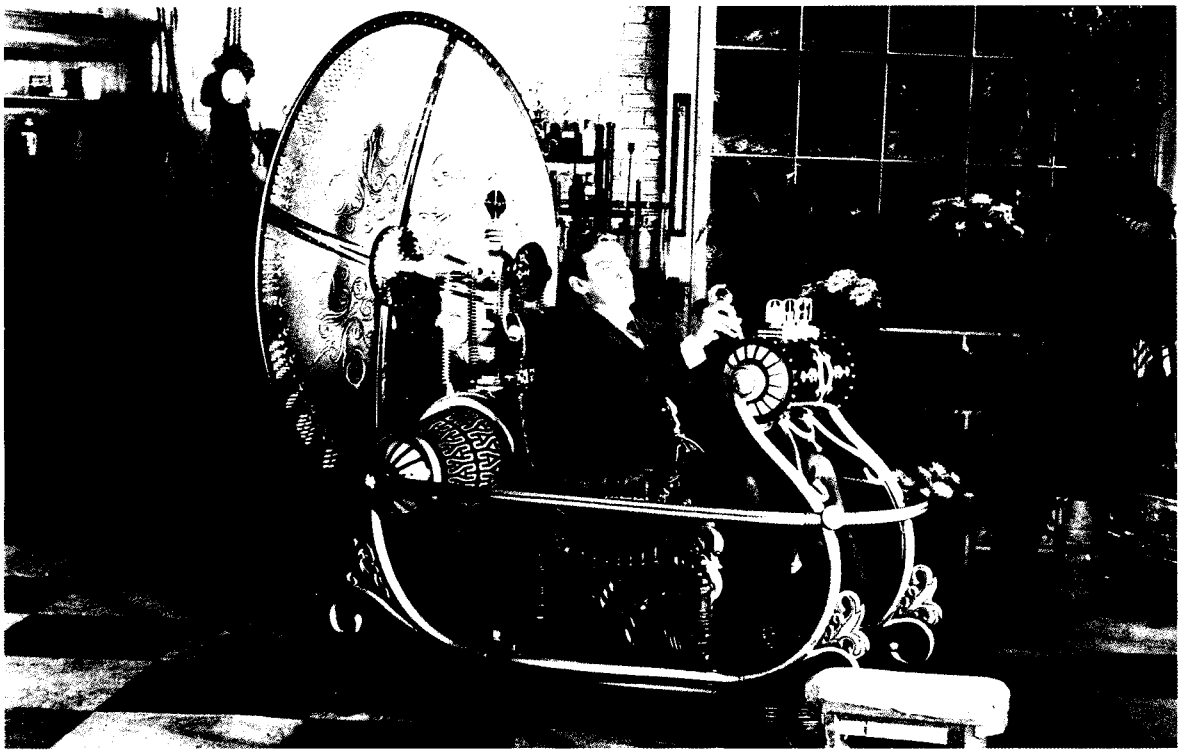

**The anxieties that informed H. G. Wells's *Time Machine* proved unfounded.**

between the owners of capital and those with only their labor to sell, with one important exception: he believes that the proletarian revolution lies in the distant future. In the meantime, man will squirm under the Iron Heel, like a worm under a boot.

Like all dystopians who favor the common man, London does not stoop to flatter. He hates the Iron Heel, but that does not mean he loves the proletariat as anything but an abstraction. When London portrays it in revolt, you begin, despite the author's intentions, to side with the Iron Heel: "It was not a column but a mob, an awful river that filled the street, the people of the abyss, mad with drink and wrong, up at last and roaring for the blood of their masters. I had seen the people of the abyss before, gone through its ghettos, and thought I knew it; but I found that I was now looking on it for the first time. Dumb apathy had vanished. It was now dynamic—a fascinating spectacle of dread. It surged past my vision in concrete waves of wrath, drunk with hatred, drunk with lust for blood—men, women and children, in rags and tatters, dim ferocious intelligences with all the godlike blotted from their features and all the fiendlike stamped in, apes and tigers, anemic consumptives and great hairy beasts of burden, wan faces from which vampire society had sucked the juice of life, bloated forms swollen with physical grossness and corruption, withered hags and death's-heads bearded like patriarchs, festering youth and festering age, faces of fiends, crooked, twisted, misshapen monsters blasted with the ravages of disease and all the horrors of chronic innutrition—the refuse and the scum of life, a raging screaming, screeching demoniacal horde."

And this, to London, is the last—the only—hope of humanity. Even the Morlocks seem preferable.

It is not surprising that the two greatest literary dystopians, Huxley and Orwell, were English. For to be English in the twentieth century was to breathe



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in a climate of unrelieved pessimism. It was a period of continuous national decline. Starting from a position of world power and influence, England ended up a mere province, struggling to keep pace with the likes of Belgium or Holland. True, its people were much better off in material terms at the end of the century than at its outset, but man's sense of well-being depends upon comparison with others as well as upon his absolute condition. Material progress and despair went hand in hand in England: a nourishing brew for the dystopian imagination.

Huxley's book was published in 1932; Orwell's appeared in 1949. Huxley feared the growing Americanization of English life (though soon after publishing the book, he emigrated to California, America's *ne plus ultra*); Orwell feared the growing Sovietization of English life that had taken place during World War II. It seemed to both men that their native land no longer had sufficient intellectual, cultural, or moral energy to chart its own course through history and was caught in the grip of forces that the individual could struggle against only in vain.

Both dystopias retain their power to alarm because they are prophetic, almost in a biblical sense: they issue permanent calls to resist trends that, irrespective of the political regime we happen to find ourselves under, will impoverish human life.

Huxley's *Brave New World* is set in an indefinitely distant future: it will not be possible for many years to say that Huxley's apprehensions have not proved justified. It is unlikely that populations will undergo genetic and environmental manipulation in the exact way that Huxley foresaw: there will never be a fixed number of predetermined strata, from Alpha Plus to Epsilon Minus Semi-Morons. But as an Italian scientist prepares to clone humans, and as reproduction grows as divorced from sex as sex is from reproduction, it is increasingly hard to regard Huxley's vision as entirely far-fetched.

*Brave New World* describes a sexual regime that increasingly resembles the one that rules today. A little boy, younger than ten, must visit a psychologist because he does not want to indulge in erotic play with a little girl, as his teachers demand: a situation we seem to be fast approaching. Not only does sex education start earlier and earlier in our schools, but publications, films, and television programs for ever-younger age groups grow more and more eroticized. It used to be that guilt would accompany the first sexual experiences of young people; now shame accompanies the *lack* of such experiences.

In Huxley's dystopia, as among liberals today, enlightenment and permissiveness are synonymous. The Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning tells his students how it was in the old, unenlightened times: "'What I'm going to tell you now,' he said, 'may sound incredible. But then, when you're not accustomed to history, most facts about the past do sound incredible.'

"He let out the amazing truths. For a very long period . . . erotic play between children had been regarded as abnormal (there was a roar of laughter); and not only abnormal, actually immoral (no!): and therefore had been rigorously suppressed. A look of astonished incredulity appeared on the faces of his listeners. Poor little kids not allowed to amuse themselves? They could not believe it. . . .

"'But what happened?' they asked. 'What were the results?'

"'The results were terrible . . . Terrible,' he repeated."

Later, the director's superior, Mustapha Mond, one of the ten World Controllers, notes: "Freud had been the first to reveal the appalling dangers of family life. The world was full of fathers—was therefore full of misery; full of mothers—therefore full of every kind of perversion from sadism to chastity; full of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts—therefore full of madness and suicide." As for home—"a few small rooms, stiflingly over-inhabited by a man, by a periodically teeming woman, by a rabble of boys and girls of all ages. No air, no space; an understerilized prison; darkness, disease, and smells." In *Brave New World*, the word "mother" is smutty, in the same way that it is indelicate in the area of the city where I work to ask about the identity of a child's father. As in *Brave New World*, the word "father" is "not so much obscene as . . . merely gross, a scatological rather than a pornographic impropriety." In the matter of human relations, we are halfway to Huxley's dystopia.

Huxley himself was highly ambivalent about the family as



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an institution. He not only felt that it would, but that it should, disintegrate. His powers of imagination, however, overwhelmed his ratiocination, so he was able to convey the horror of a world in which "everyone belongs to everyone," a world in which no one formed any deep attachment to anyone else.

The ultimate target of Huxley's dystopia was the idea of the good life as the instant gratification of sensory desires. Mustapha Mond tries to prove to his students their good fortune to live in the Brave New World:

"'Consider your own lives,' said Mustapha Mond. 'Has any of you ever encountered an insurmountable obstacle?'

"The question was answered by a negative silence.

"'Has any of you been compelled to live through a long time-interval between the consciousness of a desire and its fulfillment?'

"'Well,' began one of the boys, and hesitated.

"'Speak up,' said the Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning. . . .

"'I once had to wait nearly four weeks before a girl I wanted would let me have her.'

"'And you felt a strong emotion in consequence?'

"'Horrible!'

"'Horrible; precisely,' said the Controller."

This passage reminds me of the advertising slogan of a credit card launched in Britain about 30 years ago: it "takes the waiting out of wanting." The advertisement showed no recognition that immediate gratification usually presents a bill, with extortionate interest.

Huxley surmised that life lived as the satisfaction of one desire after another would result in shallow and egotistical people. True, he had a poor opinion of mankind to start with: "About 99.5% of the entire population of the planet are as stupid," he once wrote, "as the great masses of the English." But after gratifying their desires instantly throughout their lives, people would cease to carry the divine spark that distinguished man from the rest of creation. They would seek entertainment unto death: at *Brave New World*'s Park Lane Hospital for the Dying, "at the foot of every bed, confronting its moribund occupant, was a television box." I think of my own hospital, where the dying usually depart this world to the sight and sound of driveling television soap operas.

Those who live lives of immediate gratification, Huxley thought, would not be able to bear solitude of any kind. As Mustapha Mond explains, "people are never alone now. We make them hate solitude; and we arrange their lives so that it's almost impossible for them to ever have it." A life devoted to instant gratification produces permanent infantilization: "at sixty-four . . . tastes are what they were at seventeen." In our society, the telescoping of the generations is already happening: the knowledge, tastes, and social accomplishments of 13-year-olds are often the same as those of 28-year-olds. Adolescents are precociously adult; adults are permanently adolescent.

Orwell's *1984* refers more directly to contemporary events than does Huxley's book: the narrative takes place in the near rather than the distant future and obviously sets its sights on Stalinism. When I traveled in the communist world before the fall of the Berlin Wall, I found that everyone I met who had read the book (clandestinely, of course) expressed immeasurable admiration for it and marveled that a man who had never set foot inside a communist country could not only describe the physical environment so well—the universal smell of cabbage, the grayness of the dilapidated buildings—but also its mental and moral atmosphere.

It was almost as if the communist regimes had taken *1984* as a blueprint rather than as a warning. How could one watch North Korea's "Great Leader" Kim Il Sung enter into a vast stadium in Pyongyang, as I did in 1989, without recalling the "hymn to the wisdom and majesty of Big Brother"—"an act," Orwell writes, "of self-hypnosis, a deliberate drowning of consciousness by means of rhythmic noise," during which "to dissemble your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive reaction": instinctive because self-preserving. The Great Leader stood there impassively for minutes on end as 150,000 people threw up their arms in organized spontaneity, worshiping him, exactly as Orwell described. It was 40 years, more or less to the day, after the publication of *1984*.

In Rumania under Ceauşescu, the television reported in mind-



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numbing detail the figures from the annual harvest, while everyone stood in line for hours to obtain a few miserable potatoes: just as the telescreen in Big Brother's Oceania tormented the population with news of the over-fulfilment of the Three-Year Plan, while there was never a sufficiency of anything. Often I washed with precisely the same kind of soap that Orwell's "hero," Winston Smith, had to use; and when Smith reflects upon the quality of life in Oceana, I hear the voices of Albanians or Rumanians under communism: "was it not a sign that this was not the natural order of things, if one's heart sickened at the discomfort and dirt and scarcity, the interminable winters, the stickiness of one's socks, the lifts that never worked, the cold water, the gritty soap, the cigarettes that came to pieces, the food with its strange evil tastes?"

People with no experience of life except under communist regimes would tell me that they knew—though they were unsure how—that their life was not "natural," just as Winston Smith concludes that life in Airstrip One (the new name for England in *1984*) was unnatural. Other ways of life might have their problems, my Albanian and Rumanian friends would say, but theirs was unique in its violation of human nature. Orwell's imaginative grasp of what it was like to live under communism seemed to them, as it does to me, to amount to genius.

The totalitarian world Orwell describes in *1984* is thankfully today more a historical curiosity than a serious threat, except in an Islamist version. Yet, many of Orwell's ideas, like those of Huxley, remain pertinent, even though the threat of Stalinism has passed, for Orwell warned us about undesirable trends that arose from the condition of modernity as much as from Stalinism. His fears arose not just from his intuitive grasp of Stalinist states and his knowledge of communist conduct during the Spanish Civil War but from his experiences with the BBC's bureaucracy during World War II, where he witnessed firsthand the potential of the modern mass media to mislead and manipulate.

Consider his treatment of the family. In *1984*, parents fear their children, whom the Spies, the Party's youth organization, have indoctrinated. The Spies encourage and reward the denunciation of every political unorthodoxy, even in the nooks and crannies of private life, the very possibility of which is lost as a result. In modern England, parents fear their uncontrollable children, whom their peers, saturated with the violent and selfish values of a degraded popular culture, have indoctrinated. In both cases, parents are no longer the source of moral authority. Orwell forces us to confront imaginatively this overthrow of the natural order.

Doublethink—the ability to hold two contradictory ideas and assent to both—is with us, too, and will remain so as long as we have large bureaucracies that claim to act for our own good while pursuing their own institutional interests. And what is political correctness but Newspeak, the attempt to make certain thoughts inexpressible through the reform of language?

Orwell's book also offers a prophetic view of modern politicized history. Winston Smith copies a passage from a child's history textbook: "In the old days, before the glorious Revolution, London was not the beautiful city that we know today. It was a dark, dirty, miserable place where hardly anybody had enough to eat and where hundreds and thousands of poor people had no boots on their feet and not even a roof to sleep under. Children no older than you are had to work twelve hours a day for cruel masters, who flogged them with whips if they worked too slowly and fed them on nothing but stale breadcrusts and water. But in among all this terrible poverty there were just a few great big beautiful houses that were lived in by rich men who had as many as thirty servants to look after them. These rich men were called capitalists. They were fat, ugly men with wicked faces, like the one in the picture on the opposite page. You can see that he is dressed in a long black coat that was called a frock coat, and a queer shiny hat shaped like a stovepipe, which was called a top hat. This was the uniform of the capitalists and no one else was allowed to wear it. The capitalists owned everything in the world, and everyone else was their slave. They owned all the land, all the houses, all the factories, and all the money. If anyone disobeyed them, they could



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throw him into prison, or they could starve him to death. When any ordinary person spoke to a capitalist he had to cringe and bow to him, and take off his cap and address him as 'Sir.' "

The kind of historiography expressed in this satirical passage has become virtually standard in the various branches (feminist, black, gay, and so on) of academic resentment studies, in which history is nothing but the backward projection of current grievances, real or imagined, used to justify and inflame resentment.

The object of such historiography is to disconnect everyone from a real sense of a living past and a living culture. Indeed, the underlying theme uniting the two great dystopias of the twentieth century is the need to preserve a sense of history and cultural tradition if life is to be bearable. This theme is all the more powerful, because both Huxley and Orwell were by nature radicals: Huxley was a socialist at Oxford, flirted with fascism in the 1930s, and then became a West Coast guru; Orwell was a socialist from an early age and a lifelong enemy of the status quo. Both implicitly realized as they contemplated the future that preservation was as important as change in human life: that the past was as important as the present and the future.

In both dystopias, people find themselves cut off from the past as a matter of deliberate policy. The revolution that brought about the Brave New World, says Mustapha Mond, was "accompanied by a campaign against the Past"—the closing of museums, the blowing up of historical monuments (as in the Taliban's Afghanistan), the banning of old books. In *1984*, "the past has been abolished." "History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right."

Such dystopian engineering is at work in my own country. By the deliberate decision of pedagogues, hundreds of thousands of children now leave school without knowing a single historical fact about their own country. The historical principles that museums have traditionally used to display art have given way to ahistorical thematic displays—portraits of women from a jumble of eras, say. A meaningless glass box now sits on a pediment in London's Trafalgar Square as a "corrective" to the historical associations of that famous urban space. A population is being deliberately created with no sense of history.

For both Huxley and Orwell, one man symbolized resistance to the dehumanizing disconnection of man from his past: Shakespeare. In both writers, he stands for the highest pinnacle of human self-understanding, without which human life loses its depth and its possibility of transcendence. In *Brave New World*, possessing an old volume of Shakespeare that has mysteriously survived protects a man from the enfeebling effects of a purely hedonistic life. A few lines are sufficient to make him realize the superficiality of the Brave New World:

*Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,*
*That sees into the bottom of my grief?*
*O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!*

And when Winston Smith wakes in *1984* from a dream about a time before the Revolution, when people were still human, a single word rises to his lips, for reasons that he does not understand: Shakespeare.

This scene takes me back to Pyongyang. I was in the enormous and almost deserted square in front of the Great People's Study House—all open spaces in Pyongyang remain deserted unless filled with parades of hundreds of thousands of human automata—when a young Korean slid surreptitiously up to me and asked, "Do you speak English?"

An electric moment: for in North Korea, unsupervised contact between a Korean and a foreigner is utterly unthinkable, as unthinkable as shouting, "Down with Big Brother!"

"Yes," I replied.

"I am a student at the Foreign Languages Institute. Reading Dickens and Shakespeare is the greatest, the only pleasure of my life."

It was the most searing communication I have ever received in my life. We parted immediately afterward and of course will never meet again. For him, Dickens and Shakespeare (which the regime permitted him to read with quite other ends in view) guaranteed the possibility not just of freedom but of truly human life itself.

Orwell and Huxley had the imagination to understand why—unlike me, who had to go to Pyongyang to find out. ■



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# Letters

## CDCs and Cities

**To the editor:**

Community development corporations get pelted by the Left for building houses for moderate-income families, for developing shopping centers and commercial strips, and for converting public housing into mixed-income complexes. So it's satisfying to read Howard Husock's refreshingly rightist "Don't Let CDCs Fool You" [Summer 2001] claim that CDCs are trapped in the War on Poverty. Satisfying, but silly.

Consider the Hough area of Cleveland—a former riot zone. There, CDC-sponsored houses are under construction and pre-sold for close to $250,000. Some units are rented with long-term options to buy, at reduced prices, through the Low-Income Housing Tax Credit [LIHTC]. Hough is still mostly African-American, and largely poor. But look at their community, before and after! Hough has been transformed into a clean, safe, attractive area.

True, the carefully planned mix of incomes and prices was designed to give current, poorer residents a chance to buy similar new houses on the same blocks as wealthier families. Middle-class residents move in; current residents climb into the middle class and choose to stay in the neighborhood. Some families never get much richer, but they live next to those who do. Far from keeping such places "ghettos," CDCs build normal, balanced communities.

Like most CDC projects, the Hough houses get *no* federal rent subsidy. Husock mistakenly claims—at least *three* times—that "most" CDC housing is swollen with ill-gotten Section 8 money. It has been at least *15 years* since any appreciable number of CDC houses or apartments got Section 8 set-asides. The rent vouchers Husock discusses are given to poor *tenants*—not to CDCs—and there are few of them. People use vouchers to rent from private landlords, not CDCs. Those in CDC-owned buildings can take the voucher elsewhere at any time.

CDCs use the LIHTC—*not* Section 8—to subsidize construction or renovation—*not* rent. In the process, LIHTC imposes market discipline on all the housing it supports—the very discipline Husock urges. Isolated cases of CDC failures only serve to show that the policing mechanisms of the LIHTC work: investors wrest housing from unsuccessful sponsors, and turn it over to more capable organizations. If they don't, investors and lenders—*not* the federal government—lose serious money. The same discipline applies to private landlords in the program. If "generous subsidies" are Husock's worry, he can rest easy: the seventies are long gone.

*Paul S. Grogan & Tony Proscio*
*Authors,* Comeback Cities

**Howard Husock replies:**

Grogan and Proscio mean well. But their bid to distance themselves from the Left fails to rebut my essay's central arguments.

True, CDC-built rental housing is no longer guaranteed "project-based" subsidies; but since housing-voucher holders can't find apartments that will accept them (see "Let's End Housing Vouchers," Autumn 2000), and CDCs are eager to do so, voucher holders wind up as CDC tenants. The handbook of the CDCs' main lobbying organization lists vouchers as one of the sources of federal money that CDCs should seek out, urging them to "encourage . . . legislators to provide new vouchers to meet the affordable housing needs of . . . low-income communities." That's the 2001, not the 1985, edition.

CDCs use federal funds and tax credits to build houses to sell to private owners. But "normal, balanced neighborhoods" do not necessarily result. LIHTC money comes with strings: HUD requires units to "remain affordable in the long term." Owners don't get to realize a profit upon resale and are discouraged from moving up and out.

And Hough is not a *fait accompli.* No one knows what will happen "after!" its pre-sold homes are occupied. Some middle-class buyers will see less disciplined, CDC-subsidized neighbors make their street less desirable—and their greatest asset less valuable. A crack house or bordello next to a middle-class home might make for a "balanced" neighborhood but not an upwardly mobile one.

True revival of older neighborhoods requires minimal regulation, low taxes, *and the initiative of residents.* You can dragoon the private sector into building middle-class homes, but that does not make a middle class. Alas, we now have an entrenched CDC industry with a vested interest in building Potemkin villages—and keeping their fingers crossed.

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# Showing the Flag

Sol Stern

At 8:45 AM on September 11, my 14-year-old son stood on the fourth floor at Stuyvesant High School, a few blocks from the World Trade Center, and watched the second hijacked plane hit one of the Twin Towers. When the first tower collapsed, the lights went out in Stuyvesant; the school shook. My son spent a terrifying half-hour in his classroom as the street outside filled with ash and debris. Evacuated, he and his classmates had to run for their lives—while I desperately looked for him.

My son said little when he finally arrived home that day. But he did take a stand. He removed the curtains from one of our apartment windows and draped it with a large American flag.

The leftist writer Katha Pollitt's daughter, like my son a Stuyvesant student, also concluded that the best response to September 11's infamy was to show the flag. But she got a determined parental veto. In her *Nation* column, Pollitt wrote of instructing her daughter that "the flag stands for jingoism and vengeance and war." After vigorously debating the flag's real meaning, the two reached a compromise. Pollitt's daughter could buy an American flag with her own money and hang it—but only in her bedroom. "That's hers," Pollitt wrote, "but the living room is off-limits."

Pollitt's column reminded me why I had long ago walked away from "the Movement." Like Pollitt today, I once equated the flag with jingoism, vengeance, and war and thought myself an internationalist. As a journalist and activist in the 1960s and early 70s, I worked to undermine American institutions, which I believed sowed injustice around the world. In *Ramparts*, I exposed the CIA's infiltration of the National Student Association. At the Vietnam War's height in 1968, I even attended a meeting in Czechoslovakia that brought together U.S. antiwar activists, representatives of the North Vietnamese government, and the Viet Cong. After pleasantly boating down the Danube together, we sat around planning how to undercut support for the war in the U.S.

But for the technicality of Vietnam being an "undeclared" war, we were committing treason. Our excuse was that our so-called enemy meant the American people no harm and posed no real threat to U.S. security interests. All the Vietnamese wanted, we thought, was a chance to build their own decent society, free from foreign domination.

It soon became clear how mistaken we were. After the U.S. withdrew from Indochina, the Communists committed unimaginable atrocities against their own people, just as some war supporters had warned; dominoes did fall. America never became the repressive regime that we feared but instead remained the world's most tolerant country.

I always thought the New Left should have declared victory and then embraced America and its democratic institutions, claiming that the country was a better place thanks to our efforts. An unpopular war had ended; racism was in full retreat; barriers to women had fallen; civil liberties were expanding. Some of us did reassess our positions; a few even found ourselves in the pages of this magazine.

Most of my ex-New Left comrades, though, wouldn't let go. Blaming America First became a talisman against facing the horrors that the revolutionary regimes they had collaborated with had inflicted on millions of defenseless people. America's openness allowed the luxury of radical opposition without any real consequences. Indeed, many unrepentant sixties radicals rose to positions of influence.

The September 11 attacks brought the radical Left up against an acute political dilemma. Was this not the time to put aside differences and support the effort to eradicate this mortal threat to the only civilization that even bothers to discuss the Left's concerns? To their credit, some on the Left grasped what was at stake. Christopher Hitchens, for one, identified the enemy as "fascism with an Islamic face." But most of the radical Left had no second thoughts about its deeply ingrained anti-Americanism.

If Mohamed Atta had been off target by just 100 yards, my son and Pollitt's daughter might have been among the first victims. Yet just at this moment, Pollitt decided that patriotic sentiments were "off-limits" in her home and that her daughter needed further instruction on America's eternal sins. To paraphrase their patron saint, Pollitt and her fellow radicals have been repeating their mistakes of the sixties, first as tragedy, now as farce.



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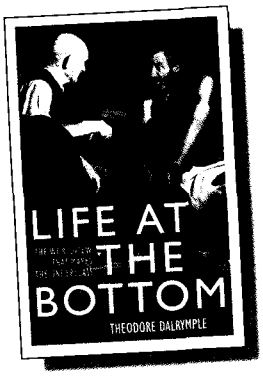


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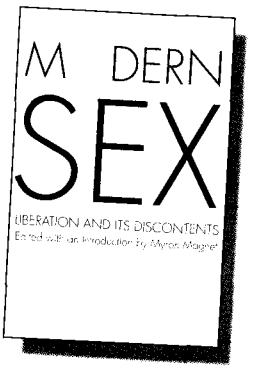


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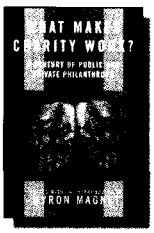
HEATHER MAC DONALD



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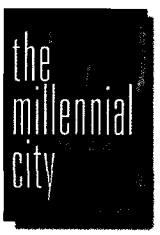
MYRON MAGNET, EDITOR

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